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The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

JOURNAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL BEINGS

CITY LIGHTS

Edited by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure, David Meltzer, and Gary Snyder

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JOURNAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL BEINGS

This version of *Journal For the Protection of All Beings* (originally published by City Lights Books in the Sixties as "A Visionary & Revolutionary Review") was conceived when Stewart Brand suggested a rebirth of it disguised as a *CoEvolution Quarterly*. We aimed at an issue centered on how to liberate mind & body and protect endangered species (including ourselves) from pathogenic industrial civilization.

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

Co-published with

The COEVOLUTION Quarterly

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Editors' Statements

Everything is impermanent anyhow, why bother to protect? A fair question maybe. A melody, or the frozen image of a dancer, lingers in the mind after it has passed. No one can stop the flow, but it takes attention and love to appreciate and observe what is going by. That "what is going by" is what we are too; not to appreciate it is to be dull and grouchy, to be a bread-bag dragging on to an ungracious death. We love the dance and its eternal unique elegant parts, ourselves in it changing faces, changing sides.

Now: what might be lost, through inattention or downright wickedness, is not just some of the actors but some of the *roles*! How would it be to lose ogres and virgins forever! The present is an emergency case – no comparison can be made with the long, slow changes of evolution. This time it is a grass fire consuming plants, animals, cultures, languages, art works, aquifers, ancient skills and profound knowledges. Even "grass fire" is too nice an image – the destructive force is a stupid reductionism based on blindly short-range notions of efficiency and profit: a miserably bleak and narrow view of human nature; the ugly assumption that the world is a shattered department store open for looting by whomever gets there first.

Now we must become warrior-lovers in the service of the Great Goddess Gaia, Mother of the Buddha. The stakes are all of organic evolution. Any childish thoughts of transcending nature or slipping off into Space must wait on this work – really, of learning finally who and where we are, acknowledging the beauty, walking in beauty.

– *Gary Snyder*

Revolution is vision's partner, its completion. Vision is the eye (or I) open to it all: as it is and was and as it will be, and all of it also an illusion that can be continually restructured and recreated through revolution. Like the earth within and without which we try to understand, revolution and vision are seeds, are a process, within each being. A continual awakening into full participation with earth's business which is the preservation and promotion of life. The works in this new Journal are evidence of vision and revolution which, after 17 years, clearly remains our work and our cause.

– *David Meltzer*

Whitehead says, "The function of Reason is to promote the art of life." The art of poetry and of science have become separated, and it is a holistic step to place them side-by-side in print. Here are views of a botanist appearing near the work of a poet, next to an anthropologist, with the statement of a paleo-ecologist nearby.

Hart Crane dreamed of the largest congress of beings where:

> ". . . all men dropped their names, and sang
> As only they can praise, who build their days
> With fin and hoof, with wing and sweetened fang
> Struck free and holy in one Name always."

The *Journal for the Protection of All Beings* is a stride toward the dream.

– *Michael McClure*

My approach to this issue was more fixated on *real politik.* If we are not to be *forced* to live in outer space, it seemed to me urgent that our military-industrial perplex in both its capitalist and Communist forms be *dismantled.* Not many took me seriously. What we have here (with some great exceptions) is somewhat visionary, vaguely revolutionary, certainly not very insurgent. In this revisionist decade Revolution in America has dropped its R. We have 'evolved,' and this is an exciting issue.

– *Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

Gary Snyder is a Buddhist-anarchist California Art Commissioner and author of The Old Ways *and* Turtle Island *(a Pulitzer prizewinner). David Meltzer's recent work includes* A Poetry Notebook; Six; *and* The Secret Garden: Anthology of the Classical Kabbalah. *Michael McClure is dedicated to the revolutionary aspects of biology. He has written a number of plays including* The Beard *and* Minnie Mouse and the Tap-Dancing Buddha. *His latest book of poems is* Antechamber. *Lawrence Ferlinghetti was branded a beatnik rabblerouser by J. Edgar Hoover. His* Tyrannus Nix *laid out Nixon several years before Watergate. His* Coney Island of the Mind *has a million copies in print.*

Rattle

by Peter Blue Cloud

When a new world is born, the old
turns itself inside out, to cleanse
and prepare for a new beginning.
It is
told by some that the stars are
small holes piercing the great intestine
of a sleeping creature. The earth is
a hollow gourd and earthquakes are
gas rumblings and restless dreaming
of the sleeping creature.
What
sleeping plant sings the seed
shaken in the globe of a rattle,
the quick breath of the singer warms
and awakens the seed to life.

The old man rolled fibres of
milkweed across his thigh, softly
speaking to grandchildren, slowly saying
the thanksgiving to a sacred plant.
His left hand coiled the string as it
grew, thin and very strong; as he
explained the strength of a unity
of threads combined.
He took his
small basket of cocoons and poured
grains of coarse sand, poured from
his hand the coarse sand like a funnel
of wind, a cone between hand and
cocoon.

Then, seven by seven, he bound
these nests to a stick with the string,
and took the sap of white blood
of the plant, and with a finger, rubbed
the encircling string.
And waited, holding
the rattle to the sun for drying. And when
he shook the first sound, the children
sucked in their breaths and felt strange
stirrings in their minds and stomachs.
And when he sang the first song of many,
the leaves of the cottonwood joined in,
and desert winds shifted sand.

Let us shake
the rattle
to call back
a rattlesnake
to dream back
the dancers.
When the wind
sweeps earth
there is fullness
of sound,
we are given
a beat
to dance by
and drum
now joins us

and flutes
are like gentle
birds and
crickets on branches,
swaying trees.
The fan of
winged hawks
brush clouds like
streaks of
white clay upon
a field
of blue sky
water base.
The seeds in

the pod
of a plant
are children
of the sun
of earth
that we sing
we are
a rainfall voice
a plumed
and sacred bird
we are
shadows come back
to protect

And the
children closed their eyes, the better
to hear tomorrow.

What sleeping plant sings the seed
in the gourd of night within the
hollow moon, the ladder going down,
down into the core of this good earth
leads to stars and wheeling suns and
planets beyond count.
What sound
is that in the moist womb of the sea;
the softly swaying motion in a
multitude of sleeping seeds.
Maybe it
is rattlesnake, the medicine singer.
And
it is gourd, cocoon, seed pod, hollow horn,
shell of snapping turtle, bark of birch,
hollowed cedar, intestines of creatures,
rattle
is an endless element in sound and
vibration, singing the joys of awakening,
shushing like the dry stalks of corn
in wind, the cradle songs of night.
Hail-heavy wind bending upon
a roof of elm bark,
the howling song
of a midwinter blizzard heard by
a people sitting in circle close to
the fire. The fire is the sun, is the
burning core of Creation's seed, sputtering
and seeking the womb of life.

When someone asked Coyote, why
is there loneliness, and what is the
reason and meaning of loneliness: Coyote
took an empty gourd and began shaking
it, and he shook it for a long time.
Then
he took a single pebble and put it
into the gourd, and again began to
shake the gourd for many days, and
the pebble was indeed loneliness.
Again
Coyote paused to put a handful of
pebbles into the gourd.
And the sound
now had a wholeness and a meaning
beyond questioning.

the tiny seedlings
we are
a memory in

single dance
which is all
dancing forever.
We are eyes
looking about
for the children
do they
run and play
our echos
our former joys
in today?
Let us shake
the rattle
for the ancients
who dwell
upon this land
whose spirits
joined to ours
guide us
and direct us
that we
may ever walk
a harmony
that our songs
be clear.
Let us shake
the rattle
for the fliers
and swimmers

for the trees
and mushrooms
for tall grasses
blessed by
a snake's passage
for insects
keeping the balance,
and winds
which bring rain
and rivers
going to sea
and all
things of Creation.
Let us
shake the rattle
always, forever.

from "Woman and Nature"

The Roaring Inside Her

by Susan Griffin

The Hunt

Is it by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation when beholding the milky way?

Herman Melville, Moby Dick

And at last she could bear the burden of herself no more. She was to be had for the taking. To be had for the taking.

D.H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterly's Lover

She has captured his heart. She has overcome him. He cannot tear his eyes away. He is burning with passion. He cannot live without her. He pursues her. She makes him pursue her. The faster she runs, the stronger his desire. He will overtake her. He will make her his own. He will have her. (The boy chases the doe and her yearling for nearly two hours. She keeps running despite her wounds. He pursues her through pastures, over fences, groves of trees, crossing the road, up hills, volleys of rifle shots sounding, until perhaps twenty bullets are imbedded in her body.) She has no mercy. She has dressed to excite his desire. She has no scruples. She has painted herself for him. She makes supple movements to entice him. She is without a soul. Beneath her painted face is flesh, is bones. She reveals only part of herself to him. She is wild. She flees whenever he approaches. She is teasing him. (Finally she is defeated and falls and he sees that half of her head has been blown off, that one leg is gone, her abdomen split from her tail to her head, and her organs hang outside her body. Then, four men encircle the fawn and harvest her too.) He is an easy target he says. He is pierced. Love has shot him through, he says. He is a familiar mark. Riddled. Stripped to the

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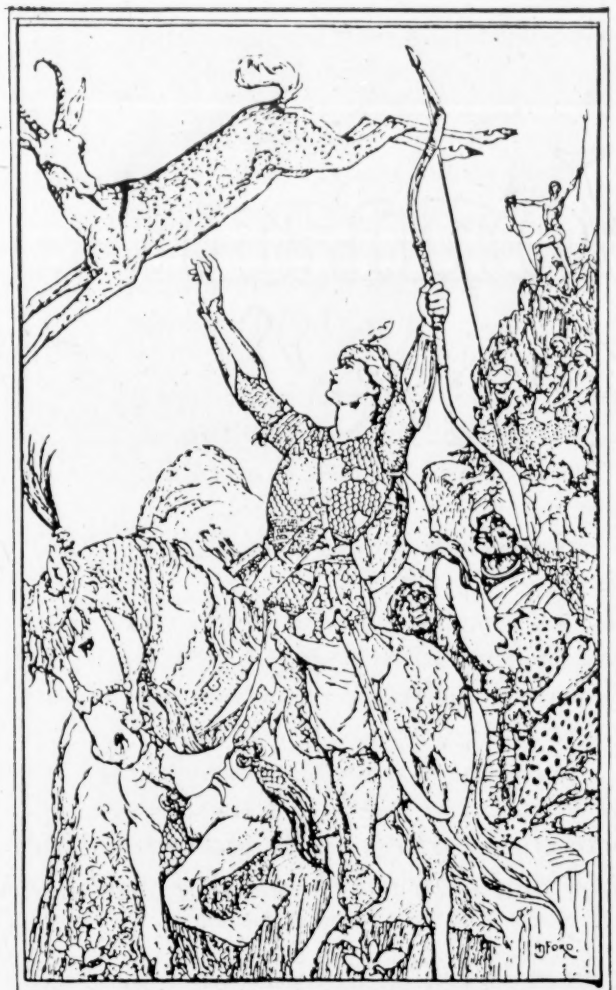


THE DEER ELUDES PRINCE TAHMASP

bone. He is conquered he says. (The boys, fond of hunting hare, search in particular for pregnant females.) He is fighting for his life. He faces annihilation in her, he says. He is losing himself to her, he says. Now, he must conquer her wildness, he says, he must tame her, before she drives him wild, he says. (Once catching their prey, they step on her back, breaking it, and they call this "dancing on the hare.") Thus, he goes on his knees to her. Thus, he wins her over, he tells her, he wants her. He makes her his own. He encloses her. He encircles her. He puts her under lock and key. He protects her. (Approaching the great mammals, the hunters make little sounds which they know will make the elephants form a defensive circle.) And once she is his, he prizes his delight. He feasts his eyes on her. He adorns her luxuriantly. He gives her ivory. He gives her perfume. (The older matriarchs stand to the outside of the circle to protect the calves and younger mothers.) He covers her with the skins of mink, beaver, muskrat, seal, raccoon, otter, ermine, fox, the feathers of ostriches, osprey, egret, ibex. (The hunters then encircle that circle and fire first into the bodies of the matriarchs. When these older elephants fall, the younger panic, yet unwilling to leave the bodies of their dead mothers, they make easy targets.) And thus he makes her soft. He makes her calm. He makes her grateful to him. He has tamed her, he says. She is content to be his, he says. (In the winter, if a single wolf has leapt over the walls of the city and terrorized the streets, the hunters go out in a band to rid the forest of the whole pack.) Her voice is now soothing to him. Her eyes no longer blaze, but look on him serenely. When he calls to her, she gives herself to him. Her ferocity lies under him. (The body of the great whale is strapped with explosives.) Now, nothing of the old beast remains in her. (Eastern Bison, extinct 1825; Spectacled Cormorant, extinct 1852; Cape Lion, extinct 1865; Bonin Night Heron, extinct 1889; Barbary Lion, extinct 1922; Great Auk, extinct 1944.) And he can trust her wholly with himself. So he is blazing when he enters her, and she is consumed. (Florida key deer, vanishing; Wild Indian Buffalo, vanishing; Great Sable Antelope, vanishing.) Because she is his, she offers no resistance. She is a place of rest for him. A place of his making. And when his flesh begins to yield and his skin melts into her, he becomes soft, and he is without fear; he does not lose himself; though something in him gives away, he is not lost in her, because she is his now: he has captured her.

Consequences (What Always Returns)

And I pray one prayer – I repeat it till my tongue stiffens – Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest as long as I am living! You said I killed you – haunt me, then! . . . Be with me always – take any form – drive me mad! Only do *not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you! Oh God! It is unutterable! I* cannot *live without my life! I* cannot *live without my soul.*

Emily Bronte, Wuthering Heights

To have risked so much in our efforts to mold nature to our satisfaction and yet to have failed in achieving our goal would indeed be the final irony. Yet this, it seems, is our situation.

Rachel Carson, Silent Spring

We say you cannot divert the river from the river bed. We say that everything is moving, and we are a part of this motion. That the soil is moving. That the water is moving. We say that the earth draws water to her from the clouds. We say the rainfall parts on each side of the mountain, like the parting of our hair, and that the shape of the mountain tells where the water has passed. We say this water washes the soil from the hillsides, that the rivers carry sediment, that rain when it splashes carries small particles, that the soil itself flows with water in streams underground. We say that water is taken up into roots of plants, into stems, that it washes down hills into rivers, that these rivers flow to the sea, that from the sea, in the sunlight, this water rises to the sky, that this water is carried in clouds, and comes back as rain, comes back as fog, back as dew, as wetness in the air.

We say everything comes back. And you cannot divert the river from the riverbed. We say every act has its consequences. That this place has been shaped by the river, and that the shape of this place tells the river where to go.

We say he should have known his action would have consequences. We say our judgment was that when she raised that rifle, looking through the sight at him, and fired, she was acting out of what had gone on before. We say every act comes back on itself. There are consequences. You cannot cut the trees from the mountainside, without a flood. We say there is no way to see his dying as separate from her living, or what he had done to her, or what part of her he had used. We say if you change the course of this river you change the shape of the whole place. And we say that what

The prince and the wolf luring the Golden Mermaid to their ship, one of Antony Maitland's illustrations for Green Fairy Book, *published in England (1978).*

she did then could not be separated from what she held sacred in herself, what she had felt when he did that to her, what we hold sacred to ourselves, what we feel we could not go on without, and we say, if this river leaves this place, nothing will grow and the mountain will crumble away, and we say what he did to her could not be separated from the way that he looked at her, and what he felt was right to do to her, and what they do to us, we say, shapes how they see us. That once the trees are cut down, the water will wash the mountain away and river be heavy with mud, and there will be a flood. And we say that what he did to her he did to all of us. And that one act cannot be separated from another. And had he seen more clearly, we say, he might have predicted his own death. How if the trees grew on that hillside there would be no flood. And you cannot divert this river. We say, look how the water flows from this place and returns as rainfall, everything returns we say and one thing follows another, there are limits we say on what can be done and everything moves. We are all a part of this motion, we say, and the way of the river is sacred, and this grove of trees is sacred, and we ourselves, we tell you, are sacred.

Plutonium

We hear there is a substance and it is called Plutonium. We hear that "They" are somewhere (do you remember the name of the State?) manufacturing it. We don't know how it is made. We think the substance Uranium is used. We know it is radioactive. We have seen the photographs of babies and children deformed from radiation. The substance plutonium becomes interesting to us when we read that certain parts of the building where it is manufactured have leaks. We don't know really what this means, if it is like the leak in our roofs, or the water pipe in the backyard, or if it is a simple word for a process beyond our comprehension. But we know the word "leak" indicates error and we know that there is no room for error in the handling of this substance. That it has been called the most deadly substance known. That the smallest particle (can one see a particle, smell it?) can cause cancer if breathed in, if ingested. All that we know in the business of living eludes us in this instant. None of our language helps us. Not knowing how to drive, to cook on a gas stove, to soap the diaper pins so that they pass more easily through the diaper, to wash cotton in cold water so that it doesn't shrink, to repair the water pipes, or dress a wound. No skill helps us. Nor does quickness of mind, nor physical strength. We are like an animal smaller and more vulnerable than any Nature has ever created. We have no defense. We try not to remember whatever we may know of plutonium.

Berkeley Song in F Major

by Jack Kerouac

Walt Whitman is striding
Down the mountain of Berkeley
Where with one step
He abominates & destroys
The whole atomic laboratory
Wherein it becomes a jewel
In his heel, O Eloheim!

With one quick look
His belly golden bull
He turns Mrs. Matchyot
To butter, one quick look
Eats up the fairies & robbers
In Robbies coffee saloon,
On he goes – wild hat
Big white beard
Fifteen feet tall
–No more lung stew
"Why – Isnt he hungry?"
"He eateth no more
This is the final end –
He bears the 32 marks of perfection
He's on his way to Oakland
The cesspool of the Coast
Where beyond the dumps
I see telephone pole
A hundred miles high
With invisible wires
Of Transcendency–
Walt! Jack!
Then across the Blue Bay
Gold step the Isle
Of Alcatraz, white eyes
Of lovely criminals,
Hatred Beaches, dops,
Pails, pockets, buckets,
Stores, sleeping bags,
Gold Gates & the Fog

Which Jesus Sendeth
from Up by Japan
the Alaskan Seal
Rock Territory
Known/ as Potato

(it all adds up to roil,
or royal, one)
Walt Bluebeard Handsome
Whitman, farewell
—For he also strides
to East & gobbles
Up Burma & Tits
the Mock Top Peaks
of T h i b e t a –
Returning, like sun
the shield
Around the other side
Where first we thought
We saw him visioning
Down the shuddering mount
Of Berkeley's Atomic
Test Laboratory
Full of mice & men

—And it's snowing
This sunny morning

And the grass blade
(so celebrate)
jostles slowly
like a woman's
beautiful
breast
side to side
In the Peep Show
of Eternality
& Salvation

Nuts to Plutonium!

by Allen Ginsberg and Col. Sutton Smith

1

ALBEIT political and social projections change year by year, I still form public theories. The 10,000 things of the present world appear as follows:

The interesting characteristic of fellows I imitate has one theme, a generous Hopelessness of view, close to Rimbaud's despair, "The world marches Foward! why doesn't it turn around? . . . Slaves, let's not curse life!" I've heard Burroughs say the "world problem" was hopeless overpopulation, and sex addiction was a disease virus, cureable only by the classic remedies: plague, war and starvation. Thus his recently finished magnum opus of the '70s, the novel *Cities of the Red Night*, features a plague in which the red-buttocked citizens die in frenzies of orgasmic delight, policed by an army of junkies who alone are immune to the sex virus.

Gary Snyder speculates that Earth can support only a tenth of its present human population without disturbing the long-evolved balance of eco and atmosphere systems. Thus he practices meditation and right labor cultivation of woods in his particular Sierra locale.

Chogyam Trungpa's Vajrayana system applies specifically to those who have escaped the world's rage, and abandoned common "social" worlds as lost in samsaric passion aggression and ignorance. This Tibetan-style Buddhist practice is a Bodhisattvic candle in the world's darkness; but redeeming the world in its own terms, or present American terms, is a lost cause. I agree with these views; the saving grace, as Kerouac said, is that "it doesn't matter" and any sensible secret soul would agree; there's no Soul anyway, all you have to do is read Dostoevsky. Free from hope and fear, the great liberation doesn't deny our delight in the "sticky little leaves of Spring," a green insight that once saved the despairing hero of a Russian novel. This "Hopelessness" is not the same as pathogenic despair, it means freedom from egocentric preconception.

The social thinker Timothy Leary, oddly in concord with the above sages,

wants to get off the ruined eggshell of earth in an immortal sperm ship through Heaven.

REGARDING Flower Power of the '60s in perspective after a decade, understanding emerges. If Flower Power's interpreted not as emotion or "idiot sentimentality," but as reference to green millennial agronomic stability, it makes enduring sense. Many folk emerged from the spiritually politicized sixties with a doubt of their own sense and Nature's sense, internalizing the F.B.I.-C.I.A.-Time-Life Luce-Army Intelligence "primitive view of reality" as containing Original Sin, some ineradicable Evil as an eternal component of nature, human or floral. This is nonsense from the "soul-less" Buddhist point of view. How people were hypnotized into believing this ignorant nonsense is now a matter of public record with the release of U.S. Police Agency documents under the Freedom of Information Act. In sum, there *was* a vast bureaucratic conspiracy to brainwash the public left and right, separate the generations, project obnoxious images of youth, divide Black and White citizens, abort and blackmail mental social leadership of Black citizens, set Blacks on each other, provoke Whites to murderous confusion, confound honest media, infiltrate, prevaricate and spy on reformist multitudes, becloud understanding and community, and poison public consciousness. These generalizations are proved if one examines Xerox facsimiles of government intelligence documents, more extensive and detailed in paranoid system than most Seekers ever guessed.

The notorious Black-White split of the sixties was a workable neurotic situation resolvable in the natural course of mutual action, but the intervention of the F.B.I.'s Counterintelligence Program, and the C.I.A.'s Operation Chaos, among other Army and Navy secret plots, escalated the difficulties, magnified them to crisis, and orchestrated original community difficulties to unworkable cacophony for awhile. That paranoia between Black and White activists is now somewhat dissipated. Same for other neurotic problems of aggression, passion and ignorance in the peace "movement." "Kill the Pigs" was also an F.B.I. Provocateur party line, as well as "lily-white Honky middleclass intellectuals."

One freak fact turns to pleasant surprise. From the 10,000-page public file of C.I.A.'s LSD Operation, MKULTRA, it now appears that this astounding psychedelic catalyst to U.S. cultural revolution was launched inadvertently from 1953-on by C.I.A. and Army Intelligence secret bungling experimenters. The C.I.A. and Army Intelligence turned on more people (without telling them) in uncontrolled experiments than Timothy Leary ever did giving Cambridge adults psylocybin pills in their hands. Ken Kesey, myself and Peter Orlovsky among others were initiated to LSD in experiments at Stanford Institute of Mental Health. Unknown to us, these programs were secretly funded by Army Intelligence. Henry Luce himself had been turned on earlier to psychedelics by an Intelligence-contractee doctor, and the comic history of the psychedelic soul-bomb followed due Karmic course. Six years later *Life Magazine*'s hysterical cover-slogan was "LSD – The Mind Drug That Got Out of Control." Out of *whose* control? Leary seems to have been a scapegoat for all these "respectable" controllers, government secret opera-

tors, horrified by what they half-realized *they themselves had let loose* in the early fifties. Delightful, poetic justice!

Early secret government experiments were bent on mind control, including development of involuntary amnesiac Assassination personnel, and this Project Artichoke seems to me to symbolize the vast messianic F.B.I.-C.I.A. infiltration of media (newspapers movies cartoons television publishing) now evidenced in an increasing flood of Congressional committee reports, investigative researches, and Xeroxed F.B.I., C.I.A. and Narcotics Bureau files now available to public eye in various open libraries.

MANY of these themes converge in the Nuclear Energy debate now prominent in public argument. As Marxists observe the means of production determining cultural superstructure, so the great ENERGY argument may be interpreted. If the energy is a centralized and poisonous Nuclear base to our culture, a monolithic Surveillance State will result. Unknown to the literate public in 1978, the Rockefeller Group, that "Black Hole in American Politics," is the largest single investor in nuclear fuels (as it had been in petrochemical economy). Thus Nelson Rockefeller is proposing a $100 billion-dollar government subsidy to his own failing "high-risk energy ventures" in the Nuclear industry. (Charts and figures for 1976 are set forth in the unpublished text, *Nuclear Energy, Rockefeller, and Big Business*, by Peter Salmonson, Goddard College.)

What alternative energy technic would decentralize and democratize our civilization, encourage sanity? The best I've heard was proposed at a meeting with the late economist-philosopher Fritz Schumacher and representatives of New Alchemy, the astronaut Rusty Schweickart, the agropoet Peter Orlovsky, and others present with William I. Thompson at Lindisfarne Association in the stone heart of Manhattan, February, 1977.

Schumacher said his "Bible" was a book he'd read, written in 1929 by J. Russell Smith, *Tree Crops, A Permanent Agriculture* (reissued by the Devin Adair Co., Old Greenwich, 1977). The book proposed renewable protein and energy source through massive tree crop agriculture. Nature should be brought into the cities, and the cities brought into production, Schumacher said, through universal tree rows on streets, rather than cities abandoned in a "return to nature." Nut trees should be grafted to produce "genius walnut" varieties, among others (a much neglected area of research and development). Hill soil above 15 degrees angle shouldn't be ploughed, it leads to erosion but is proper for "three-dimensional" tree agriculture. The tree is "the most efficient form of solar collector ever developed." Energy, stewardship, food protein, fuel alcohol and beauty were obvious advantages. Labor-intensive recycling of city wastes can provide appropriate compost immediately available, thus resolving problems of garbage, anomie, unemployment, alienation and hunger. In Western man's earliest written epic, the hero Gilgamesh, "builder of cities and walls" had killed the forest god in his journey to visit the Land of the Dead and regain company of his lover Enkidu, now covered with dust. This myth of "inappropriate technology" accounts for the desertification of many old and new civilizations. Schumacher added that J. Russell Smith's main ideas would be found in the first

thirty pages of his book, helpfully, for the benefit of contemporary speed-reading death-defying Westerners.

Given the vast unemployment and city illiteracy in America at the end of the '70s decade, tree-crop agriculture can provide productive employment for metropolitan multitudes as well as for uneconomic small-farm country citizens repelled or unemployable by soil-killing petrochemical agribusiness. Where would the money come from to subsidize such a national Civilian Conservation and Production Corps? Switch Rockefeller's proposal for One Hundred Billion Dollars for "high-risk energy ventures" from Nuclear to Tree Crop energy base, and money will be found where it was to be found, in the public treasury, with the additional advantage that this less risky venture applied to peaceable industriousness can create more jobs than the famously electric-intensive low labor-intensive Nuclear industry can provide.

What of the dangers of a Welfare State? Is employing the populace in decentralized labor-intensive handy production any more Welfare State than subsidizing elitist petrochemical and Nuclear industries, or Military corps? Citizen's welfare state versus Capitalists' welfare state? Agronomic Welfare State encourages people to work in infinitely variable "ecological shelves," and doesn't concentrate bureaucratic power in centralized and monolithic military-style Power centers. The objection to Welfare State was begun as an objection to laziness, paper shuffling, and Government police bureaucracy, drags which a nuclear-energy state requires.

While cleaning air over cities, we can encourage street stewardship in tree care activity, beautifying urbs, suburbs and countryside. Progress toward Law and Order in the cities would be near-completed by sending all Junkies to doctors for maintenance treatment with more natural, less synthetic, opiates, "medicalization" of the opiate problem. Shifting the vast parasitic and corrupted Narcotics Bureaucracy (a billion-a-year business at present) to planting tree crops would solve another unruly unemployment problem.

FLOWER Power versus Nuclear Power are alternative blueprints drawn by the Nature of Things for our civilization. The obstacle to steady-state of Edenic clarity of social air seems to be, as ever, ignorance (of means and ends), passion (for poisonous indigestible synthetic possessions) and aggression (to defend raw materials, territory, and markets, for Petrochemical-Nuclear economies). Granny wisdom both Marxist and Capitalist has defined Foreign policy (Imperium and War) as territorial struggle for raw materials and products. Such struggle is necessary only if one assumes a petrochemical and nuclear base for energy. Without that energy base specific, cause for imperial self-protection declines. Why fight over Iranian territory if the oil's no longer central as a power base? Philosophies and rationalizations for "defensive military might" atrophy as the material causes diminish.

Psychological inertia remains, the conditioned complex of indolence, fear, luxury and cultivated dependence on robot energy, anxiety over survival, un-disciplines characteristic of our long-developed petrochemical-nuclear addiction.

The speed-freak greedy psyche of the Industrial Revolution has its appropriate remedy in the slowdown, patience, generosity and clear-mindedness

of meditation practice, which also works well in conjunction with tree cultivation, gathering of protein-rich crops, "appropriate technology," unharried right labor. I hope that Mobilization for Survival in the '80s decade will feature this means of pacific protest. Gary Snyder and a handful of friends began sitting meditation practice at the gates of the Oakland Army Terminal in 1965, when that facility was used to ship armaments to escalate the "serious" futile Indochinese war. On May 27, 1978 a phalanx of 40 experienced meditators manifested their individual awareness and concern at the U.N. Disarmament Session's popular Mobilization for Survival in a special area set for them by War Resister's League organizers. Those who wish to bring meditation practice to future assemblies, and call mindfulness to the occasion, should bring pillows or blankets to cushion the concrete.

2

SUBMITTING this plan to an old gentleman in Boulder sitting on a park bench with his cane, the familiar Col. Sutton Smith, I noted these comments:

"Trouble with this is there's no one to implement it. Now we're ruled by people whose hands are tied, nothing's going to be done. It's hopeless because it's been *made* hopeless . . . They tie their own hands . . . the whole fucking bureaucratic system. They're all a bunch of worthless shits. Maybe they need someone like Hitler: The Leader principle, one person in power to *do* something . . . You can't take a hopeless situation and say what you are going to do with it . . . Democracy is a farce, nobody asked us about the Atom Bomb, they just dropped it without telling anybody. What we've got is a fucking bureaucracy, all they want is to keep their jobs.

"Where are we going now? We're going nowhere. Can anyone get a job done in this mess? No! Not without firing a lot of lazy sons-of-bitches . . . the whole Narc thing. Give Heroin to addicts and appropriate money for research into Endorphin . . . cures . . .

"Faced by a situation like that, what can a person do? Nothing . . . If a Flying Saucer came I'd get in and say, 'Let me out of this whole fucking Solar System!'

"Any bad situation just gets worse and worse and worse. That's the way the planet's going – worse and worse and worse – unless something drastic is done and nobody's in a position to do anything drastic. We're just a tiny minority of privileged people sitting here in comfort on sufferance . . . and we don't have any power – I don't foresee anything except that things get worse.

"This stupid proliferation principle – as if we needed more people to sell products to. The whole goddamn thing started with the Industrial Revolution: the more people the better to buy your fucking soap . . . It's all based on quantitative money, you can't have too many people if you're selling toothpaste or soap.

"Protect Sentient Beings? We don't want any more beings now, we got too many beings, we don't *want* any more. Of course the Pope is there:

'You can't deny people the right to the banquet of life.' What does that banquet consist of? A banquet of radioactive garbage . . . a sort of phosphorescent blue metallic gunk in troughs . . . Quite suddenly you reach a saturation point . . . There's nobody to implement anything. I've got to a point where I just don't give a shit. If there's nothing going to be done, why bother?"

I questioned the irritable old gent further: "Your message seems to be, we need less bureaucracy not more. Can you particularize on that?"

ABOLISH the FDA! Consider the modest beginnings of this pestilential agency like a tiny wart that will grow into a ravening cancer. Now back in the good old days before addicts were criminals by act of Congress, folks was brewing up medicines in their attics and basements and selling them through the mail or any other way. Patent medicines. And they was making various curative devices like magnetic coils and brain breathing machines. So the fledgling FDA says that some of these preparations contain harmful ingredients like opium and any preparation sold to the public should have the contents stated on the bottle, and somebody has to make sure the stated contents are the actual contents, right? And people should not be allowed to make money by selling worthless curative devices thus battening on their fellow creeps, right? Sounds reasonable, don't it? Starting with the hypocritical excuse of controlling and purifying the profit motive they became its most dedicated representative. Next step is the drug has to be tested before it is released to the public, that what we're here for is to protect the natives . . . To protect the public interests . . . Alright, here is a young medical student back in the '40s, he's read the early experiments with mold for infections. Working in his basement laboratory he comes up with penicillin . . . Millions and millions of lives there in that white powder he hopefully delivers to the FDA. Of course it has to be tested, you know. And these wondrous tests often take ten years, and this looks like a dangerous cure-all . . . He is an eccentric paranoid old man when they finally tell him that because of certain adverse effects on the animal experiments, the drug cannot be released. Later, of course, the big drug companies pick it up. The whole set-up is designed to protect the big drug companies from any basement lab competition or any medium-financed competition. You're going to start a drug company with $20,000,000 dollars like Tucker and his car that never got into production. All he had to face was General Motors and the other car gangs, and they broke him. Couldn't get materials, etc. You can't win against a stacked deck. And the drug company deck is double stacked by the big drug companies and their company cops, the FDA. Yes, that's exactly what those bastards are. Company cops."

Since Col. Sutton Smith thus expressed himself so neatly, I asked him whether he'd ever attempted to make his views public. In reply, he pulled a frayed envelope from the breast pocket of his L.L. Bean corduroy hunting jacket and displayed the following letter, reading it to me aloud in a firm voice, banging his cane on the pavement to make his points:

TO the Denver Post:

"Consider the legislation such gun control advocates as John A. Van Vranken would impose upon the citizens. The proposed law would ban the possession of any hand gun by a private citizen and call for the confiscation of all hand guns now in possession of private citizens. (Perhaps 40 or 50 million. The figure is Mr. Vranken's.) And what would be involved in implementing such a law? To begin with, enormous expense to the taxpayer. There would be gun inspectors with right of search, seizure and arrest. There would be bribery and corruption. There would be batteries of clerks and computers to send out and process endless forms and notices. There would be criminal sanctions for falsifying a report or concealing firearms, thus dumping thousands of 'violators' into our overcrowded courts. And what would such a law accomplish in actuality? Is it to be expected that the criminal who bought his gun with a falsified I.D. or driver's license or on the black market that exists in all large cities will turn in *his* gun? The law would disarm the honest citizen who gave his right name and address when he bought the gun and truthfully filled out the federal form already required for sale of hand guns. *His* gun can be traced and confiscated. The criminal's gun cannot. The effect then of such a law would be to leave in criminal hands a vast reservoir of firearms while the honest citizen would be prohibited from owning any firearm. Make no mistake – if the gun control advocates have their way, rifles and shotguns will soon be banned as well.

"Mr. Vranken bolsters his argument with dubious statistics: 'Between 1900 and 1973, 800,000 Americans have been killed by firearms.' Let's see a breakdown on this. Since he is talking about hand guns, how many were killed with hand guns and not rifles or shotguns? How many of these deaths are from New York, Massachusetts or other states where gun laws are already in effect, making it virtually impossible for private citizens to legally own hand guns? Guns used in murders or accidents in these states were then performed with illegally owned hand guns and therefore cannot be cited as abuse of legal gun ownership. How many of these deaths were perpetrated by actual criminals in the course of robberies and other crimes? How many were gangland killings? (Since when do the Mafia register their guns?) How many were street gang killings with unregistered or improvised guns? How many were committed by the police or the military?

" 'Hand guns,' Mr. Vranken pontificates, 'belong in the possession of the police and the military, not in the bureau drawer of private citizens.'

"I would like to ask Mr. Vranken for another figure. In the period from 1900 to 1973, how many unarmed citizens were raped, beaten, stabbed, shot, robbed?

"The laws proposed by gun control advocates would arm the criminal and disarm the citizen. Not only are such laws a violation of the citizen's right to keep and bear arms, but also of his fundamental biological right to protect his person, his property, and the members of his household even against the police and the military, if it should come to that, as it did in Nazi Germany."

Plutonium Chant

by Anne Waldman

Fuck plutonium!
Love it? Hate it?
WE'LL ALL BE GLOWING FOR A QUARTER OF A MILLION YEARS

teeth glowing
underwear glowing
pages of words glowing
microfilm glowing
nails and knuckles glowing
sore kneecaps glowing
ankles in despair
antlers glowing
storm clouds glowing
hair follicles glowing
golden earlobes the better to hear you with
eyebrows glowing
flaring nostrils glowing
wrinkles like streaks of light
clavicles glowing
dorsal angles of ribs glowing
thorax glowing
rolling pelvis glowing
hip joints glow
capillaries glow
AH THE 3RD LUMBAR GLOWING IN PAIN
& eyeballs glowing, poor sad monster eyeballs
REINCARNATED FOR A QUARTER OF A MILLION YEARS

Plutonian Ode

by Allen Ginsberg

I

What new element before us unborn in nature? Is there a new
thing under the Sun?
At last inquisitive Whitman a modern epic, detonative, poisonous
theme
First penned Scientific by Doctor Seaborg with unmindful hand, named
for Death's planet through the sea beyond Uranus
whose chthonic ore fathers this magma-teared Lord of Hades, Sire
of avenging Furies, Hell-King worshipped once
with black sheep throats cut, priest's face averted from underground
Mysteries in a single temple at Eleusis,
Spring-green Persephone nuptialed to his inevitable Shade,
Demeter mother of asphodel weeping dew,
her daughter stored in salty caverns under white snow, black hail,
grey winter rain or Polar ice, immemorable seasons before
Fish flew in Heaven, before a Ram died by the starry bush,
before the Bull stamped sky and earth
or the Twins inscribed their memories in clay or Crab'd flood
washed memory from the skull, or Lion sniffed the lilac breeze
in Eden –
Before the Great Year began turning its twelve Signs, ere constel-
lations wheeled for twenty-four thousand sunny years
slowly round their axis in Sagittarius, one hundred sixty-seven
thousand times returning to this night!

O radioactive Nemesis were you there at the beginning blind
Dumb tongueless unsmelling blast of Disillusion?
I manifest your baptismal Word after four billion years
I guess your birthday in Earthling Night, I salute your
dreadful presence
lasting majestic as the Gods, Jehovah, Elohim, Ialdoboath, Io,
Aeon from Aon born
ignorant in an Abyss of Light, Sophia's reflections glittering
thoughtful galazies,
whirlpools of star-spume silver-thin as hairs of Einstein!
Father Whitman I celebrate a matter that renders Self oblivion!
Grand Subject that devours ink, hands & pages' prayers, old
orators' inspired Immortalities,
I begin your chant, openmouthed exhaling spacious sky over hellish hills

at Hanford, Savannah River, Rocky Flats, Pantex, Burlington,
Albuquerque
I yell thru Washington, South Carolina, Colorado, Texas, Iowa,
New Mexico,
where thermo-nuclear reactors create a new Thing under sun, where
Rockwell warplants
fabricate this Death-stuff trigger in nitrogen baths, Hanger-Silos
Mason assembles th'imagined Weapon secret by ten thousands,
& where Manzano Mountain boasts to store its dreadful Decay
through two hundred fourty Millennia while our great Galaxy
spirals around its nebulous core!
I enter your secret places with my mind, I speak with your Presence
I roar your Lion Roar with mortal mouth!
One atom to one lung, one pound to earth your radiance is speed's blight
& death to All Sentient Beings –
Enter my body or not I carol my spirit inside you, Unapproachable
Weight,
O heaviest Element, Awakened I vocalize your consciousness to
the Six Worlds
I chant your absolute Vanity! Yea monster of Anger birthed in
fear O most
Ignorant matter ever created unnatural to Earth! Delusion of
metal empires!
Destroyer of lying Sciences, covetous Generals, murderous Armies
& Wars!
Judgment of Judgments & Presidents, vengeful nations &
Capital politics, civilizations stupidly industrious,
multitudes learned or illiterate!
Manufactured Spectre of human Reason! O solidified imago of
practitioners in Black Arts
I dare your Reality, I challenge your very Being! I publish
your cause and effect!
I turn the Wheel of Mind on your three hundred tons! your
awful appellation enters mankind's ear! I embody your
ultimate Power!
My oratory advances on your vaunted Mystery! I sing your Form
at last
Behind your concrete & iron walls inside your fortress of
rubber & translucent silicon shields
through filtered cabinets and baths of lathe oil, my tones
resound in robot glove boxes & ingot cans
in electric vaults inert of atmosphere, I enter with spirit
out loud into your fuel rod drums underground on soundless
thrones and beds of lead
O density this weightless anthem trumpets transcendent through
your hidden chambers
and breaks into the Infernal Rooms! over your bastard vibration
this measured harmony floats audible, this voice

is honey and water poured on the floor, I call your name with
hollow vowels
I psalm your Fate close by near deathless at your side
And cast the Spell of Destiny that covers your dread tomb Prophetic
with emptiness O doomed Plutonium.

II

Only the Bard surveys Plutonian history from midnight lit
with Mercury Vapor till the dawn
to contemplate a tranquil politic spaced out between Nations'
thought-forms proliferating bureaucratic
& horrific arm'd, hellish industries projected sudden with
Five Hundred Billion Dollar strength
around the world same year this text is set in Boulder, Colorado,
before front range of Rocky Mountains
twelve miles north of Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility in
United States on North America, western hemisphere
of planet Earth six months and fourteen days around our Solar
System in a Spiral Galaxy
the local year after Dominion of the last God Nineteen-hundred-
seventy-eight
Completed as yellow hazed dawn clouds brighten East, Denver
city white below
blue sky transparent rising empty deep & spacious to a morn-
ing star high over the balcony
above some autos sat with wheels to curb downhill from Flatirons'
jagged pine ridge,
mountain meadows sloped to red rock sunlit cliffs above brick
townhouse roofs
as sparrows waked whistling through Marine Street's summer green
leafed trees.

III

This ode to you O Poets & Orators to come, you father Whitman
as I pass you by,
you present meditators, spiritual friends & teachers, you O
Master of the Diamond Arts,
Take this wheel of syllables in hand, these vowels and consonants
to breath's end,
take this inhalation of pure poison to your heart, breathe this
blessing from your breast out on creation
cities oceans deserts rocky flats and mountains in the Ten
Directions pacify with this exhalation,
enrich this Plutonian ode to explode its empty thunder through
earthen Thought-worlds
Magnetize this howl with heartless compassion, destroy this
mountain of Plutonium with ordinary mind and body speech,
thus empower this Mind-guard spell gone out, gone out, gone
beyond, gone beyond me, Wake space, so Ah!

THE ANARCHIST POSITION

The new political and social revolution now necessarily affects the deepest layers of our civilization. What I have in mind here is a cultural revolution in the broadest sense of the term, a revolution – if essentially non-violent – in *the entire subjective form of mass life.* This must, of course, come about as much by the conscious will of individuals as by their unconscious feelings. Its aim is really to create the social framework for the free development of each person, which according to the *Communist Manifesto* is the precondition for the free development of all. Communism cannot advance in any other way than by proving itself in relation to man, to his visible and perceptible climb towards freedom, and this means, above everything external, also inward freedom. Here history faces us with an inescapable demand. *Our civilization has reached a limit of extension at which the inner freedom of the individual appears as the very condition for survival. This inner freedom is the precondition for a collective renunciation, based on understanding, of a continued material expansion which is both disastrous and subjectively purposeless. General emancipation is becoming an absolute historical necessity.*

–*from Herbert Read,* Poetry & Anarchism
(Freedom Press, London, 1947)

A SOCIALIST VIEW

I speak of doctrine, but there is nothing I so instinctively avoid as a static system of ideas. I realize that form, pattern, and order are essential aspects of existence; but in themselves they are the attributes of death. To make life, to insure progress, to create interest and vividness, it is necessary to break form, to distort pattern, to change the nature of our civilization. In order to create it is necessary to destroy; and the agent of destruction in society is the poet. I believe that the poet is necessarily an anarchist, and that he must oppose all organized conceptions of the State, not only those which we inherit from the past, but equally those which are imposed on people in the name of the future. In this sense I make no distinction between fascism and marxism.

–*Rudolf Bahro from* "The Alternative in Eastern Europe" *(Monthly Review #106)*

THE SURREALIST CONNECTION

Contrary to prevalent misdefinitions, surrealism is not an aesthetic doctrine, nor a philosophical system, nor a mere literary or artistic school. It is an unrelenting revolt against a civilisation that reduces all human aspirations to market values, religious impostures, universal boredom and misery.

Specialists in revolt: the surrealists thus described themselves in an early tract. Born of the appalling conflict between the inexhaustible powers of the mind and the impoverished conditions of everyday life, surrealism aims at nothing less than complete human emancipation, the reconstruction of society governed by the watchword *To each according to his desire.*

–*from the Introduction to* André Breton: What is Surrealism?
Selected Writings, *edited and introduced by Franklin Rosemont*

The Ultimate Coalition

Reflections on the Bangor Action, May 21-23, 1978

by Robert Aitken

4,300 people rallied and marched at the Bangor Naval Base on the Hood Canal in Kitsop County, Washington, on May 2, 1978, as an expression of resistance to the Trident Nuclear Submarine. Next day, nearly 300 people peacefully invaded the Base as a non-violent expression of life-giving purpose. Only five were arrested, so the next day almost all of the peaceful invaders went over the fence again. This was May 23, the day the Disarmament Conference convened at the UN.

The Trident Submarine is a doomsday weapon, 560 feet long, with 408 nuclear warheads capable of wasting 408 targeted cities in an area covering half the earth. Resistance to this monster began early in 1975, with three people leafleting outside the main gate of the Bangor Base. It developed rapidly, and has spread to the underground Seafarer communications network in northern Michigan, and to the site of construction of the Trident in Groton, Connecticut. Numerous non-violent actions have been carried through at all three places.

Robert Aitken is teacher with the Diamond Sangha, a Zen Buddhist society, at its two centers in Hawaii, the Koko An Zendo in Honolulu and the Maui Zendo on the island of Maui. He took part in the Bangor action as a supporter.

It is not possible to be effective in many areas of social concern at the same time, so one tends to gravitate to a specific group that is organized around a particular issue – saving the redwoods, stopping nuclear power, resisting nuclear weapons, ending torture and political imprisonment, equalizing rights for women, Blacks, Chicanos, and Native Americans – the list is really endless.

Moreover, the movement relating to a particular issue is usually divided according to its aspects and by its geographical points of focus, and by the political philosophy of its leadership. Of course, these divisions may be brought together periodically in coalition for large mobilizations, such as those held during the Vietnam War.

The May 21-23 action this year to resist the Trident Nuclear Submarine at the Bangor Naval Base in the State of Washington combined environmental and peace-support people very effectively. Live Without Trident, Pacific Life Community, Greenpeace, Voice of Women, Crabshell Alliance, and other organizations dropped their own structures and reformed as a single political unit that operated through affinity groups in the style first tried at Seabrook.

It is evident that this coalition was no temporary mobilization. Ecologists and pacifists are finding that nuclear technology in weaponry and power is interrelated. One of the chants of people who went over the fence at the Bangor Base was "Next time Satsop!" – meaning that peace-ecology people would also turn out for civil disobedience at the twin reactor site at Satsop, near Olympia, Washington, on June 24.

However, there is more than expediency involved. Suspension of group ego, based upon a clearly established ideology of movement unity, has been carefully cultivated by key people in the anti-Trident campaign for several years. James W. Douglass, one of the founders of the Pacific Life Community, is among those who are concerned about ego as a limiting factor in the campaign. In an interview carried by *Georgia Straight*, he warned that "political philosophies tend to operate as extensions of individual trips." This kind of thing is "almost universally ignored by the left," he said, "every day there are blocks to the Trident campaign that have nothing to do, directly, with capitalism and imperialism. They have to do with individual head-tripping."

Group ego is thus traced clearly to individual ego. With the encouragement of Douglass and other individuals in the coalition, non-sectarian mindfulness sessions were held in Seattle, Olympia, Bellingham, and New Westminster, B.C., before the action. 150 people turned out for the sessions, perhaps half of them radical Catholics, for the Catholic Worker is vigorous in these parts. As a resource person in the sessions, my impression was that these 150 people were not only interested in centering themselves in order to be in a stable psychological condition for the action, but were also anxious to liberate themselves personally from the same violence which they were to resist at Bangor.

There was also a general concern expressed about becoming truly dedicated. Douglass remarked in the same *Georgia Straight* interview, "If the campaign becomes a serious non-violent action, then people will be physically hurt and perhaps killed. That has happened in any serious non-violent campaign that has reached the level of challenging the injustices of society. Unless we become really serious about it, day in and day out, hour in and hour out, it doesn't make any difference what we do on May 22."

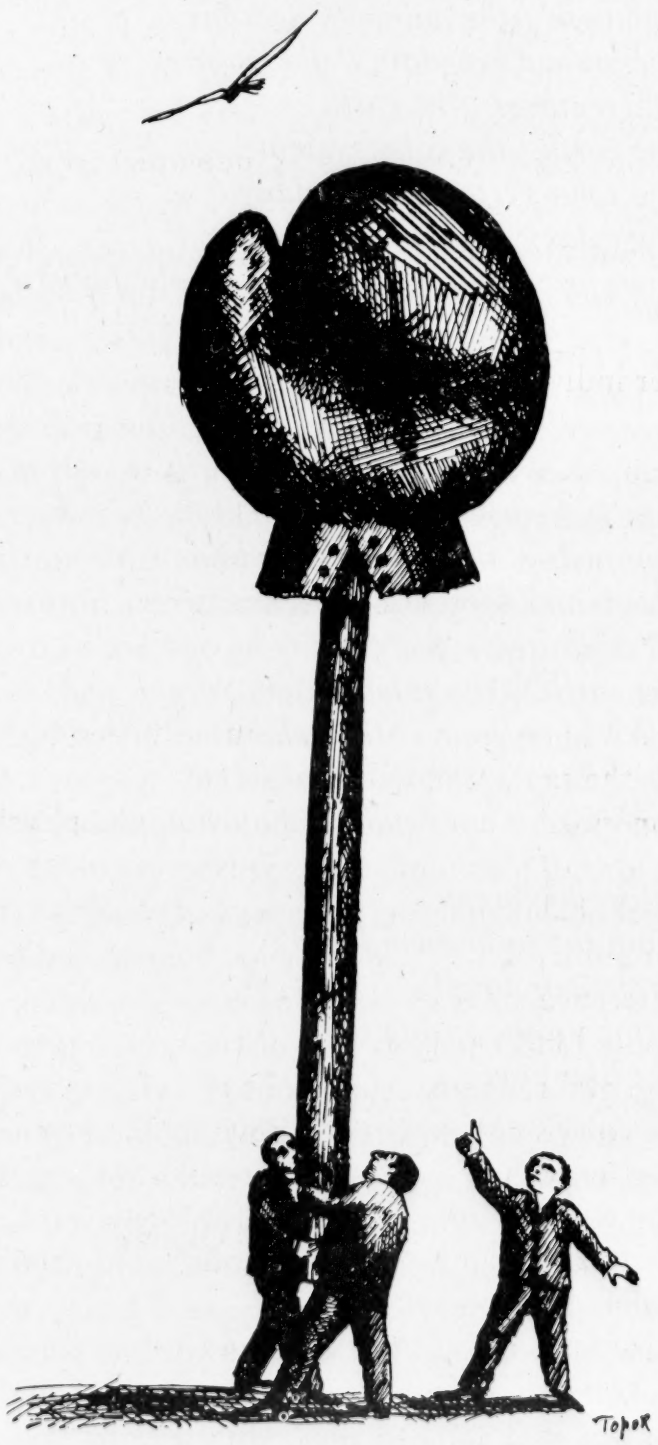
These words are rooted in Douglass' view of the non-violent life as a yin-yang of contemplation and resistance. Without the yin of contemplation, the yang of resistance to tyranny is without power. "To resist without seeking to shed the skin of the individual self is not to resist at all. It is simply to confront the power of the world with a smaller, antagonistic version of itself. To resist with the self is to surrender to its embodiment in the world." (*Resistance and Contemplation*, 1972.)

Notice that Douglass uses the phrase, "seeking to shed the skin of the individual self." This brings the two acts of contemplation and resistance together in time. It is not that activists must withdraw until they are emanci-

pated from greed and violence, then to return as saints to take up the cause of disarmament. Contemplation and resistance go together like the tides, ebb and flow, within a single day.

At the same time, his language is uncompromising. To shed the individual self is religious experience, the "falling away of body and mind," to use Dogen's expression. This is liberation, and it does not rise from sloth.

Government, military, and industry reach out to us with friendly hands and eyes, appealing to that quality within us that has made them so powerful. They are fascinating and seductive, and we are drawn by their appeal. But they form a murderous conspiracy whose members will sometimes acknowledge that the human race and the earth itself have little chance for survival past the next few decades. If, in our resistance to them, we ourselves conspire to shed their violence completely – to shed their violence in ourselves completely – that will be the ultimate coalition.



An Axiom

by Nanao Sakaki

After evening glow
Jupiter shadows in the coral reef

I am a part of human beings
Human beings / mammals
Mammals / the animal kingdom
The animal kingdom / all creatures
All creatures / the earth
The earth / the solar system
The solar system / the galaxy
The galaxy / the whole universe
Therefore, I am a part of the whole universe

Dark midnight
A water rail sings in a grove

I am equal to human beings
Human beings – mammals
Mammals – the animal kingdom
The animal kingdom – all creatures
All creatures – the earth
The earth – the solar system
The solar system – the galaxy
The galaxy – the whole universe
Therefore, I am equal to the whole universe

Before daybreak
From the unknown depth
To the coral reef
Rising up the spring tide
Just like Love.

Iriomote, Okinawa

Buddhism and Nuclear Politics

Jack Kornfield, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Scoop Nisker: A Conversation

Lawrence Ferlinghetti: My idea is to get some kind of articulation of a Buddhist approach to nuclear politics. It seems to me no one has articulated any such position.

Jack Kornfield: It's not traditional for Buddhist teachers to be involved in taking positions on specific issues, which is one of the reasons I think you don't find it. On the other hand it is very much in keeping with the Buddhist tradition to be conscious and concerned, participating in social reform and important questions of the society. I think the reason that there hasn't been so much of a position articulated also is that the usual priority among Buddhist teachers is first to encourage people in their own individual awakening and understanding of their mind. Then they can allow or encourage them to use that understanding in all kinds of realms – artistic, political, and social. We can see that the first part, individual awakening, is still in the process of happening in this country.

LF: Wouldn't you say perhaps Zen Buddhism in this country is further along that road, because they seem to be very involved in the community immediately around them?

JK: I think that may be because they have been here and established longer than other traditions. Another explanation is that the individual style of teachers differs greatly. For example, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado, probably the most popular Tibetan teacher, has chosen, for whatever reason, to not be directly involved in overt political action. Recently, someone at Naropa involved with Allen Ginsberg and others in the sit-ins at the nuclear plant near Boulder producing weapons-grade plutonium, asked Trungpa a question in a talk: "We're grateful for learning the dharma and the practice that we have, it's helped us a lot in being able to do the demonstrations. What is your position about the bombs?" And Trungpa said, "We have our own bombs." He said we have the "enlight-

enment bomb," and it's bigger and better than their bombs. This answer is symbolic of his kind of position.

LF: That reminds me of what Jack Kerouac told me when I called him up on returning from Cuba, in the early days of the Cuban revolution. I asked him to join the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. I was there in the days when there was a real revolutionary euphoria in Cuba, and Jack on the phone from Long Island said, "I've got my own revolution, the American revolution!" You've got your own revolution, Trungpa has his own revolution, the Buddhist revolution, which is the biggest bomb of all.

JK: But in any case, Trungpa's words should not be taken as a statement representing all of Buddhism or even the majority of Buddhists, telling them not to be involved or engaged in very crucial issues such as nuclear proliferation and nuclear power questions. One of the key issues in understanding these questions is that the forerunner of social action in Buddhist tradition is the understanding of mind. This understanding has two parts. The first is that whatever action is taken must be seen primarily as a part of one's *sadhana* or one's spiritual practice. If it's done in reaction or it's done thinking this is going to make the world better in some way, without that spiritual foundation it becomes merely a manipulation of materials, it becomes a very materialistic or at best sort of psychological response to things. And not at all really striking at the root of the problem. This leads to the second half of the question. First we can see the action as a conscious participation in the world that we live in, which is used to awaken one's self and to awaken other beings, to serve as food for liberation.

The second point is to see that the basic cause underlying even these very concrete problems of nuclear power is in the minds of people. It is greed and fear and ignorance. Ignorance and fear are the cause of nationalism, and greed is a cause of hoarding and of economic paranoia. This all creates situations of misuse of nuclear energy in ways that are most obviously detrimental. People become paranoid and fearful in holding on to the things they have. The basic question that the Buddha addressed was that of human suffering and human happiness. The problem is that most people, all of whom are in search of some kind of happiness and security, have picked a strategy which doesn't work. They've picked a strategy of holding on to things that change, thinking that this will create happiness, or acting out of states of fear and paranoia, thinking somehow this will bring them happiness. And so it's not until there's a fundamentally different understanding that basic changes will take place. We need an appreciation of simplicity, greater ability to flow with change, to be less paranoid, to be open and sharing. We must learn that happiness is much more of a mental and a heart phenomenon than one of the amount of material goods we possess or the speed that we move from one point to another in some vehicle. And that's not to say that we should isolate ourselves and say, "Well we must first sit on our meditation cushions and get fully enlightened and then act." But if you have action that doesn't come from some understanding of mind you simply are playing-out another part of the drama of aggression and fear.

LF: Holding on to material things might include holding on to fossil fuels. Is that wrong?

JK: Holding on to fossil fuels?

LF: Instead of burning them up? Burning down the house to roast the pig?

JK: "Holding on" means really attachment with some kind of greed in mind. It's often easily misinterpreted that Buddhism teaches us to give everything up and become totally possessionless. It's not really possible to do this in our lives, and even if we could it would be a kind of withdrawal from a vital relationship, of interconnectedness with the world. Not "holding on" means not holding on to things out of fear but using the quality of mind called discriminating wisdom. There are really two meanings for desire. One is desire that's connected with paranoia, fear, ignorance, selfishness. The other is desire in a much broader sense, desire as energy which can be connected with compassion or discriminating wisdom. So, to recognize the limited resource of fossil fuel, and for the benefit of all beings on the planet to use this in a more judicious way, is not particularly holding on but rather letting go of some immediate need of gratification.

LF: Is letting go the opposite of holding on?

JK: No.

LF: Because if you say one shouldn't hold on, you should let go.

Scoop Nisker: Let go of letting go.

JK: Letting go at times is also expressed by letting be. If one were to try and fix a particular action or behavior it wouldn't be Buddhist and it wouldn't be dharmic in the sense that there aren't rules one can follow but rather sensibilities and awakening to the interconnectedness of things. So that each action comes out of compassion and understanding rather than out of following any set of rules. Thus, letting go is one extreme and holding on is the other. The traditional way of stating it in terms of rules is to know when to keep the rules and when to break them.

SN: I have a question. Could it be that one of the reasons Buddhists have not become political or involved is that it involves making judgments about what is good and what is evil and what is best for the world? It's as though it's beneath the realm that they're thinking on or conceiving on. It involves a judgment. They have to say nuclear power is not good for all sentient beings. And they refuse to make that judgment, or it's not a judgment that concerns them.

JK: That could be correct for a lot of situations where Buddhists are refraining from involvement based on a kind of wisdom, and a lot of other times based on fear. There is a strong tradition of non-involvement. I studied for a time during the War in a large monastery in southeast Asia, out in the forest, near the Laos and Cambodian border. In the mornings we would go out with our begging bowls to collect food. We could see the B-52 bombers overhead flying back from the bombing runs, and at night you could see the flashes on the border on the horizon.

LF: They were letting go!

JK: They certainly were letting go, and there were a lot of other people letting go in the process. But I had very good friends who were involved in Project Airwar and with the Quakers in Vietnam who would come and visit and say, what are you doing sitting on your ass here when there's all of this suffering?

LF: You were letting be.

JK: And what happened after some dialogue and experience together was that we both came to honor each other's expression of sadhana. For them, their action was their practice and was motivated by compassion and real caring. Yet they began to see that some kinds of teachings and understandings preserved in that monastery would have been destroyed quite quickly had it been directly involved in the political situation around it. In a sense the monastery was like a library which was an archive, a living archive both in and yet also apart from the society. People could come from villages around and from places of immense fear and greed, wartime and the most difficult human situations, they could come into a community and see people living their lives based on kindness to each other and based on working to become as compassionate and enlightened as possible. The monastery was like a living seed, a possibility for the way humans could live that was also important to preserve.

LF: There was a definite political neutrality. As if Buddhism were sort of the Switzerland of modern-day religions?

JK: It's very difficult to fix Buddhism, because it encompasses so many countries and so many teachers. One part of it is like Switzerland. Another part of it reflects what the Buddha said about right livelihood, which was very clear. He said don't traffic in weapons. So that's not avoiding taking a stand in the world, rather that's saying weapons are bad, period.

SN: One of the most vivid images that turned a lot of people against the War was the image of the monks who burned themselves in Saigon. There were a lot of active Buddhist scenes in Vietnam.

JK: Buddhism is a teaching which directs people to their own minds, to understanding them and then to expressing that understanding, sometimes in the realm of creating a Switzerland and sometimes in the realm of the monks burning in Vietnam.

LF: When I first saw that picture of the burning monk and didn't read the caption, I naturally assumed that he had been sprayed with napalm, and that he hadn't set himself on fire. I was just disappointed to find out the truth, that his enlightenment had led to him setting himself on fire.

JK: Why were you disappointed?

LF: Because if that is the end of enlightenment, it leads to death rather than to more life.

JK: Well, one thing useful in observing Buddhists or any other people is to leave a lot of space about how enlightened they are. One never knows. That monk may have had a very strong ability to withdraw his mind so that it wasn't painful, but it doesn't necessarily represent the culmination of enlightenment.

SN: I'd like you to explore a little bit. Say that you were a practicing Buddhist and you decided that you wanted to fight against nuclear power and nuclear weapons. You thought that was a bad thing and you wanted to do your part. Then what would you do? I mean, then what would your action be? Would you start at home? Or does a Buddhist always start at home and . . .

JK: My first action would be to sit and meditate and look at my own

motivation and see where I was coming from. If it felt like the action was based on concern and compassion and not out of reaction or anger as a primary basis, then I would take probably the same steps that anyone else would in connecting with other groups of people who were involved. It is a basic teaching in Buddhism that spiritual community and association with people with similar ideals is an extraordinary force. It has been so for thousands of years in that tradition, and inspires us to look for that same kind of community in action in the world. Then I would bring to this my own perspective of action based on a spiritual perspective. And I'd look to do it in a nonviolent way, in the tradition of Gandhi as the most obvious and recent example. Perhaps then I'd be involved in demonstrations, and in education, which really is what Buddhism is anyway. The Buddha was an educator. He tried to get people to wake up, to understand.

LF: Well, is the Naropa Institute officially connected with the demonstration at Rocky Flats in which Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky were busted?

JK: In no way whatsoever. Given that particular Buddhist scene I think to call it Switzerland would be kind and somewhat accurate. The particular vajra-yana scene in Boulder is not connected with overt political action.

LF: Would Trungpa have been aware that the action was taking place?

JK: He may well have known it but chosen not to be directly involved.

LF: I'm taking the position of the *dragon's* advocate for this *[laughter]*. What bothers the material American mentality about Buddhism is its very quietism. *[***JK:** *Um hmm.]* This principle of letting go which seems to lead to a general passivity, and no overt protest is made about anything. So we get back to the example of the Good German who did nothing under Hitler.

JK: Buddhism is not necessarily passive in that way. People in this country think of loving kindness, for example, as a weakness. When you're loving they think it means you're weak. They don't understand the depth of power that can come from love – the transformative power of it, the transformative power of action based on compassion. Some of the most transformative things done in the history of the planet have been motivated by extraordinary love. In one's personal family and life circumstances, some of the most wonderful things are done on that principle. So that's one misunderstanding in our culture. Not seeing that action can take place, and very powerful action, based on a different kind of motivation than anger or self-protection or fear. Our perspective on Buddhism also grows if we remember Buddha was very much involved in the social and political questions of his time, not as a picketer or as an activist like Gandhi trying to change institutions, but as an educator and as a creator of large and dramatic alternative institutions. In the Buddha's time the caste system in India was very powerful. Over and over again, sutra after sutra, he talks about how unjust and incorrect this system was. He noted that people who are noble, who are to be admired and respected, should not be so by birth or class, but by the compassion and the understanding of their minds and by the purity of their own inner life. That was an extraordinarily radical thing to say in that society and had a great effect for many centuries thereafter in India and in other nearby countries. Yet it wasn't done through demonstrations but by the creation of a very harmonious and open society which anyone could join.

LF: Counterculture organizations were created? Back then?

JK: A whole set of educational institutions, which is what monasteries really are. There were communes, communities, educational institutions, and the whole connection with the lay community of people who took the principles that they learned and applied them in their lives.

LF: Is that happening today in America?

JK: It's happening in the Zen tradition, around the monasteries that have started. It's happening in the vajra-yana tradition with some emphasis on overt social and political action. But for me, I think it's also a question of evolution. One of the first things that happens to people in Buddhist practice is seeing their own personal predicament. Seeing how much of their lives are based on certain neurotic tendencies or strong conditioning from our culture, and beginning to face the problem pragmatically of how to not be so caught in that. So meditation practice and some quietistic space is created just to begin to get a grip on that question. As practice goes deeper, they begin to see they are not what they thought they were. That they're not this solid thing apart from something else, that there's no solid self but rather that what we are is a process and in that process we are inextricably connected with the life process around us. Therefore both compassion and social action come out of this practice as we see we are not separate.

LF: You might mention the Hwa Yen mirror story here.

JK: There's a very beautiful story from the time of Buddhism in China over a thousand years ago. A great master went to the emperor of China to explain to him the Buddhist teaching of "mind only" which describes everything as a manisfestation of consciousness, reflecting itself in many forms, totally interconnected. The emperor asked if the master could somehow demonstrate this. So the teacher Fa Syang arranged a palace room so that eight large mirrors stood at the eight points of the compass, with two more on the ceiling and the floor. A candle was suspended from the ceiling. The emperor entered and cried, "How marvelous and beautiful." Fa Syang pointed at the reflection of the flame in each of the mirrors and said, "See, your majesty, this demonstrates the relationship of the one and the many." The emperor said, "Yes indeed master. What indeed is the relationship?" And he answered, "Just watch, your majesty, how each mirror not only reflects the one flame in the center, each mirror also reflects the reflections of the flame in all the other mirrors until an infinite number of flames fills them all. All of these reflections are mutually identical, in a sense they are interchangeable and yet in another sense each one exists individually. This shows the true relationship of each being to its neighbor." And he goes on later to hang a crystal in the room in which in each facet you can see the whole universe mirrored. In the smallest thing is contained the largest and the largest contains the tiniest. This understanding allows whatever action is being taken, whether it be in the realm of nuclear power or in the realm of any other interaction with beings around us, it allows and demands that the action come from compassion and a very deep kind of love, of unity.

LF: I can see the flame from Hiroshima reflected endlessly in those mirrors today.

JK: It's odd when you think about the flame from Hiroshima because it

is awful and terrible and awesome and at the same time it's become our teacher. It's just the reflection of it in your memory right now that can inspire people to realize the importance of becoming more conscious in this realm and of taking responsibility, so it has its horror and it has its ironic gift to us as well. Not to say that we need any more light of that kind!

SN: Sometimes it seems the process of becoming conscious that Buddhism tries to teach would make an individual become very conscious and careful of his own needs and greeds and desires, so that by using only what he needs to survive, by simplifying his life, by taking care using material goods, he simplifies our problems. In other words, care and consciousness itself is a contribution to the struggle against nuclear power.

JK: A lot of the difficulty with nuclear power isn't the nuclear power itself but people's extraordinary greed for electronic conveneniences and the burning of so much fossil fuel and energy to the point of creating this panic and desperation. It's interesting to consider on a very simple level five precepts taught by the Buddha. The first two are to refrain from killing and to refrain from stealing or taking that which isn't given. The first precept has a very obvious meaning, not killing other beings. One can consider nuclear proliferation as wrong livelihood, as allowing for the creation of materials that kill, or sensing the killing that can come from the awesome waste-disposal difficulties. One of the most interesting things about Buddhist teachings is that they point to the obvious, there's nothing esoteric and nothing hidden about them. It's simply that actions based on greed and fear create more of that and create more suffering, and that in fact the interrelationship of all of us is so obvious that people overlook it. It's the same even in the question of nuclear waste disposal. We really don't have a way of disposing of this extremely toxic material which will be radioactive for 50 or 100 thousand years. Buddhism directs us to see these obvious facts and not get caught in the disputable details.

Of the two precepts that I mentioned, the first was not to kill, which means on a gross level not to be involved in things that will bring about the death of beings. On a more subtle level this precept involves a sensitivity to all the life around. It can encompass the whole ecology movement and the whole movement of care of species that are endangered. Similarly, the precept of not stealing considered on the obvious level means not to take that which isn't given and not to get involved in actions based on one's greed.

The last thing I want to say now is about *emptiness* – of seeing all things arising and passing away and the universe in the total process of change – and the *passivity* that might come from that perspective. How to reconcile that with living our lives in a world of people and nuclear bombs and the rest of our social reality? For me, there is a balance to be struck. We must come to an understanding of emptiness, seeing that on one level it doesn't matter, that one one level it really is all changing and that even world systems arise and pass away. Carlos Castaneda called it seeing with *controlled folly*, seeing that all things including ourselves are in the process of change of birth and death, and honoring that truth on a very deep and gut level. This makes one free, it leads to the deathless. It's what brings us to fearlessness, to surrender to that inevitability and to being a part of that process. For the other half

of it, Carlos Castaneda's word again is quite wonderful – that a warrior has only one thing, his or her impeccability. This means recognizing the realm of karma and seeing that even though it's all empty, it's equally important to take responsibility in the world. This balance means having an inner perspective of freedom and to manifest that freedom with both controlled folly and care in the world. These two really are essential to combine.

LF: Controlled folly in Buddhism? Uncontrolled folly of the rest of the world.

JK: That's exactly right. The warrior, the awakened person is one who has his folly under control.To learn to see the vastness, the emptiness and yet not to get lost in this perspective either. This is well illustrated by a modern Zen story. The great Zen master Sasaki Roshi was leading an intensive training session directed to just this understanding of the nature of the absolute, yet still manifesting clear action in the world. One member of a group of Christian monks attending this session said that in the Christian tradition awakening was understood to come through the Grace of God, and that much of their practice was to open and await this Grace. Was there anything like this waiting for Grace in Buddhism, he asked. The master replied, "In Buddhism we believe that God has already done his share. The rest is up to us."

LF: Isn't the practice of sitting long periods in meditation an incredibly leisure-class activity?

SN: The children of the leisure class have had certain experiences – social, educational, political – that have brought them to the point where they desire a personal spiritual transformation. But that does not mean it is a self-indulgent activity, and in fact the privilege implies responsibility. Sitting meditation can be a very revolutionary activity because it is an attempt to purify yourself and to place yourself in a historical and social perspective. As the Buddha said, "It is easier to defeat a thousand warriors in a thousand different battles than to conquer your own self."

JK: Education is not a question of leisure but of vital responsibility. Naturally for impoverished people, the basic questions of life necessitate concern for food, shelter, clothing, and medicine. Many of us in the West, though, have great resources of time and energy beyond our basic needs. It becomes our responsibility as humans to learn to develop harmony and justice in a world where the forces of greed and fear have so long controlled our societies. The task of meditation is to become conscious of all the forces of the mind and to cultivate the strength and wisdom to act in all the realms of the world based on compassion.

LF: One final question: Would Buddhism view radioactivity as the supreme killer of souls?

JK: Radioactivity is a killer of people. No need to depart from the obvious. We have plenty to do just dealing with that. Thank you.

Border Tribes

by Peter Marin

Yesterday a Marxist friend of mine, a member of a radical New York theatre group who sometimes teaches here [at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado] in the summer, went to the daily lecture given by Osel Tendzin, Trungpa's second in command. At some point in the evening the master talks about the several things for which we should all be grateful, and one of them is that we do not belong to the "border tribes" – those people who must struggle so hard for subsistence that they have no chance to be enlightened. Braver than I would be, my friend asks a question after the lecture. What is our obligation, he wants to know, to those border tribes? None at all says the master; our only obligation is to concentrate on our own enlightenment. My friend presses him still further, insistently, and after several exchanges the master concedes that, well, yes, perhaps we *could*, if we wanted, give food to them. The problem, as we in America know, who have our border tribes in the South Bronx and Watts and Alabama, to say nothing of the Latin American campo, is that we cannot pretend, as perhaps they did in Tibet, that our own lives, behind the high walls of what was then the monastery and is now class, have nothing to do with those border tribes.

Border, fringes, distant others – it is these, precisely, that must be understood to be a value equal to the self, to be others like ourselves, before the world or conscience can be made whole. The rest is indulgence and pretense, a kind of flight.

Who can doubt, for instance, that even middle-class white children became, for a moment, "border tribes" when faced by the rifles at Kent State or Berkeley? Until we understand that we too are the border tribes, and that their destinies are linked with ours, what sense can any of our silly notions about good and evil make? The encapsulation of Naropa is the same encapsulation at work in Tibet, and the dream of maintaining it is precisely the same: a wise tradition of meditation meshed with a cruel politics, and a

vicious sociology. Those of us who have lived with "border tribes" understand them to be closer to a tradition which supercedes any particular mysticism: the pure and simple fact of being, the raw factuality of their existence, and a similarity to us – in capacity and yearning – which we do not want to comprehend. Indeed, the destiny of border tribes in our own century is not that they have to toil too hard for their existence to be enlightened, but that they must struggle with us, with the active power of our own nation, in order to survive.

Border tribes. One thinks of Tolstoy among the Cossacks, learning from the raw power of a life stripped clean of possessions and exposed to the rock-hard facts of the world. There was an austerity to their existence so pure that it became for him a kind of sensuality, and no doubt later in life, when he wanted to strip himself morally to the bone, there was a similar element involved. There is a connection between moral power and the sense of exposure to the moral elements and the feel of the elements against the skin as you gallop a horse across a plain. To feel the world against the skin! That hunger, which is a form of love, can take a moral as well as a sensual turn, which is what has always confused Tolstoy's critics, who see them as opposites. But they are not. The thirst for the world, when powered by love – to enter it, to be entered – is almost always a moral impulse, just as the most generous moral impulses are powered by a simultaneous hunger and love of the world. There is a kind of penetration, a connection between self and world out of which rises, beyond all questioning, a sense of wedding, and a voice with which one learns to speak not only for the self, but also for the other, for the world.

It is as if one had somehow, through one's relation to things, crossed the distances between the walled city and the border tribes, and had managed to unite them in vision if not in fact. The persons who must move me when I meet them are not usually those who have closed with God or even themselves; they are those who have approached those things by closing with the physical world, and with the others in it. I think, as I write, of certain contemporaries – Paolo Freire, Robert Coles, those whose voices then they speak carry in them and are carried by a timbre supplied by the felt presence of others: a power which gathers in the voice through the accumulation of felt connection and love. Or I think of certain writers: Tolstoy, Camus, Vallejo, Giono, Silone – those in whom an immense love of the physical world, the factuality of nature, includes a love of the flesh through which it is known, and for others who are struggling to inhabit it.

Border tribes! When life takes us out, past the walls of the city, out the monastery's door, past Boulder's city limits and into the larger human world, we discover not only *the other as a fact*, but the part of the self which cannot remain alive save through that understanding.

This is the perpetual wedding to the world from which conscience rises, and, like the voice, it takes on a timbre, depth and truth to the extent that the world enters into it, mixing together with what we have previously discovered as our selves.

"Wild" in China

from the Hokkaido Book in progress

by Gary Snyder

Hsieh's Shoes

The people of mainstream China call themselves the Han people, even today. The term is contrasted with any and all "ethnic" groupings – such as the people of the south who were called the Yüeh (modern *Viet* of Vietnam), who "cut their hair short and tattooed themselves." (These days, cadres organizing and educating in Tibet who are too grossly contemptuous of local customs might be sent back labelled "Han chauvinists.")

Even in the fourth century AD we can assume that the forests and agriculturally marginal areas of greater China were inhabited, even if thinly, by either backwoods Han people or tribal people.

The post-Han "Six Dynasties" period witnessed a flourishing back-to-nature movement from within the ruling gentry class, a "nature" that extended from the fields and gardens of the suburbs to the really deep hills. Many people who might in less turbulent times have exercised their class prerogative of administrative employment turned away toward an idea of purity and simplicity. Not all were wealthy or self-indulgent. The poet T'ao Yuan-ming (T'ao Ch'ien) (365-427) was a very minor official, whose early retirement to a small farm was his own choice. His poems are still the classic standard of a certain quietness, openness, emptiness, and also human frankness and frailty in the confusions of farm, family, and wine, that much later Chinese poetry aspires to. The Taoist idea of being nobody in the world, "behind instead of in front" gave strength to those who often must have missed the social life of their urban *literati* friends, as they sat up late reading and drinking alone in their estates or homesteads out amongst the peasants.

Some of the Han dynasty poems picture wild mountain scenery as scary and horrible. As Burton Watson points out, a gradual shift in the mode of *seeing* nature is taking place. In the songs of the *Classic of Songs*, reflecting so much of the life of the people, plants are named specifically; the scene is the ground and brush right before one – where one dances or harvests. By the Six Dynasties, the view has moved back and become more panoramic.

A case in point is the work of the poet Hsieh Ling-yün (385-433) – who has only a few rare poetic ancestors in earlier China. His aristocratic family had moved south, and he grew up in a biome that would have been considered exotic and barbarous by Confucius.

Hsieh was a mountain-lover, whose fascination with the densely-wooded steep hills of South China (peaking between 4,000 and 6,000 feet) took him on long climbs and rambles, including one month-long trail-cutting exploration. He combined in himself the would-be Taoist recluse, and vigorous wilderness adventurer. He was also an early follower of Buddhism (a new thing at that time, limited to upper-class circles) and wrote an essay expounding "instant enlightenment."

His ambivalent pursuit of success in politics ended when he was banished to a minor position in a remote south coast town; he soon resigned totally from the administration and moved to a run-down family estate in the hills southeast of present-day Hangchow. The place and life there is detailed in his long *fu* ("rhyme-prose") called "Living in the Mountains." The farther and nearer landscapes are described quarter by quarter. The fish, birds, plants, and mammals are listed. The whole is seen as an ideal place for pursuing Taoist and Buddhist meditations. Thus,

> "I cast no lines for fish.
> I spread no nets for hare.
> I have no use for barbed shafts.
> Who would set out rabbit snares or fish traps?"

and he says he has "awoke to the complete propriety of loving what lives." Yet, a bit further on in the poetical essay he describes his workers, ". . . felling trees; they clear the thorns and cut bamboo," and sundry bark and reed and rush gathering activities; and charcoal-making. This faint contradiction, intensified later in history, can become a major problem: individual animals' lives are carefully spared, while the habitat that actually sustains them is heedlessly destroyed.

Hsieh is a puzzle. Arrogant and overbearing at court, he made enemies. Intensely intellectual as a Buddhist, and careless of the needs or feelings of local people, he managed to get intrigued into a charge of rebellion, and was beheaded in the marketplace. Hsieh was probably already out of place in China – he should have joined the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and gone out to be a trapper. He was "wild," and as an aristocrat that took some contradictory and nasty turns. But he opened up landscape – "mountains and waters" – to the poetic consciousness for all time, and he was a fine poet.

Mountains are always foci of spirit power in China, early perhaps as habitat for the shaman who gains "power" in the hills, a *"hsien."* Later they become a place of retreat for the Taoist practitioner of "harmonizing with the Way" and again as sites for Buddhist monasteries. Hsieh Ling-yün plunged into the watercourses and thickets, camped in the heights alone, walked all night in the moonlight. These years and energies are what lies behind what we now take to be the Chinese sense of nature as reflected in art. Hsieh is also remembered as the inventor of a unique mountaineering shoe or clog – no one is quite sure how it looked.

Oxhead Mountain

Buddhism began and remains (at center) a set of ethical observances and meditation disciplines by means of which hard-working human beings can win through to self-realization and understanding of the way of existence. This effort is instructed by the content of Shakyamuni's enlightenment experience: a realization that all things are co-arising, mutually causing and being caused, "empty" and without "self."

In the time of the historical Buddha Gautama Shakyamuni, the community or Sangha of Buddhists was an order of monks and nuns who had renounced the world. It was held that one could not really achieve enlightenment as a householder. Laypersons might build up a store of good merit by helping the Buddhist Order, and living virtuous lives, but the deeper experiences were not for them.

The expansion of the concept of Sangha, or Community, is a key theme in the history of Buddhism. In the Mahayana, or "Great Vehicle" branch, laymen and women are also considered worthy aspirants and almost equal practicers with monks, or, at the very least, theoretically capable of achieving enlightenment while living the householder's life. The inherent capacity to achieve enlightenment is called "Buddha-nature." At one stage in Buddhist thought (second century AD India roughly), it was held that not quite all human beings had the capacity. Those excluded, called *icchantikas*, were (to judge by description) tribal and aboriginal people who live by hunting.

Some early Chinese Buddhist thinkers were troubled by this. In another century or so, other Indian Buddhist texts were brought to China that taught that salvation was accessible not only to all human beings but to all *sentient* beings, vindicating the Chinese thinkers. This was commonly understood to mean that animals and even plants are part of the Mahayana drama, working out their karma through countless existences, up to the point of being born into a human body. It was popularly assumed that a human body was a prerequisite to Buddhist practise.

The eighth century monk Chan-jan, of the T'ien T'ai sect, was one of the first to argue the final step. He concluded that non-sentient beings also have the Buddha-nature. "Therefore we may know that the single mind of a single particle of dust comprises the mind-nature of all sentient beings and Buddhas" and "The man who is of all-round perfection, knows from beginning to end that Truth is not dual and that no objects exist apart from Mind. Who then, is 'animate' and who 'inanimate'? Within the Assembly of the Lotus, all are present without division."

The Chinese philosophical appreciation of the natural world as the visible manifestation of the Tao made a happy match with Indian Mahayana eschatology. Chinese Buddhists could say, these beautiful rivers and mountains are Nirvana in the here and now. Buddhists located themselves on famous old numinous mountains, or opened up wilderness for new monasteries. In Ch'an (Zen) the masters were commonly known by the name of the mountain they lived and taught on. An early line of Ch'an, which died out in the eighth century, was called the "Oxhead mountain" sect. These monks did more than just admire the scenery – they were on intimate terms with the local wildlife, including tigers. The Oxhead Master Tao Lin built a nest in a

tree for his meditation. Sitting up in it, he once had a conversation with the poet Po Chü-i: "Isn't it dangerous up there?" Po asked, in his Government Official's robes. "Where you are is far more dangerous" was Tao-Lin's response. In this branch of Ch'an (and no other ever) when monks died, their bodies were left out in the forest for the animals to consume. It's also said, they had a great sense of humour.

The Chase in the Park

In Shang dynasty times hunting had already become an upper-class sport. The old hunters' gratitude for the food received, or concern for the spirits of the dead game, had evaporated. This hunting was actually "the chase" – an expensive group activity requiring beaters who drove the game toward the waiting aristocrats who then pursued and shot with bows from chariots or horseback. Large-scale exercises of this sort were considered good training for warfare. They were followed by feasts with musicians, and slender dancers wearing diaphanous gowns. Warfare and hunting are popularly thought to be similar in spirit, and in post-civilized times this has often been the case. In hunting and gathering cultures the delicacy of preparation, and the care surrounding the act of taking life, puts hunting on a different level.

Chinese culture is strikingly free from food taboos and the upper-class cuisine is the most adventurous in the world. Even so, from Shang times on, meat was a luxury that the common people could seldom afford. Furs and feathers of animals were vastly used in the costuming of officials. Idealized instructions can be found in the *Li Chi* or "Collected Rituals" which was put together in the Han dynasty.

> "When a ruler wore the robe of white fox fur, he wore one of embroidered silk over it to display it. When the guards on the right of the ruler wore tigers' fur, those on the left wore wolves' fur. An ordinary officer did not wear the fur of the white fox. Great officers wore the fur of the blue fox, with sleeves of leopard fur, and over it a jacket of dark-colored silk to display it; with fawn's fur they used cuffs of the black wild dog, with a jacket of bluish yellow silk, to display it . . ."

Han dynasty ritualism has an oddly alienated quality. The nature philosophy and the plant and mineral experimentation of the Taoists, or the direct knowledge of the natural world necessary to the life of working people, is far from the highly ordered ceremoniousness that surrounded government bureaus and the court. The Han upper class did admire those who were skilled and bold in gambling for power, but it was played against a background of strict propriety.* Taking animal lives is even easier for those accustomed to taking human lives. Respect for nature comes with knowledge and contact, but attention to the observable order of nature is rarely practiced by those who think that wealth is purely a creation of human organization, labor, or ingenuity.

Still, the Emperor continued to offer sacrifices to the Earth, to Heaven, and to the great mountains and rivers of the land, all through history. Calami-

*Beheading, or being boiled alive, were the fate of those who lost in the game of power.

tous floods, or prolonged drought, would bring the State up short, and the Emperor himself would have to ask if he had somehow offended Heaven. Whatever these offenses might be, it doesn't seem that destruction of wildlife habitat or waste of animal or human lives, or deforestation, was perceived as a possible offense against the un-earthly power of *T'ien*, Sky, or Heaven.

Wealthy Governors and Emperors thus maintained large hunting parks. Edward Schafer's study of "Hunting Parks in China" (the source for all this information), suggests that they evolved from Bronze age preserves established originally to continue supplying certain wild species for the periodic state sacrifices; species whose use had been established when their numbers were far greater. By the Chou dynasty such preserves were a place for sport and recreation that might contain exotic species as well as native animals, with artificial lakes and ponds, stables, hunting lodges, and pleasure pavilions. They were an ideal place to lodge and entertain visiting heads of state. The park of the Han Emperor Wu Ti, "The Supreme Forest," was about forty by twenty miles in size and contained thirty-six detached palaces and lodges. Within its varied terrain it contained both native and exotic species of fish, birds, amphibians, and mammals. Rivers were stocked with giant softshell turtle and alligator as well as sturgeon and other fish. Carabous, sambar, rhinoceros and elephants were symbolically (and perhaps practically) located in the "south" of the preserve, and wild horses and yaks in the "north." "The ground of the Supreme Forest was prepared for the great winter hunt by the royal foresters. They burned clear a large open space and cut away brambles. Beaters, hunters and athletes readied themselves for the onslaughts of wild beasts and forest demons with spells and periapts. When the royal party arrived, the birds and beasts were driven into the cleared areas, and the slaughter began:

> A wind of feathers, a rain of blood,
> Sprinkled the countryside, covered the sky."

Parks were openly criticized by some advisors as wasteful and politically inexpedient. In Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju's *Fu* on the "Supreme Forest" the Emperor is urged to terminate the park and open it to the people for cultivation and firewood and fishing. It's interesting to note that no middle course is considered, such as keeping a wildlife preserve for its own natural, noumenal, or scientific interest. The virtuous alternative is to turn it over entirely to human use.

(No comparison could be made between Chinese hunting park wantonness and the destruction of animal, not to mention human, life that took place in the Roman Arena. Thousands of animals were destroyed sometimes in a few days. The constant supplying of animals to the Arena actually extincted numerous species throughout the Mediterranean basin.)

Hunting parks survived into T'ang times and later, but new ideas from Buddhism or old ideas revived from Taoism stressing compassion for all creatures, enveloped them in a mist of moral doubt. T'ang was the high point of much poetry, and of Ch'an Buddhist creativity – but it must be remembered that it was not peopled by effete scholars in flowing robes who detested violence. It was a time of hardy Northern-derived gentry who were skilled

horsepersons and archers and falconers, hard drinkers and fighters. Women were much freer then, and the custom of bound feet was yet to come. These aristocrats backed Buddhism, in part from a cosmopolitan interest in the cultural and trade exchanges possible with the little nations of Central Asia, but they kept their robust habits. An aristocratic maiden was once sought out by a suitor who was told by her parents she'd gone out hunting on horseback. That probably never happened again after T'ang.

Empty Mountain

China is wide. Travel was mostly on foot, maybe with a packhorse, sometimes also a riding horse. In the lowlands a network of canals provided channels for slow-moving passenger boats as well as the freight barges. Travellers moved by boat on the big rivers – slowly and laboriously upstream, pulled by men on shore, and swiftly and boisterously back down. Boats sailed across the lakes and slow-moving lower river reaches. Horse and ox carts moved men and materials in the alluvial plains and rolling hills. In the mountains and deserts, long caravans of pack animals moved the goods of empire.

Government officials were accustomed to travelling weeks or even months to a new appointment, with their whole family. Buddhist monks and Taoist wanderers had a tradition of freely walking for months or years on end. In times of turmoil whole populations of provinces, and contending armies, might be tangled in frenzied travel on the paths and waterways. It was said, "If a man has his heart set on great things 10,000 *li* are like his front yard." So the people of the watersheds of the Yang and Huang rivers came to know the shape of their territory.

The officials and monks (and most poets were one or the other) were an especially mobile group of literate people. Travellers' prose or rhymed-prose descriptions of landscapes were ingenious in evoking the complexity of gorges and mountains. Regional geographies with detailed accounts of local biomes were encouraged. Hsieh Ling-yun's *fu* on his mountain place is descriptive and didactic – but his poems in the *shih* (lyric) form already manifest the quiet intensity that becomes the definitive quality of Chinese *shih* poetry in its greatest creative T'ang and Sung dynasty phases.

The Chinese and Japanese traditions carry within them the most sensitive, mind-deepening poetry of the natural world ever written by civilized people. Because these poets were men and women who dealt with budgets, taxes, penal systems, and the overthrow of governments, they had a heart-wrenching grasp of the contradictions that confront those who love the natural world and are yet tied to the civilized. This must be one reason why Chinese poetry is so widely appreciated by contemporary Occidentals.

Yet it's hard to pin down what a "Chinese nature poem" might be, and why so effective. They are not really about landscapes or scenery. Space of distant hills becomes space in life; a condition the poet-critic Lu Chi called "calm transparency." Mountains and rivers were seen to be the visible expression of cosmic principles; the cosmic principles go back into silence, non-being, emptiness; a Nothing that can produce the ten thousand things, and the ten thousand things will have that marvelous emptiness still at the center. So

the poems are also "silent." Much is left unsaid, and the reverberation or mirroring – a flight of birds across the mind of the sky – leaves an after-image to be savoured, and finally leaves no trace. The Chinese poetic tradition is also where human emotions are revealed; where a stiff official can be vulnerable and frail. Lu Chi says poetry starts with a lament for fleeting life, and regard for the myriad growing things – taking thought of the great virtuous deeds of people past, and the necessity of making "maps" for the future. Chinese poetry steps out of narrow human-centered affairs into a big-spirited world of long time, long views, and natural processes; and comes back to a brief moment in a small house by a fence.

The strain of nostalgia for the self-contained hard-working but satisfying life of the farmer goes along somehow with delight in jumbled gorges. Nature is finally not a "wilderness" but a habitat, the best of habitats, a place where you not only practise meditation or strive for a vision, but grow vegetables, play games with the children, and drink wine with friends. In this there is a politics of a special order – the Chinese nature poet is harking back to the Neolithic village, never forgotten and constantly returned to mind by the Taoist classics – as a model for a better way of life. Sectarian Taoism and its secret societies fermented a number of armed peasant uprisings through history that unwittingly had "Neolithic" on their standards. "Playing with your grandchildren" – "growing chrysanthemums" – "watching the white clouds" – are phrases from a dream of pre-feudal or post-revolutionary society.

Chinese poets of these centuries were not biologists or primitive hunters, though, and their poetics did not lead them to certain precisions. What they found were landscapes to match inner moods – and a deep sense of reverence for this obvious actual mystery of a real world. In Burton Watson's analysis of nature imagery in T'ang poems he finds more references to non-living phenomena than living, and over half of those looking upward to sky, weather, wind, clouds, and moon. Downward; rivers, waters and mountains predominate. Among living things willow and pine are the most-mentioned trees, but the specific names of herbaceous plants and flowers are few – with "flowers" usually meaning the blossoms of trees like cherry or peach. Wild goose is the most common bird, associated with being separated from a friend; and monkey the most common mammal – because of its mournful cry. Cicada and moth are the most common insect. The point is made that many natural references are used for their symbolic or customary human associations, and not for intrinsic natural qualities. No doubt the oral poetry of a pre-literate people will have more acquaintance with the actual living creatures as numinous intelligences in furry or scaly bodies. But this does not detract from what the Chinese poems are, highly disciplined and formal poems that open us to the dilemma of having "regard for the myriad growing things" while being literate monks or administrators or wives of officials in the world's first "great society." The reign of the Emperor Hsüan Tsung (712-756) is considered one of the high points of Chinese cultural history: the poets Wang Wei, Li Po, and Tu Fu were at the height of their powers during those years, and so were the brilliant and influential Ch'an Masters Shen-hui, Nan-yüeh, Ma-tsu, and Po-chang. The national population may have been as high as 60 million.

I first came onto Chinese poems in translation at nineteen, when my ideal of nature was a 45° ice slope on a volcano, or an absolutely virgin rain forest. They helped me to "see" fields, farms, tangles of brush, the azaleas in the back of an old brick apartment. They freed me from excessive attachment to wild mountains, with their almost subliminal way of presenting even the wildest hills as a place where people, also, live.

Empty mountains:
no one to be seen,
Yet – hear –
human sounds and echoes.
Returning sunlight
enters the dark woods;
Again shining
on green moss, above.

– *Wang Wei*

Sattva

Enlightenment for Plants & Trees In Buddhism

by William R. LaFleur

SO many times we have seen it portrayed in art that we maybe do not notice it any more: Sakyamuni the Buddha, in attaining enlightenment, is seated under a tree. It is called the "bodhi tree" or the "tree of enlightenment"; its name in Latin became *ficus religiosus*. And in the history of Buddhism it is an extremely important tree, the stimulus and symbol for a lot of thinking about trees, plants, and nature in general. Some modern scholars have been slightly embarrassed by that tree, taking it to be the persistence in Buddhism of some kind of "primitive" tree cult, some unseemly vestige of "animism." But, of course, it was not so at all. The bodhi tree posed a question of critical importance: Just how and where does enlightenment take place? Is the tree merely an inert setting, something under which a man sat till one day something profound spread through his mind, the ganglia of his consciousness and to the ends of his body? Or was it, rather, man's companion in bodhi, that without which he could have no perfection?

The question touched off a long debate – especially in China and Japan where Buddhists got quite absorbed in the logic and the implications. Old texts from India said that the goal of what is going on is the eventual enlightenment of "all sentient beings." But did this widen or narrow the vehicle? It was puzzling. There was an amplitude in the mention of "all" but then a restriction to "sentient beings." All agreed that animals were included in the "sentient" category . . . but the status of plants and trees was left in doubt. Chi-t'sang, a master of the Madhyamika in China, seems to have been the first to use the phrase "buddhahood attained by plants and trees." Sentient or not, plants achieve enlightenment; he felt that the Mahayana logically would have to include the vegetable realm. Then in the eighth century Chan-jan, a thinker of the T'ien-t'ai school, dissolved the whole sentient/insentient dis-

tinction and, though pushed to it by Buddhist logic, became almost lyrical in his vision of what we might call "co-enlightenment." He wrote:

> "The man whose mind is rounded out to perfection knows full well that Truth is not cut in half and that things do not exist apart from the mind. In the great Assembly of the Lotus all are present – without divisions. Grass, trees, the soil on which these grow – all have the same kinds of atoms. Some are barely in motion while others make haste along the Path, but they will all in time reach the Precious Island of Nirvana. . . . Who can really maintain that things inanimate lack buddhahood?"[1]

Of course, the impulse in the Mahayana is to be as copious as possible, to make the large vehicle ever larger. But this is not soft sentimentality; it is something required by logic and by the sharp skeptical reflex in the Buddhist mind. For there was little confidence in what usually passes for "common sense"; most Buddhists regarded this as nothing more than illusion – widely shared. So Chan-jan suggests that we have no *real* way of knowing what is sentient and what is not. So in the "common sense" of society we use – although quite arbitrarily – various degrees of mobility for judging and putting things into our categories. It is true that some are "barely in motion" while others "make haste" but, as Chan-jan saw it, the sentient/insentient distinction had no ultimate validity. He relativized it: animals move faster than plants move faster than soil moves faster than mountains. But *all* move! Later Zen masters were to pick up the point, writing cryptically of mountains moving through many kalpas of time and, even, of giving birth.

Was it just hyperbole? The pathetic fallacy pushed to pathetic conclusions? Or was it something else, a perspective by the eye of the mind coursing through many kalpas, guessing by intuition or observation that the mountains have, in fact, already "walked" here and there . . . in interaction with seas and with glaciers? Useless distinctions were reduced to absurdity so that there might be an affirmation of the wholeness and complex interdependence of the world. Now even stones and dirt had to be included in buddhahood. In Japan Saichō wrote of the enlightenment of rocks and Dōgen composed something he called "The Mountains and Rivers Sutra."[2]

It was quite a remarkable development – even though here only the highlights can be given.[3] It came both out of galloping Mahayana universalism and the logic of codependence. How, when misery is rooted in egotism, could there be peace – real peace – which is exclusive, limited to my group or category of being? By definition *bodhi* would have to be shared by all *sattva*– every kind of being and phenomenon there is. Strictly speaking, delusion begins when man thinks he is separable from his world or his environment, when he wants only some kind of private "peace of mind."

But the Buddhist doctors had more to say. They thought not only about goals but also about practice. And they concluded that the art or science called "meditation" was also not limited to man. This too came out in discussions of the status of plants and was stated most lucidly by a Japanese monk named Ryōgen. He had been a major participant in a public debate precisely on this topic held under imperial auspices in 963 and he wrote up his position in a pamphlet. Ryōgen noted that there had long been in Bud-

dhism a classical sequence applied to man, a four-stage process: first, the implanting of the seed of enlightenment in the mind and heart; then sustained disciplines and meditations in one place; third, the flower of enlightenment appearing in man; and finally there was a tranquil passage into complete Nirvana. Ryōgen wondered about the simile that runs throughout this sequence and carried it back to its source. He saw, in fact, no better Buddhist yogis in the world than the plants and trees in his own garden: still, silent, serene beings disciplining themselves toward Nirvana. And why not? If it made sense to speak of human practitioners taking a "lotus" posture and getting themselves "rooted" in a place of non-movement for a while, it made equally good sense to think of trees and plants as beings which are fixed where they are so that they can be expert practitioners of their own kind of zazen. If similes and analogies can be lifted out of the natural world so that man can explain himself to himself, why not explain nature in terms of man? The compliment ought to be returned. Metaphor, the language of poetry, is one of exchange . . . but it ought to be a *mutual*, reciprocal exchange. It is almost as if these Buddhists of long ago anticipated William Carlos Williams trying

> " – through metaphor to reconcile
> the people and the stones."[4]

Practice takes many forms. But it aims for perfection and reconciliation.

The whole mood and mode of Mahayana philosophy was to use logic to chop up logic's penchant for chopping up the world into multiple, disparate, and easily lost pieces. And then, of course, the philosophy had to slip into poetry. To "know" or be "scientific" *must* involve more than merely making up a taxonomy and then classifying things into the slots made. Certain schools of Buddhists had become expert at that kind of thing but it seemed to lead nowhere except to long lists. The old distinction between "sentient" and "insentient" had been one of those ways of dividing up the world. But something had been missing. Underneath all the kingdoms, the phyla, the families, the genuses, and the species – or their more ancient equivalents – lies their commonality, the embracing rubric called *"sattva."* Michael Foucault in *The Order of Things* states it well:

> "*Taxinomia* also implies a certain continuum of things (a non-discontinuity, a plenitude of being) and a certain power of the imagination that renders apparent what is not, but makes possible, by this very fact, the revelation of that continuity."[5]

This is what the Madhyamika, the Hua-yen, the T'ien-t'ai, and the Zen grasped so well and why with them the philosophy naturally went poetic. They moved with ease into Foucault's definition:

> ". . . the poet is he who, beneath the named, constantly expected differences, rediscovers the buried kinships between things, their scattered resemblances."[6]

He has an eye and an ear for *sattva*.

But in some ways the poets were getting these things right even *before* the philosophers had worked out the details. Sun Ch'o, a Buddho-Taoist already in the fourth century wrote about his wanderings on Mt. T'ien-t'ai:

> The Great Void, vast and unimpeded,
> Stirs the latent actuality of the Self-so.
> Now melted, forming streams and brooks;
> Congealed, becoming hills or mounds.[7]

But again and again the poets went back to sit under their trees since now *all* trees had become bodhi-trees. And, of course, they were most useful when kept whole. The Buddhists picked up something of the Taoist wisdom about the "utility of the useless" as culled from the *Chuang Tzu*. It too had dealt with trees:

> "Tzu-ch'i of Nan-po was wandering around the Hill of Shang when he saw a huge tree there, different from all the rest. A thousand teams of horses could have taken shelter under it and its shade would have covered them all. Tzu-ch'i said, 'What tree is this? It must certainly have some extraordinary usefulness!' But, looking up, he saw that the small limbs were gnarled and twisted, unfit for beams or rafters, and looking down, he saw that the trunk was pitted and rotten and could not be used for coffins. He licked one of the leaves and it blistered his mouth and made it sore. He sniffed the odor and it was enough to make a man drunk for three days. 'It turns out to be a completely unusable tree,' said Tzu-ch'i, 'and so it has been able to grow this big. Aha! – it is this unusableness that the Holy Man makes use of!' "[8]

To the Buddhists the tree in its natural state becomes a place for shade; if so, shade itself becomes for man a kind of "salvation" within this world. Refreshed under a willow, the Japanese Buddhist monk Saigyō drifts off into ecstasy:

> "Just a brief stop"
> I said when stepping off the road
> Into a willow's shade
> Where a bubbling stream flows by . . .
> As has time since my "brief stop" began.[9]

The buddhahood of plants and trees is commonly assumed and discussed in the classical Nō drama of Japan. There plants act and speak on stage and often show man the Way. Donald Shively notes that in Nō:

> ". . . not only is the Buddha-nature contained in all things, but human beings may be led to a conception of truth or reality by the grasses and the trees."[10]

And Bashō, the great haiku poet of the seventeenth century, took his name from a banana plant growing near his hut. He felt a deep affinity to the fragile, humble plant.

Saigyō had had already in the twelfth century a certain "modern" sense of the gap between man's greed and nature's beneficence. He notices the former in himself and the contrast in this rather poignant poem, direct from his own experience:

Scaling the crags
Where azalea bloom . . . not for plucking
But for hanging on!
The saving feature of this rugged
Mountain face I'm climbing.[12]

It was not unlike the greed which William Carlos Williams saw in our own century as what was decimating Paterson and, perhaps, our whole world.[13] The magnitude is, of course, very different but being oblivious to *sattva* is the root cause of the problem in all cases. Codependence is more than a neat point of logic; it is something of critical importance for both man and the world.

We don't know exactly how the dialectics of the monks got out from behind the monastery walls and into the minds of the common people. In part it was through poems, celebrations of nature easily memorized and sung while walking mountain paths. In part it was also through a re-naming of the things of the world, provision of Buddha-names for them. Sensitivity to *sattva* seems to have spread thus. We can detect this from the writings of Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904), the man whom Kenneth Rexroth calls "the first important American writer to live in Japan and to commit his imagination and considerable literary powers to what he found there."[14] Hearn's interest was in the Buddhism of common people and one of the things he found – much to his delight – was a rich set of names for things. Through Hearn's eyes and writing we can glimpse something of an era when the multiple creatures of the world were still somewhat wrapped in protective nomenclature. It did not lead to prohibition against use; but it did instill a sense of reverence and a restraint. Among the many things he noted are these: Rock-moss was "the fingernails of the Buddha." Swamp-cabbage was Bodhidharma's plant whereas one kind of oak was that of the Arhat. Grasshoppers were creatures upon which the blessed dead rode back to town for their midsummer visits with pleased relatives. The Japanese warbler was imagined to be calling out "hok-ke-kyō," the title of the holy Lotus Sutra. And even the hammer-head shark was referred to as a priest of the Nembutsu chant because its "T"-shaped head resembled the mallet used by the pious to strike a gong during prayers.[15] In reading this today one wishes to wrap or re-wrap the whale in some kind of protective name. Could it not be called "Serene Bodhisattva of the Sea?"

New names alone, of course, don't accomplish too much. They can be no more than part of an effort to recapture or create a widespread sensitivity to the domain of *sattva*. John Passmore has written a rather chilling account of the way animals were thought of and treated in the history of the West.[16] Some such as John Chrysostom and Saint Francis showed compassion; but for the most part there was little of this since animals were void of reason – an argument from the Stoics. A kind of nadir was reached by Descartes and Malebranche who thought it "*impossible* . . . to be cruel to animals, since animals are incapable of feeling." Passmore thinks this had a direct effect upon such things as the popularity of public vivisections in the seventeenth century. But only in the last century and a half has the situation changed. Schopenhauer, influenced by Asian thought, was a key figure in this. Clearly,

it has been necessary for the mind of Europe and America to develop some new sensitivities here.

Passmore has an interesting and important final comment:

> "So the history we have been tracing is at once *discouraging*, in so far as it took two thousand years for Western men to agree that it is wrong to treat animals cruelly, and *encouraging* in so far as it suggests that man's opinion on such matters can change with considerable rapidity."[17]

The point here, of course, is not to portray a sharp dichotomy between East and West. Neither the human mind nor historical accuracy can tolerate that. But there are materials and insights – some selected here – which may be of use in coping with a set of crises given us and our world by men both in the East and the West of today.

FOOTNOTES

1. Fung Yu-lan, *A History of Chinese Philosophy,* vol. 2 (Princeton, 1953), p. 386.

2. See Carl William Bielefeldt, "Dōgen's 'The Mountains and Rivers Sutra,' " M.A. Thesis, University of California, Berkeley.

3. For more detailed treatment see my "Saigyō and the Buddhist Value of Nature, Parts I and II," *History of Religions* (University of Chicago Press), vol. 13: 2 and 3, pp. 93-128 and 227-248.

4. William Carlos Williams, "A Sort of a Song," *Selected Poems* (New York: New Directions, 1949), p. 108.

5. Michael Foucault, *The Order of Things: an Archaeology of the Human Sciences,* (New York: Vintage Books, 1970), p. 72.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 49.

7. Richard B. Mather, "The Mystical Ascent of the T'ien T'ai Mountains: Sun Ch'o's Yu-T'ien-t'ai-shan Fu," *Monumenta Serica* 20 (1961) pp. 226-245. Quotation from p. 237.

8. Burton Watson, trans. *Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings* (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 61.

9. William R. LaFleur, *Mirror for the Moon: Poems by Saigyō* (New York: New Directions, 1978), p. (typescript p. 95).

10. Donald H. Shively, "Buddhahood for the Nonsentient: a Theme in No Plays," *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies* vol. 20 (1957), pp. 135-161. Quotation p. 143.

11. Donald H. Shively, "Bashō – The Man and the Plant," *Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies*, vol. 16 (1953), pp. 146-161. Espec. pp. 153-154.

12. William R. LaFleur, *Mirror for the Moon: Poems by Saigyō*, p. typescript p. 29.

13. See Joel Conarroe, *William Carlos Williams'* Patterson: *Language and Landscape* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1970).

14. Kenneth Rexroth, "Introduction," *The Buddhist Writings of Lafcadio Hearn* (Santa Barbara: Ross-Erikson, 1977), p. xxvi.

15. Lafcadio Hearn, "Buddhist Names of Plants and Animals," in Rexroth, *op. cit.*, pp. 202-213.

16. John Passmore, "The Treatment of Animals," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, vol. 36:2 (April-May 1975), pp. 195-218.

17. *Ibid,* p. 217. Emphasis mine.

The Death of Kin Chuen Louie

by Michael McClure

NOW, ON THE DAY BEFORE MY DAUGHTER'S
TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY,
ON THE NOON OF HER PARTY,
I REVISIT THE SCENE OF THE DEATH
of Kin Chuen Louie.
He too was between twenty and twenty-one.
The newspapers called him
a smalltime extortionist.
But what are we all but small
time extortionists in the
proportionless
universe?
(I am in awe of the thought
of the coolness and sureness
of his assassin.)
Twelve days ago on the Festival
of the Lord Buddha, shortly
after two in the afternoon,
Kin Chuen Louie left his flat
on Kearney Street.
Louie's young, long-haired murderer,
in black jacket and army pants,
waited with a .380
Walther automatic pistol holding
fourteen bullets. Kin Chuen Louie,
spotting his assailant, leaped
into his bright red Plymouth Fury.
The murderer stepped
to the driver's side and fired a shot
into Louie. Louie started the ignition
and slammed into reverse.
His foot stuck on the accelerator.
The car, propelled backward with great
force, jammed between
a building and a white car
parked there – knocking loose shards
of red brick painted over with beige.
The murderer stepped quickly

to the passenger side of the trapped
and roaring car and fired seven bullets
through the windshield
into a tight pattern on the head and neck
of Louie. A ninth shot missed,
going finger-deep
into brick. The killer
fled a few yards, turned at the corner
and disappeared down Sonoma Alley.

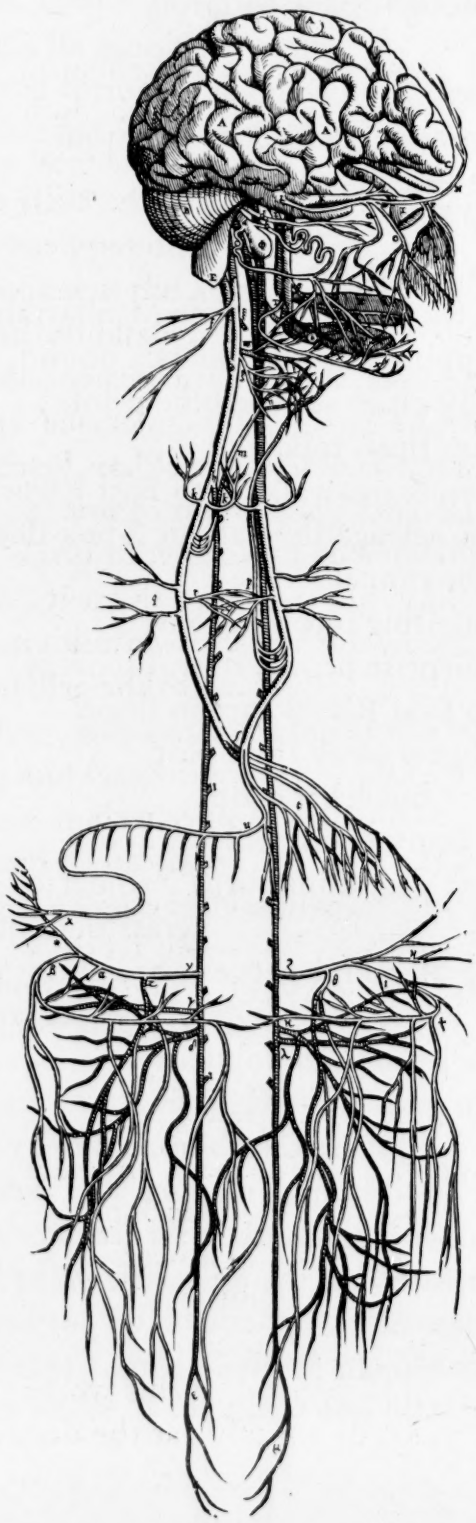
A moment later,
we arrived on the empty street
and looked through
shattered glass
at the young Chinese man –
blood pouring out of the holes
in his head – slumped over
on his side. It was like the close-up
in a Sam Peckinpah movie.
He was tall, completely relaxed
– finally and almost pleasantly limp
and serene – wearing an army jacket
and grubby levis . . . a slender, handsome,
clean-cut face with short hair boyishly
hanging in his eyes above
the dime size bullet holes.
The blood pouring onto the seat covers
was a thick, reddish vermillion.
There was a peaceful, robbe-grilletish
dim light inside the car.
The shattered window was like
a frosted spider web.
Either death is beautiful to see
– or we learn the esthetic
of death from films. BUT I do know
that our physical, athletic body,
a thing of perfect loops, and secret
and manifest
dimensions and breathings of consciousness
and unconsciousness, emanates
rainbows and actions,
and black flowers
and
it is there
to bear us through this world
and to kiss us goodbye at the doorstep
of any other.

I praise Everything-That-Is
for that blessing.
I drink chrysanthemum
tea in his memory.
Candied ginger, scented with licorice
from Hong Kong,
is on my breath.

I know each death

shall be as fine as his is.

This bloody scene witnessed together with Jennie and Maya Dorn.



America, Give a Shit!

(New York City – Get Your Shit Together)

by Peter Orlovsky

You have to sit & think this thing out Peter –
How maney pounds does my city shit & piss a day?
How do we scoop it all up – collected?
& composted & brought back to farms
whear it belongs all along.
It's a great job & my pay is human manure,
I want a hundread pounds an hour
because I'm a hard worker,
or should I ask for more?
Always wanted to dig with a shuvel
in frunt our East Side Manhattan apt.
I know worm droppings are 15 dollars a pound.
I'll have to go study cities sewage blue prints
& dream of vacuum-flush toilets.
Remembering Allen & me walking to East River around 17th Street
& there we saw the sewage flow about 2 feet deep
out 6 foot diameter tunnel
slowely moveing melting into East River.
What interesting surprise brown flow discovery,
on its way to East Rivers garden floor.
Even cows dont throw away their plop
but let it drop
near many eating pasture spots
& next year dung turns into better green
grass than before.
Organic Gardening Magazine gets excited about reporting
China's engenuity in recycling 99% of the human manure
of Shanghai's 14 million population
while Chinese farm girls in the field sing
odes to human dung
while raking more dried human manure
into the ground under persimmon fruit trees
as their babies sit nearby on the ground looking up
at the clear blue sky
listening to mama's human fertilizer song.

1977 NYC

The Song of Alhaji Fabala Kanuteh

Toolongjong is the song that was sung for Sunyetta, the king of Fuda.
This same Toolongjong was also sung for the great soldiers
of Sunyetta.
This Toolongjong was sung for Musa Molo, the king of Fuladu,
for Seneke Jammeh, this Toolongjong was sung for Koree Danso,
for the Sang Kala Maran,
this Toolongjong was sung for Mansa Demba of Berending,
this Toolongjong was sung for Wahls Mandiba.

Now I will tell you how slaves came to be sold to the Europeans.
How it came about is what I'm going to tell.
In that time Mansa Demba was the king of Nomi
and Seneke Jammeh was the king at Bakindi Ke.
There were two wharves, one at Jufred Tenda,
and the other at Albreda Tenda,
and anyone who went there, to Youmi Mansa, went to the king there,
that is king Mansa Demba, and to the woman king called Kodending.
If they got hold of any slaves they took them to Mansa Demba
and sold them to him.
At this time Han Sunyetta was the ruler of the world.
He made a king for the village of Sillia,
and another king at Salum, and another king at the village of Baul.
Another king Murujang and Gao.
Before that Satifa Jawara and Fakolly Kumba,
and Komfatta Keying and Nana Jibril.
They were the strongest of Sunyetta's soldiers.

Then the Europeans came,
and at that time the only Europeans were the Portuguese.

When the Portuguese came they brought their ship
to Sani Munko and they left the ship at Sani Munko
and raised their flag there.
Mansa Seneke Jammeh sent people to Sani Munko to see them.
The messengers arrived at Sani Munko and they found
the Portuguese there and the Portuguese asked them questions.
The first man they saw was Kambi Manneh and the Europeans
asked him what was the name of the place and he told them,
"My name is Kambi,"

and they wrote that down for the name of the place, Kambi.
And they came to this place and they found people cutting
these sticks called the bang and the Europeans asked them,
"What are you cutting?" and they said they were cutting
the sticks called bangjolo, and the Europeans wrote that down
for the name.
Then the Europeans said to Seneke Jammeh, "We are looking for something,"
and Seneke Jammeh asked them, "What is it?"
And they told him, "We are looking for slaves."
Seneke then went to Tambana and fought with the people of Tambana,
and fought with the village of Baria.
When he had these slaves he went
and sold these slaves to the Europeans.

The leader of the Europeans was called Wampiya,
and he took the slaves to the city of Salamki Joya.
He went with the slaves to the Hollanders,
that is to the people of Holland,
and he sold the slaves to the Hollanders,
then the Hollanders took the slaves to America.

Then Musa Molo, the king of Fuladu, took four slaves
and gave them to the men called Dikori and Dansa.
He told Dikori and Dansa to take the four slaves
to the place called Youmi Mansa, to Seneke Jammeh,
then the two messengers said to Seneke Jammeh,
"We were sent by Musa Molo to bring these four slaves to you
and sell them to you, to sell them to you
for gunpowder and white cloth."
Seneke Jammeh said, "Well, it's true we sell slaves to the Portuguese,"
then the Portuguese took the slaves to the Hollanders,
and the Hollanders took them to America.

So then they took the four slaves and sold them to the Portuguese
and the Portuguese took them on their ship and sold them
to the Hollanders and the Hollanders took them to America,
and when they got to America they sold the slaves there.
Then Dansa and Dikori returned to Musa Molo and told him
that they sold slaves at Youmi.
And Musa said, "Is that so?"
Then he said, "I would have taken my army to the people of Youmi
and fought them."
Then Musa went with his people to Kunti Wata, to Mansa Burekamara.
Mansa Burekamara gave Musa Molo 300 and 3 slaves,
and then Musa Molo left again.
He went to Alman Basise of Yani,
who was together with Bamba Esa Jamili,
and each of them gave Musa Molo 300 and 3 slaves.

Then he went to Lyama Banta, to Ngari Sabally of Kachamb.
Ngari Sbally gave him 1000 slaves.
He then went to Jatta Sela at Toro Koto with those 1000 slaves
and when he came to Jatta Sela with those 1000 slaves
Jatta Sela told him, "I will give you 400 slaves."
And then they went to Samkarangmarong
and he, too, gave Musa 300 slaves.

Then Musa crossed the river.
He left the Jokardu district, he came to the village of Tambara,
and to the villages of Baria and Darselami,
and he sent a message on to the village of Bakindiki,
and the drum was beating there.
The drum was beating at Berenkolong.
Another drum was beating at Berending and at Jinakibarra,
and another drum at Tubabu Kolomb.
The drums were beating to say
Musa Molo is coming.

When they arrived they sent a message to the lady king
Musa Mansa Kodending and to Seneke Jammeh
and another message to Bumyadu
and another message to Berending
and another message to Sangako
and another message to Misseramding
and another message to Missiraba
and another message to Jinakibara
and another message to Jinaki Kajatta,
and they said, "Musa Molo, king of the east has come
to visit the king of the west, Mansa Demba."
Then Mansa Demba said, "I will send a message to Seneke Jammeh,"
and they sent a message to Bakindi Ke.
When the message came to Bakindi Ke the people then got ready
and they said,
"Musa, we know what you want," and they gave him 100 slaves.
100 young girls. 100 women. 100 young boys.
Money, 100. Gold, 100. Cows, 100. Goats, 100. Sheep, 100.
Musa then said, "If there is to be a war you can see that
it is only because you have something we want to have."
Then he said to the people of Bakindi Ke,
"There is no war between us."
He said to the people, "You have divided your land
between two villages, Albadar and Jufering,
and these two villages took slaves and sold them
to Sanneh Munkujoyeh. Since you have been doing this,"
Musa said, "I would like to meet the Hollanders themselves."
And the people told him that it was the Portuguese who came,
and not the Hollanders themselves.

"But when the Portuguese come we will take you to the place."
Then they took the Portuguese to a river place,
the place they called Jang Jang Bure,
that is the name of the two brothers there.

Then when Musa Molo came he collected all the people of Fuladu,
from Ndorma up to Santangto Bubu Tabanding.
Up to Santangto Wuruma. Up to Chargel.
He collected them all and he said to them,
"Let us build a house at the place of the brothers
Burre and Jang to put the slaves in,
and then sell them to the Europeans.
If we build that slave house then we can
sell the slaves to the Portuguese when they come
with their ships to sell them to America."
Then they built the house, and up to now
the house is still there,
the kind of house the Europeans used to call "Slaf House."
The building is still at Jang Jang Bure.

At that time when they sold the slaves
the people who caught the slaves for Mansa Musa Molo
were Dikori, Dansa, Malam Balatema, Yungka Mandu,
Kemo Sarata, Funjungu Kemo,
they were the people who caught all the slaves,
and Dembo Danso was also among them.

When the Europeans came,
when they brought their ship from Portugal,
the ship used to start its journey from Banjul,
then it went to Sanemunko Joyo to collect slaves there
in the presence of Seneke Jammeh, and Mansa Demba Sanko,
and Samkala Marong, and Wali Mandeba, and Jata Sela.
Anyone who had slaves they collected them all together
and took them to the places called Aladabara and Jufure
to sell them to the Portuguese.
Then the Portuguese put them in their ship
and left there and went to Jang Jang Bure.
When they arrived there they went
right to the slave house to collect the slaves there
and take them to the Hollanders.
Then the Hollanders collected them and sent them to America.
It is because of this
that slaves are plenty in America.

They call them American Negroes.

Translated from the Mandingo (West Africa) as sung by the Griot, Alhaji Fabala Kanuteh.

White on White

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Today I'll write white on white
wear nothing but white
drink nothing but white
eat nothing but white
And I would be that sea-creature
who eats light
straining the ocean for its phosphorous –
For present time
is a 'white dot' in space
and white is the sand
in the hourglass
running out
White dunes of Africa
running through it
Snows of Siberia
sifting through it
The seas white with sperm
under the white moon
where aluminum stars wheel about
noiselessly
over quivering meat-wheel earth
with its white whales
white phagocytes
white bleached skulls
and albino animals
(Blacks bleached out
into white men?)
And to dream of white string
a symbol of innocence
Though the color of death be white
And the world checkered with death
white-on-black & black-on-white
'dumb pawns
in black-and-white kingdoms'
An angel stands on a station platform
slowly shaking its gossamer wings
A white horse
comes alone from a torn village

Everywhere around the earth
on station platforms they
are still putting up the placards
No pasaran
Go back Wrong way
White searchlights
search the sky
The gun turrets turn
on the old Walls
The angel slowly moves its wings
breathing the light white air
The earth breathes and trembles with it
The governed
will be governed
Liberty is not freedom
Eros versus civilization
No Way
without a pass
It is snowing white documents
The very rich
get richer still
A white gloved hand
still reaches out the window
for the money in the cup
Liberty is not free
Some poor still ride some trains
The angel
stands on the edge
of the station platform
slowly moving its large white wings
which look too fragile
to lift the body of being
which still breathes anarchist air
And the train
the train made of nothing but boxcars
jammed with three billion people
still stands in the station
trembling

(After reading Breyten Breytenbach,
imprisoned Afrikaans white poet)

from The Final Appeal

by Ishmael Reed

1

I'd like to see a Marshall Plan for the United States. A plan that would rebuild our cities as sources of our traditions and cultural continuity. I'd like to see all of the boarded-up ghetto stores unboarded so that black students could develop industries there; a Job Corps of creative architects, carpenters with avant-garde ideas with thousands of apprentice carpenters, go into the cities and restore those townhouses, Victorians and places with gothic gables, now rotting, a shame. Buckminster Fuller says it only costs a thousand dollars to build a house.

I'd like to see a national lottery where the winning people can go to the White House and be greeted the way despots are greeted. With Marine bands and hoopla. Afterwards they confer with the President about the problems of average citizens, with the same intensity as despots are conferred with.

I'd like to see the media stop playing with our lives. They have failed to represent the United States as a multicultural civilization. Television has become a dangerous one-eyed lynch mob, often playing Judge and Jury. They accused Nixon of destroying an administration. Their abuse of power could very well destroy a civilization.

The new Congress is described as being in "an anti-desegregation mood," and the *Times* said that the nation was no longer concerned about black demands. Looks like the nineteen-eighties will be just like the eighteen-eighties. The end of a Reconstruction and the beginning of a new Jim Crow.

Woodrow Wilson, a segregationist, and hero of the New England liberal historians, met with gutsy *Guardian* editor Monroe Trotter who told the President that blacks were not "dependent wards of the nation," but "full-fledged American citizens, absolutely equal with all others," and for his efforts Trotter was put out of the White House even though 40-60 percent of the black vote went to Wilson. What they call "The Fourth Estate" referred to Trotter as a "darky."

President Carter, who told Diana Ross he wanted to run the government like you'd run a business, humiliated Vernon Jordan of the Urban League, and all Jordan was asking for was some money to be given to whites so that maybe, just maybe, out of the kindness of their hearts they will give blacks some jobs. If the President thinks that's insolent, what is he going to do with the kids who were born in the nineteen-sixties and are about to enter the debate – the black children of Soweto of the nineteen-eighties. Shoot them?

Mr. Carter says he's the blacks' "last Hope," as if they didn't live under and survive the administrations of Indian killers like Andrew Jackson, and segregationists like Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. Blacks ain't going nowhere, and the way I look at it, no one president is their last hope; in fact, it might be the opposite. It's safe to say that if blacks were not present in America, by this time portraits of Lenin would hang in public places, and Times Square would be Red Square. Judging from the way things are moving in other socialist countries, the United States would be entering another middle class period. A card-carrying Communist these days means it's American Express.

The buffer theory of race, advocated by Ralph Ellison and George Schuyler, who wrote an essay about how the negro's greatest gift to America was flattery – flattering every poor white into believing that his basement is a true first floor, because there's somebody always beneath him.

This makes millions of whites, chumps. At least the slaves were aware of their condition.

They're so worried about niggers moving in next door, without realizing that in a few years there might not be a next door, or at least the landlord will speak Arab. Big business and big labor don't give a damn about them.

Trucks full of dangerous chemicals and explosives travel through their cities and some of their congressmen are so much into the pockets of the multi-nationals that a consumer protection bill can't even get through. They don't realize that regardless of how the media desires to create images of blacks as athletes, or hunks of meat machines running through the airports for Hertz, or as bums, the majority of people on welfare are white. The buffer theory.

A "prison official" out here at San Quentin said that the race clashes they're always having are in reality conflicts created over sex and dope. The buffer theory. They didn't want Wallace to talk about breaking up the foundations and corporations; they kept him on the nigger question. Tell us about that. Hey, go out and get some hotdogs and beer, this man's going to talk about the nigger question. The buffer theory.

"Tonight, New Yorkers saw the *dark side* (my italics) of their neighbors," a man said on radio network news. ABC, CBS and NBC carried footage – the same footage – and the major magazines the same photos of blacks and hispanics on a rampage after the blackout of July fifteenth, nineteen-seventy-seven. All the white people portrayed were engaged in altruistic acts, directing traffic and acting real communal, like, having beer together. It took a West Coast paper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, to carry a photo of WHITE LOOTERS, on the cover of the July fifteenth issue. They looted in the Bronx where one of the cleverest heists was pulled off: somebody broke into

a dealer's place and drove off with fifty brand new cars. See, black people never did know how to steal right. They'd cop a pig or something like that, or they'd get caught stealing some groceries or clothes.

"Life is not fair," the President said. The silly Left had thought they'd gotten rid of Nixon without understanding the subterranean feelings of the American soul Nixon adroitly exploited. His Supreme Court was still here and they said that poor women can't use public funds to get abortions. It was due to pressures from ancient and outdated institutions transported to the United States, suggested a N.O.W. letter, and warned against by the old Know-Nothings. A Jesuit priest confided to me that the Vatican was so old and decrepit it was being held together by Scotch tape.

"Life's not fair," President Carter said. The same court, the Jim Crow court rolled back black gains by supporting white seniority, a seniority gained through mob action and lawlessness against blacks of the past, so much so that an entire skilled class of blacks were wiped out due to nineteenth century competition with immigrants for jobs.

Race war. Historian Charles Davis of Yale said it was a cyclical concern. Seems that something could be done about it if that's true. But we don't have the political and cultural leadership. No Douglass, DuBois, Garvey, Lincoln, no John Brown, not even a Kennedy. That's why there's so much affection for John Kennedy. It's almost a cult.

A woman who used to run a Museum of Primitive Art said that he came in and could name the national origin of most of the African pieces.

President Carter couldn't name one non-white writer in his interview in the Sunday *Times*. But maybe we expect too much from Presidents. Most likely Carter went to the White House with good intentions only to find that the bureaucracy was already too big and too rigid to pay any attention to one man, and that the multi-nationals, now building nuclear stations all over the land – they don't have to live here – had won America, and that all over the world politics didn't mean that much, and that "leaders" were merely ceremonial company executives for conglomerates; in some countries dressed in khaki, talking communism, and in others dressed in business suits and holding town meetings. It's just too much to expect that maybe a future President, like the guy in "Network," will one day go on the TV and say something like, it's time for us to decide whether this country is going to be run by the people or by the conglomerates. That'll be the day.

"People in white houses shouldn't throw stones," a South African foreign minister said, and he's right.

And suppose, ten years from now, there is black rule in South Africa, like there is in Zambia, Kenya, where whites can still have their teas, boys and property, and the neo-colonial government, in order to forestall widespread discontent at home, picks a colored to go about the world chastising the United States for its four hundred year-old practice of apartheid, perhaps, by that time, seen as an anachronism the world over.

It had been over six months since the Harry Edwards rally took place on the University of California, Berkeley campus, the biggest civil rights gathering since the days of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Would these movements, so influenced by the tactics of the old Civil Rights

movement, go through the stages which led to violence? As Anita Bryant's crusade gathered strength, would there be gay terrorism? Would there be feminist terrorism if the E.R.A. fails? "What we need is an army," a well-known feminist was overheard saying.

2

I sent my recommendations for ways of avoiding a Race War to *Playboy* magazine in August, 1977. A black editor there promised me editorial freedom after I told him I wouldn't do the kind of inflammatory "barricades" article usually run under the "Race War," title. I interviewed intellectuals, playwrights, poets and artists. The editor complained that he wanted more "grassroots" opinion. He said this was important and that he was really counting on the article because *Playboy* hadn't published a "black writer" in six years.

I had set up a stand with tape recorder in front of the Housewives market in Oakland, and with the assistance of my daughter and one of her friends had interviewed shoppers for two hours. I provided a historical background to the article. The people I talked to, both bourgeoisie and "grassroots," ruled out the possibility of a Race war, even if one occurred in South Africa.

The essay came to over ten thousand words. The editor complained that my conclusions weren't "lively" enough, and complained about my style. "You jump around too much," he said. "One minute you in the 17th century, the next minute you here." *Playboy* didn't publish it.

I thought about the *Playboy* ad run in the *New York Times* showing a white middle-class black man reading *Playboy*. "He especially likes the writing," it said. Recently, *Playboy* ran a story by the black editor. It carried one of the popular images of blacks in the public's mind. Shooting pool.

A lot's happened since August, 1977.

An article dated July 10, 1978, appearing in *New Times*, written by Kate Coleman with Paul Avery, documented Black Panther terrorism against black terrorism, which included arson, extortion, beatings and even murder.

In *New York* magazine, Eldridge Cleaver described a dinner with Giscard d'Estaing among "warm velvety rooms, with their high ceilings, rich colors, crystal chandeliers, plush carpets and drapes, with everything trimmed in gold."

The *San Francisco Chronicle* announced that "radicals" had met "to work in the system." One sixties "radical" was quoted as having said, "It's funny, to be a member of the same body where you used to lead sit-ins."

The N.A.A.C.P. convention refused to cancel its fourth of July meeting. The leadership complained that blacks had little to celebrate.

Chancellor Bowker overruled the Sociology department and awarded Harry Edwards tenure. Some said that the President intervened because of the bad press the tenure rejection was receiving in the Soviet Union and China.

Ben Wattenberg was on Public Television discussing black gains in employment, education. The statistics were impressive but Julian Bond warned of the disproportionate number of blacks left behind in poverty.

I'm sure that if I went to interview the same people I interviewed last year the results would be pretty much the same. One thing worries me, though. The drastic difference between the way the white establishment and non-whites view things. It's scary.

After the Bakke decision came down Chief Justice Warren Burger carried on a forty-minute dialog with a black bookstore clerk in which it was revealed that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court had been victimized by a mono-cultural education and was probably in need of a refresher course about what it was he was presiding over. He told the clerk that he thought Florida was a "Liberal" state. George Wallace, if you recall, won a primary there. The book clerk told the Chief Justice that her grandfather had been lynched in Florida.

On July 15, 1978, the same day that Carter reprimanded Andrew Young for speaking of political prisoners in the United States, an F.B.I. informer admitted killing two blacks during the civil rights drive of the 1960s. By their outcry against Young for making the remark, did the establishment mean that the United States doesn't have political prisoners because we take care of them before we arrest them?

The following day some of the speakers at the Native Americans' march on Washington agreed with Young, whom powerful white men were accusing of "going too far."

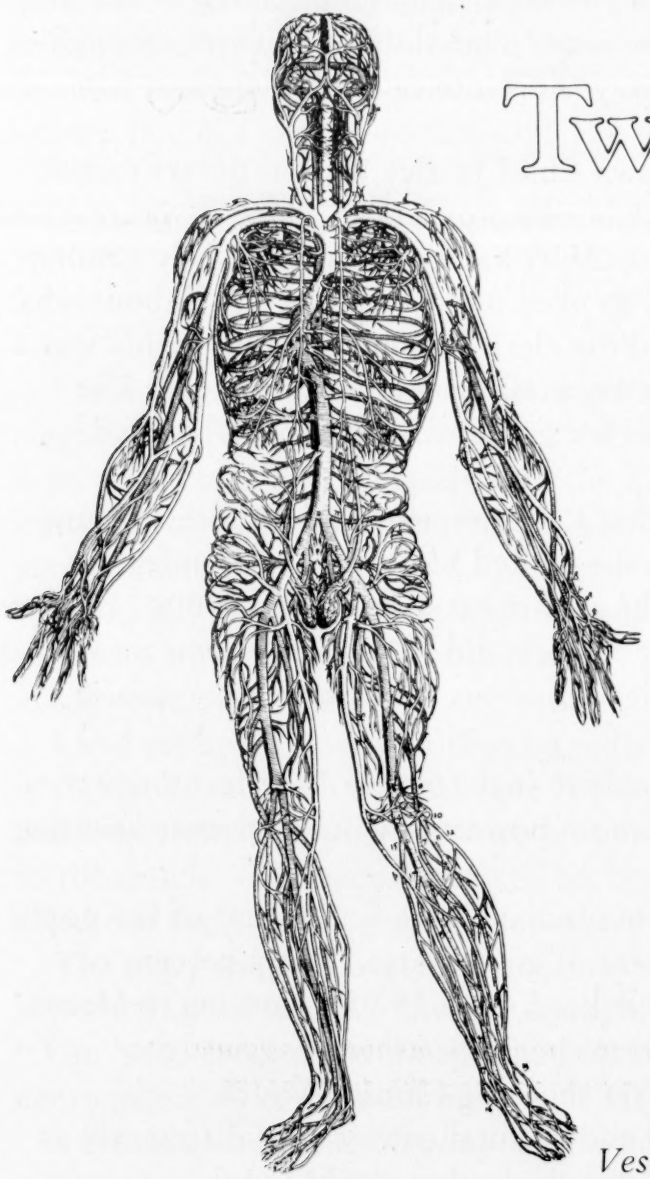
Russell Means said that in Oklahoma Indians were six percent of the population but constitute thirty-five percent of jail inmates. Forty percent of Native American women had been sterilized since 1970, according to Means.

Chicanos were leading demonstrations in the Southwest against the acquittals two policemen received after shooting Chicano youth.

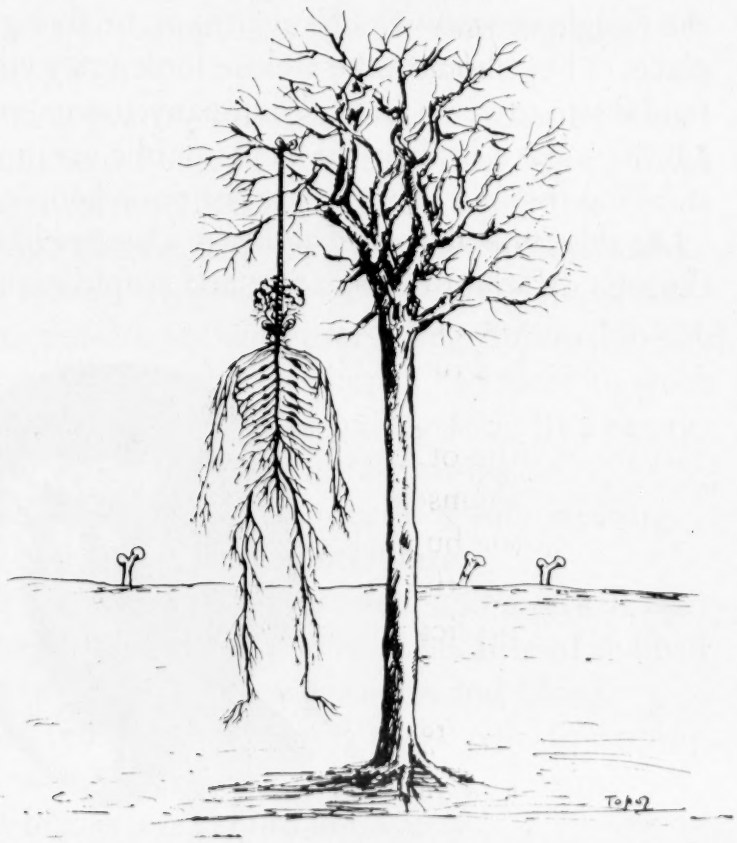
The white establishment, political and cultural, view things differently as if we resided in different worlds. Maybe the leaders ought to take a Greyhound bus from time to time instead of flying in private jets, delivered by the conglomerates which own them, or flying Air Force One all over the place. They should take a close look at a dying city like Chicago with its feudalistic towers (vertical company towns) owned by Sears & Roebuck and I.B.M. Take a look at the racist public art in downtown Chicago: white men stabbing Indians. Politics are for poor people, the rich back all sides.

At this time in American history we are like spirits talking gibberish through different dimensions, and stupid men do not make good mediums.

Two Views of Man



Vesalius, 1543



Topor, 1965

Kinot/Blues: Good Friday Entry

by David Meltzer

Life belongs to us too! We too have a right to it! We only have to know how to fight for it! It is easy enough to live if they give you life as a gracious gift! *It is not so easy when they want to snatch life away from you!*

Rise up, people, and fight for your lives!

Every mother shall become a lioness defending her young! No longer shall a father quietly look upon the death of his children! The shame of the first act in our destruction shall not be repeated! May every house become a fortress! Rise up, people, and fight!!! Your salvation lies in fighting! He who fights for his life has the chance of saving himself. We rise up in the name of the fight for the lives of the helpless whom we wish to save and whom we must rouse to action!

– From Warsaw Ghetto underground leaflet (1943)

BART into Berkeley to Cleo's to xerox. Her machines run full time. Endlessly duplicating. When one breaks down, a pit-crew of repairmen instantly fix it. Books instantly photographed. Scholars peer over tall book towers stacked on their machine. Taxpayers xeroxing receipts, cancelled checks. Patriots xeroxing handbills, petitions, tracts and posters. Conceptual artists (and the otherwise unidentified curious) have been known to xerox portions of themselves by pressing parts of face or anatomy onto the glass plate, push the button, and hold still as the lights roll over you. Photo paper fed up into position, image shot, doubled, zapped out into metal trays. Done. Repeating, duplicating. Ghosts. Reincarnation. Nothing dies, announced

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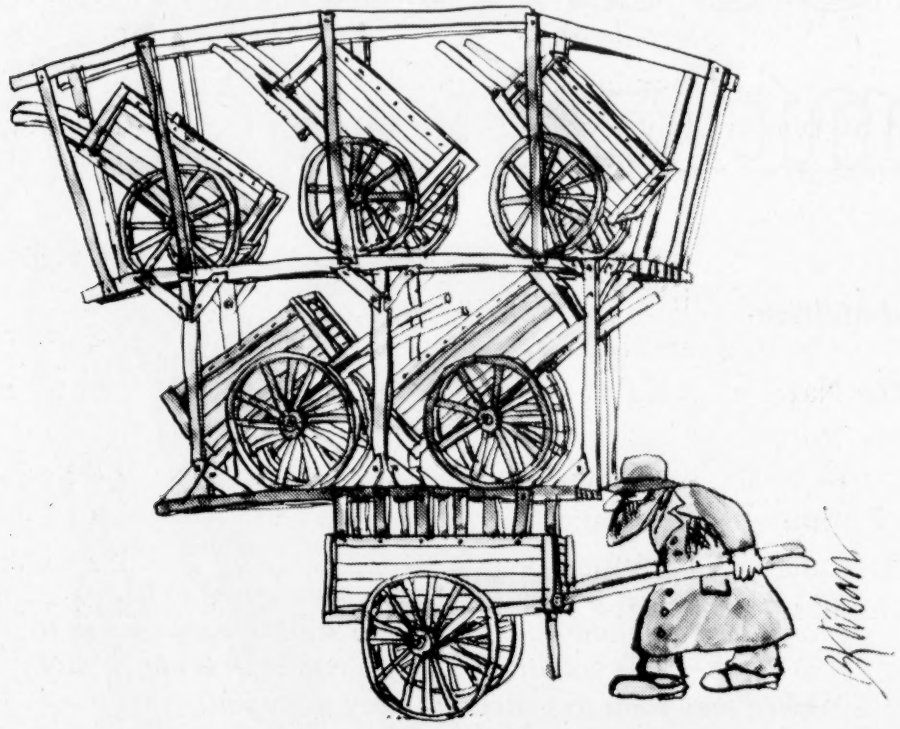
*Note: This entry is from a book in process or progress named *Kinot/Blues*. "Kinot" is a Hebrew word meaning "lament" in the plural, a form of elegy recited, chanted in biblical and talmudic times in mourning over an individual loss or over a national/global catastrophe.

–D.M.

time-travelling dreamer J.W. Dunne in the 30s. A vision of America's televized Eternities to be engraved with laser by a contemporary artist-mystic extension of Athanasis Kircher: Angels and Soul-alphabets xeroxing themselves into Infinity of green lights. And edging around this moment are rumours and fear of the ultimate xerox: cloning.



Walk down Telegraph and browse through book and record stores. (I remember when the street was a quiet tree-lined oasis. Now, since the revolution, it has become a bazaar of shops and street-merchants outfitting, feeding, dispensing youth culture's multi-faced goods and goals. The future of America clutters this street. Buying, selling.) High school and college students, dropouts and tourists, amateur and professional beggars fill the street. Everyone is buying or selling. The future's face has changed somewhat (like forefather faces in 19th century photos looking back at us); the dress codes have changed since my fabled 50s student days. But the consumer (consuming) mania prevails. Another way of duplicating. Acquisition of goods as defense against the void.

Revolution can't be bought but it is certainly sold. The word reduced to an easily marketed cliche. Mao and Kropotkin t-shirts. And God all over the place. In motor-mouths of cream-cheese Moonies or rapid-firing evangelists stalking Sather Gate, frothing, flapping well-thumbed Bible in the air. But no one repenting or listening. The loneliness of the long-distance sinner. Hell falling on our heads, brothers, sisters. Sodom and Gomorrah in the mirror. Repent. Sneaker-shod toe-dancing mantra-chanting Hare Krishna devotees cheerleading the crowd to Nirvana. They look like shave-head G.I.s at Kosmo Boot Camp. Swaying, sweating. Cymbals clanking, conga thumping, tablas. God's names doubled, tripled, quadrupled. The One and Only God all claim different kinship to.

Red-faced red-haired Lubavaitcher hasid in black suit and white shirt sits at his table on the mall. Yamalka shines like serge of train-conductor's suit.

Iranian Students Against The Shah at their table. Labor Youth League table with pamphlets and books spread out like tarot cards. Voices speaking for God and He/She/It speaking through them. The devout.

Walking through voices and promises. A tall young man, terribly thin, sunken chest, dark Raskolnikov overcoat, filthy white shirt with terminal ring-around-the-collar, hands folded on top of a shabby cardtable. His hands are dirty and his fingernails bitten down to the fleshy centers. On the table, a stack of xeroxed statements. A hand-painted bedsheet-flag of a swastika bordered by two crudely-drawn militant eagles. A small crowd surrounds the table. Music of debate. Righteous tidal waves followed by dense valleys of withdrawal, silence.

Two crew-cut bruisers with thick wide necks sticking out of short-sleeve open-collar dacron shirts, shout down at the meagre dreamer.

One turns to me, the observer, – What do you think of this? This creep says all the Nazis were right. Is this what the hell it's all about? Is this what the hell we fought for?

Then turns to the pale Nazi whose wolfhound face is blotched with black-heads and minute coils of chin and mustache hairs. He mutters something about this being a free country and he doesn't think the Nazis were *all* right but that he has the *right* for lawful assembly and at least read my pamphlet.

– Goddam creep, snarls the crew cut to my right, – you have no goddam rights.

The xerox tract reproduces a badly typed and punctuated copy and before I can get a copy to read, the crew cut to my left picks the stack of papers up and begins tearing them apart, throwing fragments into the air. The other crew cut yanks the bedsheet flag off the cardtable, knocking against one of its legs, toppling it forward with a loud clap.

The Nazi stands up and tries to grab paper out of the air and is socked in the jaw by the crew cut's big fist. Not the sound of fantasy movie dubs. Instead, a small smothered cracking sound. The Nazi's face drains of more color. He stumbles to his knees. The other crewcut kicks him in the ribs which sends him sprawling flat. Blood around the side of one eye. Like a concert pianist he delicately touches the blood and examines it in stop-motion panic. The crowd moves away as a receding wave to accommodate the violence. No one is going to mess with two crew-cut jocks with redwood-wide necks. Massive football-player shoulders. Wide wrists attached to mammoth fists.

The Nazi manages to get up. Shakes his head and turns to run. A huge paw grabs the overcoat collar and spins the Nazi around who, suddenly awake, slips out of the coat and runs off campus. They chase him. I don't know what happened. The crowd quickly dispersed.

THIRTY-FIVE years after 1945. My childhood surrounded by World War Two. Its large unbelievable mysteries available in newspapers, radio, newsreels and made mythic in movies and radio dreams. The G.I. and his good fight against Hitler. Later extended into Japan against Emperor

Tojo, Lord of the Rising Sun. Sailors, those tight-pants dandies. Marines who were the never-say-die giants. Air Force pilots in leather flight jackets with fur collars. Cartoons of Japanese with woodchuck buck teeth. Buck Private Bugs Bunny machine-gunning Japs to death. Wind-up dolls, goose-stepping Nazis led by Charlie Chaplin Adolf Hitler, Porky Pig Hermann Goering and Szyk-penned wraith of Goebbels plagued by Hekyl and Jekyl. Spike Jones trombone farts into the Fuehrer's face. Cartoon gremlins chew their way into Messerschmidt engines. Kenneth Spencer, black singer/actor, friend of my father's, shot down in backlot jungle of *Bataan*, screaming as he went. (Spencer was the first black man I ever saw. Knocked on the front door and I opened it. I was three years old and first saw his long legs and then looked up to the sky where his black face looked down and his booming basso greeted me. I began to cry.) 1st feature movie I saw was *Dive Bomber* with Tyrone Power pressing the machine gun button in his plane, its wings blazing bullets. The noise and violent technicolor disturbed me. War movies sound tracked with definitive sounds of winning and losing. Van Johnson bulls-eyes a Zero and it explodes in perfect pitch to Franz Waxman musical score. Sudden hole in William Bendix's G.I. helmet. Ping. War movie sound track perfected to expected tones. Not like Abel Gance's primitive sound movie, *J'Accuse*, where ghosts of World War One soldiers rise up out of a French graveyard into dark El Greco sky and the soundtrack scratchy with distorted music, loud footfalls, scraping of feet, yet the insistent images of mustard-gassed faces, limbless torsos, shattered bodies still haunts me. W.W.I, the war to end all wars.

Sinatra sings *The House I Live In* and reinforces democratic vistas, goals and hopes. We must win this War. It's our War. Everyone cinched in their belts (except black market profiteers) and did without tires, coffee, bubble-gum, nylons. Pocket Books could be sent to a boy in the armed forces anywhere in the U.S. . . . only $ .03 postage. "Sailors at sea, Soldiers in the Solomons, Marines in Africa, Commandos on the alert in some unrevealed jumping-off place – they all need books to read to take their minds off sounds and sights they're trying to stop forever." Gas-ration letters pasted in car front windows. Meat rationing. Sugar. For our War. Playing war movies on Brooklyn stoops with Jordan Cohen, Bobby Schwadron, Irwin Cooperman and sometimes Carole Grossman. Nobody wanted to be a Nazi. We went through elaborate once-twice-thrice-shoot! mudras before accepting that part.

Alan Ladd or Dennis O'Keefe or Errol Flynn or John Wayne. Impeccable. Streak of neat war grease on moviestar cheek and forehead. Trace of blood. Dennis Morgan's dimpled chin. Curl in the center of John Payne's forehead. Gail Russel's blue eyes. Loretta Young's blue eyes. Betty Hutton's blue eyes.

– AAAAGGGGGHHHHhhhhh!

Bent over. Bullets cut me in half. I fall off the stoop, body braced for impact. Stunt man. Land on cement driveway. Face down, spread out. Chin scrapes concrete. I'm dying. I curse all the Nazis in the world. Krauts. Pigs. Bastards. Killed my buddy G.I. Joe. Shot him in the back when he gave his last Hershey bar to tow-headed orphan girl. My fingers turn to wood. Dying. Gotta reach Joe's fallen bazooka. Die on my feet. Gotta. Bazooka

blasting into the bunker. Rattle, crack and ping of rifle fire. Machine guns stuttering death all over the place. Gauze-filter flashback to the States: Sweetheart reads my last V-Letter: "If anything should happen to me, honey, know that I'll always love you and my country . . ."

BLAM! BLAM!

Take that you rotten yellow goodfornothing backstabbing ass-kissing schmucks.

BLAM! BLAM!

Her sky-blue eyes sparkle with tears. Bulls-eye! Tank fragments everywhere. Exploded Nazis fly into the sky and fall to the ground in revenge slow motion. Legs and arms and eyes hang on tree branches like leaves. I die avenged. Ingrid Bergman is my angel. She gathers me up in cashmere and kisses my war-weary eyes shut.

F.D.R. at the helm, backed up by Churchill, DeGaulle and Stalin. Allies. Giants. The Big Four. 1945. Seven going on eight and live at 811 Linden Boulevard. My stoop-side cronies talk and argue war and politics like our parents do. V-E Day on the way. Welcome Home banners draped over doorways, in window, across the face of houses, apartment buildings. Block parties. War newsreels: Movietone News, Pathe (hysterical rooster logo crowing, fierce eyes glaring), The March Of Time. Camera in bombadier's turret. Bomb hatch opens and lets go of turd-shaped Blockbusters. Flak clouds drift by. The free-falling whistling bombs hit the city below and open like rows of cauliflower. Image tilts as bomber drops low to strafe railroad depot. Its machine-gun bullets tear punctuation marks out of the road. Jerky shots of tracer-bullets. Flak's mysterious fluffs. Apartment houses in Germany collapse, broken apart by O.S.S. sabotage. Fall to knees like K.O.'d Schmelling stalked by Brown Bomber. Blitzkrieg footage. V-2 comet trail in London night sky. Air-Raid wardens. Blackened commando faces. Black pants, turtleneck, crawling behind the lines. Torture. All sides excelling. Decapitation photo passed around of Japanese soldier holding head of American. Splinters under fingernails. What the S.S. usually did to Americans. But Americans merely interrogated the enemy and were gentlemen, jaw muscles flexing, held-back rage. The Japanese hold on. Hole up in caves like bats. Soldiers shoot flame throwers into the caves. Mouth of cave lights up like stove burner. Most die inside. Some run out on fire. The flaming creatures are popped off. We belonged to a great tribal family of righteousness and goodness. Paul Robeson sung *Ballad for Americans* on the radio. Workers, bosses, slaves and masters, all united in the common front.

V-E Day and G.I. Joe and his riveter girlfriend jitterbug in Times Square. G.I. Joe draped in flowers, chewing gum, drinking cognac out of the bottle, in troop trucks driving through France filled with cheering girls leaping onto the trucks, hugging and kissing. G.I. Joe Gold Stars hanging in Brooklyn windows. G.I. Joe Ernie Pyle dogface and Bill Mauldin dogface, two sides of aluminum penny garlands. Brought-back aluminum francs. Elaborately engraved German deutschmarks. They would bring them in barrels to the baker to buy a loaf of pumpernickle.

LENI Riefenstahl, German film-maker (*Olympiad* and *Triumph of the Will*), quoted in *Time* magazine, after being ejected from Von Ribbentrop's Austrian villa: "Some of my best friends are Jews." The liberation of concentration camps. Belsen: 60,000 men, women, children were gradually starved to death. When G.I. Joe enters Belsen there are 17,000 bodies rotting under pine trees. Children sleeping against mothers' corpses. As in Buchenwald, the mortality rate was too high for furnaces to keep pace with the numbers dying daily. Besides, coal was becoming increasingly scarce. Bodies stacked into wheelbarrows like kindling. Hands and legs sticking out at odd angles. Rigor mortis. Shaved-head skull face in photographs could be one person. Starved dead rotting in trenches they dug before being shot to death. Nobody can describe death's stink, it was so intense. "About four million Jews had been killed in the various extermination camps, while a further two million met their death in other ways, the majority being executed by the *Einsatzkommandos* of the Security Police during the campaign against Russia." (Former SS-Sturmbannfuehrer Dr. Wilhelm Hoettl at Nurenberg trials.) "Eichmann said he would leap laughing into the grave because the feeling that he had five million people on his conscience would be for him a source of extraordinary satisfaction." (Former SS-Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Wisliceny, Nurenberg.) 1945, nearly eight years old, numbed and shocked by the numbers. The children, the mothers and fathers, the old people. So easily erased from life, from their world, this planet. Dr. Schuebbe of the Nazi Annihilation Institute: "I still maintain that, just as one prunes a tree – by removing old, undesirable branches in the spring – so for its own interest, a certain hygenical supervision of the body of a people is necessary from time to time." Women tore away clothing to scratch lice. Dysentery. Relieved themselves where they lay. Gaping wounds in backs, chests. Hearts cut out, kidney, liver. For food. The numbers. The numbness in them. Set in paper without pain. Identify the dead as numbers in a newspaper or in thick cross-referenced history phonebooks or Bibles of time. Numbers like soldiers come over the page into view. The horizon of death expands beyond count. (Major Areas of 20th Century Violence: 1st World War, 10 million dead. Russian Civil War period, 10 million dead. Russia, 2nd World War, civilians: 10 million; Russia, 2nd World War, soldiers: 10 million; The Jews of Europe, 5 million. China, 20th century, 20 million. Rest of 2nd World War, 15 million. Other 20th century conflicts, 10 million. From: *Twentieth Century Book of the Dead* by Gil Elliot, 1972.) These numbers blazed in tree gives shape within. My skin burns, breaks apart, starves its frame into bones of shadow. In this time, this place, chaos tunes the edge of knowledge into vision. I remain one of them as never before. Not as a number, not even a one. But instead as all. All and all beyond counting.

1945. My neighborhood in Brooklyn where old Jews talked Yiddish and poor English. My grandparents argued in Yiddish with my father. My father was embarassed by Yiddish and their English. He was an atheist, a writer, an American. I went to the synagogue down the street and studied Hebrew. I went to high holy day services bathed in the light of ceremony. Sometimes famous cantors like Moishe Oysher would sing at our shul. What was so

wrong with the Jews that they had to be killed that way? My grandfather tried explaining pogrom to me. My father grew impatient. – It's a sickness, that's what it is. A sickness and an evil. There's no explaining it. The children were my age. Their death-skull shrunken faces. I couldn't imagine it. Nazis knocking on the door to take us away. The face of war will not be seen here. Only there, over there, on any front worth saving for democracy. New and old traditions central to Jewish consciousness can not be furthered or extended. A generation is dead. My contemporaries of Poland, Russia, Hungary, Germany, Czechoslovakia are dead. A great hole in world culture. And why the gypsies? They too were hunted down, put in camps, exterminated.

The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East. Boiling dust. Flash like a ball of fire. Setting sun. Shone in the distance. Captain Parsons said, "I heaved a sigh of relief because I knew the bomb was a success. We felt the first concussion about one minute after the bomb hit, and within another minute or two a great black cloud of boiling dust and churning debris was 1,000 feet off the ground and above it while smoke climbed like a mushroom to 20,000 feet. A few fires were visible around the edges of the smoke, but we could see nothing of the city except the dock area, where buildings were falling down." All green vegetation perished. Corpses too numerous to be counted. In the dream of fire, the fire of dreams, the screams of children no different than that of ancient ones. "The atomic bomb is too dangerous to be loose in a lawless world," said President Truman. "We thank God that it has come to us instead of to our enemies; and we pray that He may guide us to use it in His ways for His purposes." Man the fire stealer, the eater of suns and moons and of earth. Man burning within. Man on fire. God on fire. The books burning with the bodies. The bodies turned into books. The fire the fire. A feast of fire. Burning bush Hiroshima struck again and again from within. Fire hurled down from on high via heritage of Helios, Hestia, Loki, Mother Ut, Agni, Prometheus the thief. Fire hidden in trees turns into a bird carrying the night in its beak. The dove on fire. Alchemists swallow fire spooled back. Computer swallows data and thumbtacks adding up an alphabet of new bombs. Each more final than the other. Masters of fire. Hell fire. Funeral pyre. Holy men walking on fire. Vietnamese monk on fire. Fire racing through the general's mind. Stallions. Lawrence's myth bird. Fire the door to Paradise trained animals jump through. Fire in the center of all things. In the center of the bomb's unfolding. Spray fire on the dying. Fire horse tramples through bride's door. Flaming angel descends. Becomes Hiroshima. Dear Father, dear Mother, goodbye in the fire.

Engraved into history by tons of life-destroying light widening into rings like Dante's hells. Radioactive shadow on Hiroshima sidewalk of a man who tried escaping it. No escape. Only his shadow burned into the sidewalk remains.

Radioactive waste sealed into drums, dumped into oceans, rivers, lakes; buried in Arctic snow, buried in desert sands. Drums of the stuff in S.F. Bay whose seals corrode, leaking nuclear waste into the water and food supply.

S.F. Chronicle morning edition shows metal drum mounted by radioactive mutant sponges. Freak creatures suckling on the drums.

Atomic shit dumped all over the planet. A-Bomb, H-Bombs, Neutron Bombs, stockpiled into great towers. Shining war-god phalluses growing old, unused. They slowly disintegrate. Leak. Hiss. Shine in the dark. It is rumoured that soon they'll flush loads of nuclear waste into outer space. Radioactive contaminents filling each pore of the universe. Unimaginable collisions and mutations. The universe turned inside-out like a flaming glove.

We recently faced the Holocaust by diminishing it into a television soap opera, complete with commercials for hamburger joints, deodorants, beer, new cars, cat food, and so on. And we also listen to hypnotic dial tone radio announcers soothe us into anticipating the easy future where nuclear energy will provide clean, cheap, efficient energy.* A future which clearly belongs to the thoroughly neutral who can be comfortable within its boundaries. No need to look back or forward or even outside the dome. To be snug and concealed against all outside nastiness as young Siddhartha or, more accurately, the children of abnormally wealthy trans-Americans whose forefathers built bliss, comfort and mind-blitzed ennui upon the impaled and impoverished of the world. Our herd fantasy of royalty's glory still present. The workers of the U.S. world still do not realize how their goals mirror the program of the supreme rich and how, in collective hearts holding up the pyramid, genocide becomes a moral obligation. Genocide stirs within all levels of American life. Genocide and suicide. The numbers overwhelm.

FIVE years after the end of World War II, 1951. Judge Irving R. Kaufman reads the death sentence to Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted of treason. – *By your betrayal, you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country.*

On June 19, 1953, no more appeals left, the Rosenbergs were electrocuted at Sing Sing for being spies for the Soviet Union. – *We are the first victims of American Fascism*, wrote Ethel Rosenberg to Emmanuel Bloch, her attorney. A last communique.

– *I cry for myself as I lie dead how shall they know all that burned my brain and breast –*

The fat's on the fire to say nothing of the books –

The history continues: Hiroshima and Nagasaki generations plagued, born wrong. Unusual deformities, incurable ailments, shortened life spans. A-Bomb in their bloodstream passed into offspring, if they haven't been sterilized

*After the first bombs proved U.S. muscle and world power, the press began its clean-up spasm of peeks into a nuclear future where atomic energy is used only for "good works." A magician either works with nature, cooperates with nature and seeks to learn and appreciate its forces, or the magician seeks to work against nature, re-shaping it, questing for power and dominance over nature and then human life. The meta-cyclic emergence of a new devil is usually counterbalanced, as it proliferates, by distractions of righteousness and future speculations. Power knows (via p.r. intelligence) not to pull hope off the market. It's too good a sweet fix. Without false futures and synthetic hope, revolution is right in the mirror. So the anti-life combine "humanized" atomic power and created the nuclear boy scout who is our child, and as our child, we parents will sacrifice anything for our child's future.

by radiation. Technicians, janitors, scientists at A-Bomb labs die of radiation poisoning, radiation-sparked cancers. And the newspaper, TV, and radio makes all deaths uninteresting. Waves of information smooth the shore. The numbers, the numbness.

Thalidomide babies bypassed in the press by sudden rash of pesticide-inflicted quick deaths or pesticide-inflicted slow deaths. Paralysis. Loss of motor function, response. Turned into the vegetable protected. Pesticide in canned cranberries ruined one American thanksgiving. The company almost went out of business. New snakes for new Eden verily every day.

Tobacco's impact on the body. The Surgeon General's Report boosts cigarette sales to all-time high. Today more cigarettes sold than ever before. Never before have more pre-teens and teenagers smoked cigarettes. Kids born into the new world equipped with full knowledge of nicotine & tar link to lung cancer and other suffocations. They are taught about the food-wheel, about preservatives in food, about junk food. They eat granola and wash it down with vodka. The same spoon shovelling in frozen yogurt is used to cook up methedrine. Their parents shuffle off the globe via multiple stress-related explosions: ulcers, strokes, diamond-cracking tensions which turn them into cuckoo elevator metabolisms maintained by dreamy doctors who write scrip with ease and profit. Uppers and downers, inners and outers. To get through the day, to get through the night. Tons of pills disappear into the nervous system, burn out reality and human function. No one awake, no one asleep. Legal and affluent zombies. A nation of addicts on all economic levels supplied by the usual dark custodians of our destiny.

Asbestos inhaled by dockyard war plant workers in the 40s and 50s turns into cancer. The planet's surface is becoming a bog of toxic elements. Turning food into chemicals in order to sell substandard cheap (therefore profitable) products for human consumption has added up to a complex sequence of food-related deaths. Re F.D.A.'s attempt to ban saccharin, one newspaper jokes about it being the current Carcinogen-of-the-Week. Scare tactics, the clip goes on to say. Flouridated water chemical companies sell to cities, counties, states, highly toxic to all. No escape from man's invention. The D.D.T. that G.I. Joe so generously sprayed on P.O.W.s and war orphans was never fully tested until many years later when its black plague implications became clear. The waters of earth carry it to every living element. No escape from radiation, smog, sprays, mists, dusts, powders, for the merchant as well.

Cyclamates in soda pop turn to cancer. Food colorings and dyes turn into cancer. Nitrates used to preserve ham and other meats turn into cancer. Saturated fats eaten by affluent and dirt poor turn into arterio-sclerosis. And sugar, number one staple in most mass-gobble non-food is linked to heart disease, liver enlargement, nearsightedness, mental illness, rotten teeth and may be carcinogenic as well. Cancer, the body's playback of nuclear fission, is blamed on almost every negative aspect (impact) of contemporary life in America. Her food turns out to be another form of genocide both here and abroad. It is all the more absurd when you realize that the death merchants (and merchandizers) are killing themselves as well. 15,000 people die of malnutrition daily and 10,000 of them are children according to U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization. Frances Moore Lappé

says, "There is no such thing today as absolute scarcity. Every country in the world has the capacity to feed itself." Hunger doesn't result from a lack of arable land, technical knowledge, capital or from overpopulation, but rather stems from the ownership of land and what the land is used for. In the U.S. 5.5% of all farms control 50% of the farmland. Based on a study of 83 countries around the world, slightly more than 3% of all land holders control 80% of the land.

Landless peasants spend their lives working land for the benefit of landowners, and more and more of these land holdings, here and abroad, cultivate only luxury and non-staple crops for the elite and for export, instead of producing basic food grains which supply life-giving protein.

Paradoxically, the rise of Aquarian Age health food industry in U.S.A. – a signal of new age immortality cravings supported and bolstered by money-generating entrepreneurs – creates a realm of read-out sheets crawling with grim connections and statistics. Rancidity of polyunsaturated vegetable oils (safflower, soybean, olive, almond, sesame, etc.); rancid wheatgerm; rancid nuts and seeds, unsprayed and raw, pre-hulled for quick gobbling. Kefir and yogurt produced from milk of cows treated with myriad antibiotics, who eat grass sprayed with pesticides and herbicides. Detergent residue in milk. Fluoridated water fed to Elsie and used to water the clover she cuds causes diverse toxic responses in humans: "excessive thirst, chronic fatigue, abdominal pain, muscular weakness, inflammation of mouth, visual disturbances, skin irritations, lower urinary tract infections, joint pains, headaches, diarrhea, nausea and vomiting." And the ever-present cancer link to fluoride, a highly corrosive chemical which is also used for insecticides, pesticides, glass etching, electro-plating, cement hardening and preserving wood. Oxidation of vegetable oils in vitamin capsules and capulets popped into the system to preserve life energy, strengthen heart, produce longevity, becomes a ritual of ingesting rancid matter. Our food, the public food on display in magazines, newspapers, supermarkets and TV, is dead and/or dying food. We're evolving ourselves right off the planet.

BOOZED-out teenagers in piss-stinking doorway guzzle Ripple or Thunderbird out of paperbags like archetypal winos. Spare change?

Get on the F Bus to go to Jack and Victoria Shoemaker's Sand Dollar Bookshop in Albany on Solano. I put in a few hours part-time cataloging his shelf stock of poetry books. Kids in the back of the bus fill it up with cigarette smoke. Huge portable radio tuned to disco clank clank robot music. Ancient hippie of maybe twenty years old, utterly worn out from the trip, plops down in the seat in front of me. His dark dirty hair held together in a bun by a rubberband. He mutters a language beyond translation. Unties his hair and starts combing it out like a maiden.

At the next bus stop an older woman in rumpled pedalpushers harangues a group of black Berkeley High students waiting for another bus. In overheard rant fragments she refers to Civil Rights, Freedom Marching, Selma, Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, Martin Luther King, Jr., and James Brown. –The struggle is useless, she barks at the kids. – you haven't learned anything.

All you want to do is smoke dope, pinch ass, jive, boogie and live in loudness. (None of the kids take her seriously; some look embarrassed for her.)

Husband and wife, in mid-30s, jog together down Shattuck and into a tunnel. They wear matching jogging suits.

Read in leftover yesterday's paper (again) that there was no strategic purpose for Truman to sanction the dropping of the bombs. No fair warning was given the citizens of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There was no military significance attached to either city. All of it a political expedient. The military, the scientists, the politicians, wanted to see how the bombs would work on a real target.

Lemming-like death drive. Is it post-A-Bomb acceptance of Evil as champ?

How to explain any of it to my children? The concentration camps, the opening of the Atomic Age, 1945?

We have three teenage daughters and none of them know much about this history. Maggie read *The Diary of Anne Frank* when she was twelve, but didn't really understand it. Jenny tried reading *The Wall* by John Hersey for a highschool bookreport but couldn't get through the first ten pages and switched over to a John Steinbeck novella. Amanda thinks civilization is in a mess, raises pigeons, chameleons, guinea pigs, chickens, and dreams of moving back to the country. She says that money and "atomic shits" ruin everything for people. But as the youngest, she has even less of a notion of what began and ended in 1945. Amanda lives strongly in the present. Attends to her animals, reads books, sketches, wishes we could buy her a horse.

Sometimes during dinner I'll hold forth like crazed teletype to my wife and daughters who, sooner or later, depending on the dinner, find reasons to leave and attend to other business. Their wisdom is beyond kings. Me and the bus-stop lady and the burn-out hippie. Untranslatable. Hold back the deluge with a net of words.

Sometimes when we talk it becomes for Tina, as she says, all "relative." She will get fast insight flashes into the chaotic absurd of the times. – The more I read or see or listen to, the bigger it gets until it gets so huge it hurts my head. It's like trying to actually *see* the entire universe. My head can't hold it. I get vertigo.

Nor is 1945 a part of the immediate world of my daughters. Television has drastically (some say, triumphantly) reduced the world's boundaries. Jenny and Maggie lose individual interest in discovering realms outside of television. They nestle and sleep in the TV culture. Sleeping, slipping beauties. Somnambulists fed news and directives and comfort and conclusion. If it weren't for the amphetamine hardsell of commercials, TV would be supreme electric junk. Records, movies, TV: The daze-combo that keeps the kids blinking and blanking.

In the *Journal*'s first issue I wrote a record of the day-to-day events leading up to Jenny's birth. Then as now, seventeen years later, the Neutron Bomb was in the news. Perfect weapon of real estate power elite running the show. Leaves all properties intact, untouched, inviolate, ready to re-occupy as soon as the radiation simmers down. Yet the N-Bomb's rays thoroughly disintegrate every molecule in the human body. Zero population. Start again.

Maybe get the clone factories working. Break open the iceboxes where cryogenically suspended great men await re-awakening to familiar power cycles. Then as now, war(s) coming and going in and out of camera range. And always behind the small, medium or almost-large wars, rumbling ominous phantoms lurch and whisper of the ultimate wipe-out Armageddon: U.S. vs. Them. A chance to crack open the bombs, rockets, chemicals, germ warfare, defoliants, et al. we've been manufacturing (or "developing" as with negatives) for the past 25 years. Military-Industry's silver anniversary. Boom. – *They all hate us anyhow/So let's drop the big one now/Let's drop the big one now,* sings Randy Newman.

ADAM Benjamin, our first son, was born nine months ago. Tina and I are in our middle-age(s) with three teenage daughters preparing themselves to leave home and enter into worlds of their choice. One wants to protect and reveal all to children. But it is impossible.

Adam Benjamin was born at home in the living room as were his three sisters. They were present to witness his birth as were some of our dearest friends. Birth forcefully erases any words used in its aftermath. It is wiser to say that the journey continues and each transition is beyond words, or so deeply imbedded in the very essence of word as to make all speechless. All present were born with Adam.

And what do I tell Adam Benjamin ben David Meltzer who is named after the first man and my grandfather who was a tailor and who holds my name as well and my name is that of the psalmist, the Biblical singer. Such a centuries-old male complexity. Adam the first man of Judeo-Western culture. Created in God's image. Whereas the first woman created from the same red clay of Adam, Lilith, was expelled from Eden for demanding equal rights with Adam. What do I tell him of the male tradition that has moved our world to the end of civilization?

U.S.A. is in Latin America, in the Middle East, in Africa. Overt, covert, wheeling and dealing, buying and selling death under the counter, above board, between the lines. The Military of such countries stand in line for gold keys to Heaven's men's room. Power Heaven: great male absolute, ultimate conquest victory. The religious leaders stand in their glittering line, floating slightly above the path so as not to cast shadows, to receive their gold key to Heaven's men's room where, it is said, man made in God's image would reside in all his blue-chip glory. The ladder of success.

Sexless angels? Don't believe it. In all the paintings and writings angels are depicted as male. Androgynous? Perhaps. As if in death and ascension one can, finally, be whole. But I digress.

Never satisfied with one possible plot of land, a space to build and be on, we continue our grubby frontier scam by acquiring more real estate all over the world and in the heavens as well. The journey(s) outward never went inward; they were always for goods, for land, for gold, for more. Man, the hunter and gatherer; woman, the holder and bearer. The little woman has always been home where the heart is. The masculine thrust. Constant, constant. In a continual panic to assert. What? All wars (with the excep-

tion of the automatic ones they plan for our future) were male-focused real estate ventures and adventures. Part of man's glory has him raping and looting. Spoils of conquest.

Fuck the sky, fuck the earth, fuck death, fuck life. Fuck fuck fuck fuck sterile seeds. Ladder to success. Rising careers. "Jungle out there" turns into jungle inside struggling male body. His lifespan shorter than the female's. Burnt out from running the show. Zoos are man-made. The cage mentality is the safe-deposit mentality is the museum mentality. To show off the male conquest. I saw, I conquered.

What to tell Adam of this legacy?

In his home he will know the emanating wisdom of his mother, her strength and humour. In the strivings of his sisters he will no doubt see into voids women face upon entering into male society. Male-dominated media (male-controlled imagination nation) will unveil its phallic bluster in archetypal myth figures like Cowboy, Private Eye, Superman, Spaceman. He will learn violence is assertion and assertion is desirable, manly, because aggressively-gained victories lead to the accumulation of more goods and power. "Role models," our heroes, always reflect material accomplishment. Alternative male myth cartoons, tarnished knights, broken armour, the so-called anti-hero, loner, or existential thug, fails to contradict his obvious brother archetypes with self-distancing cynicism and a pervasive taste for blood. They remain unable to change or turn away from what is alienating and de-humanizing.

I hope he will learn to trust the feminine within and beyond himself, to temper it with the actual male strengths – not that force which has caused, for centuries, chaos, destruction and perpetual world horror shows.

The left, the right. In the imbalanced now, new and old meanings for these forces. They can be Tao of hopeless political conflict. (As a child in Brooklyn I imagined "right wing" and "left wing" to belong to an angel.) They can embody two modes of consciousness dwelling side by side within our undiscovered brain. The left portion, as was known centuries ago, holds the feminine elements: receptivity, intuition, non-linear awarenesses. The right side – "right is might" – contains the masculine: creativity, verbal, causal, linear. The two contained in one skull dome. Yet power's numbskulls hold fast and hard to reality's right side and resist the left, the feminine. Yet they approve of lesbian activity, require it in futile pornographies. But male society society gathers full brawn against male homosexuals integrating in its respectable boundaries. The male homosexual becomes a symbol of an alternative sexual evolution which unsettles the ruling tribe. "Sexual Revolution" is a word dodge, the same old decadent colonialism sweetened by pop-psych metaphors trying to conceal the misogynist approach to life, sexuality and power. Pornography, mirror to the times, often is more revealing than noble arts, philosophies, and portrays in image and text the complete destruction of the feminine. To turn any human into an object, out of unexplained terror and rage, reminds me of how nothing was learned after 1945. The concentration camp exists today and thrives in diverse forms. The new "hedonism" affirms the old abusive usage of the feminine. The perverted nostalgia of child prostitution is in tandem with the accelerated pace of the

70s. Usage/abusage of the female before she can reach puberty. Suffocated incest hungers. Property mania. Father/daughter: first rites. Wife-battering. Infantacide. Raped children.

Go back and forward but never disregard your sources.

Adam begins to talk. To name and identify by naming. Da da. Ma ma. And: light.

Light, I say, and switch on the livingroom three-way lamp. Light. 100 watts. Light. 200 watts. Light. 300 watts.

– Ite, says Adam. – Ite. Ite. Ite.

Suspension Bridge

by Mei Berssenbrugge

You say all of us
even if we fail become lights
along the awesome bones. Separated
by darkness, humming through wires
on windy nights, bellying out
you're so sure the current is personal

Not like the firefly
that lives for a month
jolted at random by a blank force
that never knows the brightness
of its shocked body
even on cool nights above the grasses
when it loves, victim to victim

Feast of Life

by Richard Stephen Felger and Robert Curtis Wilkinson

Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum
Tucson, Arizona

we
displace others

this planet of whales orchids and man
supports only so much
about ten times more green
than animal

all the animals
gone since we came along
and all the ones that are going

Before man the whole world was wild. The biosphere moved artfully under the weight of environmental/ecological pressures. We are only now beginning to glimpse the magnificence of this multidimensional fluid complexity. There was speciation – nature flowing into available space. All beings balancing together in remarkably efficient and complex communities. Life ebbing and flowing through extinction and speciation.

Man changed all that. Is it not remarkable that this great bio-adventure culminates in this intelligent mammal? Our hand is everywhere, competing with and enslaving species by the hundreds of thousands. More than 600,000 species will be destroyed by the year 2000. All beings now stand in some relation to man. This relation now means more to the world's biota than any other requirement made of it by the cosmos.

This is all well known. However, the extent to which the world's biota is already enslaved and the rate of increase is generally not realized. Exploration of man's stance with other species is essential.

We group the world's species into five categories which may also be thought of as stages of development in their relation with man: 1) Wild, 2) Protected, 3) Managed, 4) Cultivated or Captive-reared, and 5) Domesticated. These categories are not absolute but represent subsets of a continuum.

THE WILD STATE

The first category, wild, is the most difficult to define. This is primarily due to popular misconceptions concerning "wild" species. A truly wild species or population has had a wild genotype or ancestry throughout its evolution. In this sense domesticated animals or plants that "go wild" are not really wild. Our intent is to imply that wild species are beyond the control of man though they may have been hunted or gathered. However, man influences many species without controlling them. Thus one could consider two subgroups here: 1) Those species totally free from being influenced by the activities of man, and 2) Those influenced either directly or indirectly by man. Today there are fewer species than is usually realized which fall into the first subgroup.

The concept of the wild untouched Americas settled by our forefathers is not factual. For example, Paul S. Martin builds an excellent case attributing massive extinctions in the North American megafauna during the late Pleistocene to the emergence and migrations of Paleo-Indian big game hunters. The present day North American megafauna is depauperate and must contain many unfilled niches which were at one time populated by elephants, camels, giant ground sloths, horses, saber-toothed tigers, extinct bison, and four-horned antelope. Furthermore, the use of fire transfigured many habitats wherever it was employed on a large scale, and created much of the grasslands we consider pristine. Frequent burning of a veldt by man is necessary even today to maintain the grassland ecology of such places as Kruger National Park In Africa. Are we to assume that the advent of the use of fire in hunting created greater pressures on the Pleistocene megafauna than glacial and postglacial environmental changes? Organized, armed, and numerous as we are today, can any species escape our sphere of influence? Despite the difficulties in defining this category we can use it and define it by exclusion from the other four.

PROTECTION

Protection of animals and plants probably originated in two ways. Some have been protected directly through their association with a deity or a taboo. For example, the nile crocodile in ancient times. Or the star tortoise of Madagascar which is extinct or rare except in the territory of the Mahafaly tribe where there is a taboo against eating it. Another means of protection is the setting aside of a geographical locality and therefore indirectly protecting whatever populations are enclosed. This may have also originated through association with a deity or a king. For example the sacred mountains or the King's Forest of Robin Hood's time. In fact developments such as The Closure in England inadvertently created elements of protection. Protection and ownership seem to have intertwined origins.

Incarcerating a population within an area smaller than its natural boundaries creates pressures. The smaller the area being protected the fewer the number of individuals as well as the number of species that can exist within it. This is particularly obvious when one correlates the size of an island with the number of species found on it. Lessons learned from island biogeography are vitally relevant to present-day nature sanctuaries or protected areas. When

we protect species in restricted or decreased ranges we are altering their interactions with other species and compacting niches. This alters natural selection and gene pools, diverting the direction of evolution.

MANAGEMENT

To many people management means profit, and that is just what is meant when we speak of managing other species. When applied to animals and plants, the concept of management implies manipulation of otherwise wild or unprotected populations. We can manage whales as well as cattle or redwoods or domesticated grains. Thus, a distinction can be made between the management of otherwise wild species, and domesticated (genetically altered) animals and plants. By profit, we mean the number of individuals of the biomass that we can skim off the top of the population. We can do this by:

A. Increasing the population size
    1. Increasing fecundity or fertility
    2. Decreasing the age to maturity (increase the rate of growth)
    3. Decreasing the death rate
B. Increasing the size of individuals.

In a finite system such as the Earth, increasing the size, or biomass, of one population means that something else must decrease. For instance, one method of increasing population size is to remove predators and competitors. The usual goal of management is to utilize methods which cause the biomass of the managed species to increase to the maximum level that can be sustained. This is often done at the expense of other beings not considered to be valued. We cannot maximize for more than one thing at a time. (This was clearly stated mathematically by Von Neumann and Morgenstern.) If we maximize for the population of one species we cannot do so for others at the same time. This principle also applies to the characteristics of managed species. If we maximize for the size of the population, we are not allowing the species to maximize its genetic adaptation to the environment. Therefore, to increase profit as much as possible (increase population to the limit), we forfeit genetic variability and adaptability to the environment. Being better suited to occupy a particular niche and respond to changes in it more efficiently than any other species is the primary concern of all living things.

CULTIVATION OR CAPTIVE-REARING

When we cultivate or captive-rear plants or animals we place them in a man-made environment and propagate them from then on. Species are not completely domesticated without first passing through this phase. This category and that of domestication are inexorably tied together. Cultivation or captive-rearing leads to genetic drift resulting ultimately in domestication or genetic alteration. This does not necessarily mean that we are actively breeding them to our specifications. In the face of recent developments, cultivation/captive-rearing is increasingly important. It seems the new rage is to create breeding populations of endangered species in response to the high level of extinctions. In some cases there are no longer wild populations of

species being bred or raised captively. The problem is a genetic drift from the genotype most adapted to the natural habitat. Furthermore, captive-rearing of certain animals can result in loss of important behavioral patterns even faster than genes are lost.

Incarcerated breeding populations are important in preventing extinction when the natural habitat is destroyed or its salvation is beyond the good guy's capacity to save it. It is folly to allow the idea to develop that it is O.K. to destroy habitats and retain all the species in zoos, botanic gardens or seed banks, with the dream of someday returning them to the wild. Such thinking presumes that in the future more wilderness will be available or that we will be able to genetically engineer ecosystems.

DOMESTICATION

Artificially raised organisms ultimately become genetically altered. The end result of this co-evolution with humans results in a state in which the population becomes dependent upon man. There are, however, myriad degrees of variation leading up to domestication.

Well-known examples are our agricultural crops and animals, and domestic pets and pests. However, the exact mechanisms and natural histories of our co-evolution with them remain poorly known. Domestication can begin inadvertently during initial stages of cultivation or captive rearing, or even during protection or management. However, such passive co-evolution cannot compare with the accelerated rates resulting from active selection by man. The relatively slow, rhythmic choreography of natural selection or biological evolution (= change in time and space) is replaced by the quickened active, conscious, selection by man. Co-evolution with our domesticates has proceeded to the point in which only a few major domesticates stand between the vast majority of humanity and starvation: wheat, rice, barley, common bean, soybean, and common potato. Without any one of these seven, civilization as we know it would collapse.

There are many paths living things can take through time in their relations with man. Animals and plants can move from one of the above five categories to another. The ease with which an organism can change phases often depends on the amount of genetic alteration it has undergone and on whether or not there is an ecological niche for it to occupy. For example, domesticated animals or plants may become feral, that is they may return to the wilds. In other cases species can be cultivated for long periods of time but yet not appear to be domesticated. In spite of this diversity, biomass has become increasingly concentrated in cultivated/captive-reared, and domesticated phases. It would be wise to consider some of the trends in development from wild to domestic life forms, and more generally the evolution of wild ecosystems to domestic ones.

One of the more blatant truths inherent in the transition from wild to domesticated is that maintenance of the system is increasingly the responsi-

bility of man and his energy resources. In analyzing energy-flow through the different ecosystems it is useful to differentiate where the changes occur. There are three important characteristics of any system with regard to energy flow: 1) input, or energy intake, 2) output, or energy loss, and 3) the energy or information contained in the system, such as genetic information or learned behavior. If we think of the system being an individual, a population, a species, or an ecosystem, we see that the energy gained and the energy lost are characteristics that may evolve.

In a wild ecosystem, species adapt through evolution of both input and output properties. In a natural ecosystem, and the world before man, the energy loss by one species provides one or more niches which support other life forms. This reclamation of what would otherwise be lost energy creates feedback loops which epitomize natural ecosystems. This leads to more effective utilization of available energy than any one species could attain by itself. In general, the cycling of energy is related to diversity since the more species (therefore niches) there are, the more possibilities there are for combinations in which recycling can occur. Therefore, energy for maintenance of the natural ecosystem is a byproduct of energy flow through the system. On the other end of the spectrum are industrial agro-ecosystems. As mentioned previously, most domesticated species live in an artificial environment maintained by man.

Western Civilization has shown very little concern for energy lost from the systems which it utilizes. It is as though the faucet were left wide open. We have concentrated more on increasing energy input as well as increasing the total energy contained by the system. Witness the fantastic rise in human populations and our own high standard of living. A good example of our waste and the large amount of energy we use to maintain a domestic ecosystem is "modern" agriculture. Consider the cultivation of cotton in Arizona. Gasoline or diesel fuel is used for deep plowing, discing, planting, pumping of fossil groundwater, and subsequent weeding and harvesting of the cotton. Fertilizer produced from petroleum must be used and similarly derived pesticides are often a necessity. Additional fuel is used for the transportation of the cotton to the local gin where seed removal and baling facilities are located. Electricity is used to run the mill. Trucks ship the product. Are we putting more energy into the system than we are getting out of it?

Domesticated species are not the only categories requiring massive energy input from man. Even protected species and ecosystems, which most people consider to be "wild," require large organizations to enforce their protection. The Audubon Society, Greenpeace, Sierra Club, Save the Whales, I.U.C.N., National Park Service and endangered species legislation represent millions of dollars and person hours each year.

Management and Cultivation or Captive-rearing require a great deal more of time and energy than does Protection. Consider the number of zoos and botanical gardens around the world and the cost of operation. The pattern of transition from wild to domesticated shows a trend requiring increased energy to maintain stability and increased dependence on man.

Two parameters of wild ecosystems show a marked change with the transition to domestication: diversity and integration. Diversity of species is

definitely depauperate in a domestic ecosystem such as farmland. Diversity not only decreases as evident through the decimation of species but also in more subtle ways. Diversity is a measure of genetic variability in the ecosystem. Genetic variability of an individual, a population, a species, or any other taxonomic level is just as important. Diversity at all levels stabilizes the system in the event of perturbations. Each member of the various levels serves as a homeostatic mechanism which may be expended by the ecosystem in its effort to stabilize. If the perturbation persists the elements of diversity serve as a bag of tricks which may fit the new order and carry on their treasure of genetic information.

Integration of the various units in the ecosystem is the other parameter on the decline as the world moves toward total domestication. We destroy ecosystems when we domesticate a few of their constituents because the guidelines of the new evolution are such that the co-evolution is with man and not each other. A decrease in the integration of the parts decreases the strength and stability of the whole. Stability grows dependent upon external control, for example, when predators of pests are absent and pesticides are substituted. Even more insidious is the active selection such as crop breeding that results in build up of genes which would be lethal in "wild" or natural ecosystems. This results in biological enslavement and the ecological mandate of "NO RETURN TO THE WILD."

As human population soars, we move closer to a world consisting of humans and their domesticates and pests. Can it or should it be avoided? How far have we progressed toward such a state of overspecialization? The wild world disappears; even Antarctica and the moon require international legal protection. Endangered species legislation is concerned only with a tentative reprieve from the final death sentence of extinction. The concept of endangered species legislation does not give consideration to murder of individuals, demes, and populations. While there are still some truly wild beings, there are fewer and fewer each year. Remaining wildlife and wild ecosystems survive only by becoming protected by law. But only the wealthy can afford to enforce protection. We estimate that at least 30,000 species of plants, or 15% of the species of higher plants, are now cultivated. With time they become genetically altered and inevitably move towards domestication.

Sea weeds are now a multi-billion dollar industry, with select domesticated varieties. The Nile crocodile is being commercially reared and farmed. Sea turtles will survive into the 21st century only if commercially managed. Most of the non-cultivated land surface of the world is being managed. Giraffes, elephants, the few remaining rhinoceroses, caribou, wolves, redwoods, and the forests of the world are managed or else being destroyed.

The battle to prevent untimely extinction of countless kinds of the world's life forms is being lost. Conservation is carried on by affluent societies which can afford to support it as a minor feedback loop off wealth gained by present or former exploitation of other resource/beings. But such financial sources are necessarily only stop-gap attempts and ultimately only tokenism. Whales, sea turtles and the redwoods can probably survive if commercially managed under sound scientific expertise. But it requires long-term financial support, probably longer term than a lifetime or most political regimes.

Such financing needs to be arranged by some pan-national financial entity such as the World Bank. We will underwrite or mortgage the whales, sea turtles and redwoods for a century or more if need be, and by scientific management approaching sustained yield the resource/species can pay off their debts and maintain the continued cost of management research.

Genetically altered, domesticated life forms co-evolved with man may already taxonomically represent more than 10% of the flora and fauna of the world. But sheer biomass of our several most important domesticates must represent a staggering percentage of the total. Life forms already domesticated include such diverse beings as earthworms, dogs, reindeer, cats, gold fish, guppies and hundreds of other tropical fish, trout, catfish, salmon, crickets, praying mantids in China, thousands of orchids, several varieties of gingko, hundreds of food plants, thousands of flowers, fungi, hamsters, finches, ducks, turkeys, geese, canaries and doves, pigeons, parakeets, and chickens, mice, rats, llamas, camels, horses, cows, pigs, bullfrogs, clawed toads, goats, sheep, ferrets, gerbils, water buffalo, silk moths, honey bees, oysters, hydra, Salmonella, E. coli, T4 phage, fruit flies, crayfish, the edible snail of Europe and fill the blanks and tomorrow include microbial recombinant DNA.

What can or should we do? 1. Stabilize or reduce human population until technology can catch up; 2. Maintain maximum biological diversity; and 3. Increase the amount of biomass in the lower energy-requiring categories. Increased biological diversity means diversity at every level. Perhaps the most effective and optimal means would be to effectuate global increases in agroecosystem diversity. Present-day agriculture is dominated by several dozen domesticated species, and the majority of our food, or primary energy, comes from only 6 or 7 major domesticated plants. These are mostly temperate/tropical high-water requiring plants suited to Europe and temperate North America.

The present agricultural philosophy is to modify the environment to fit the crop. We propose to diversify the species base of agriculture so that the crops can be chosen to fit the environment. Each region of the world has species which can be adapted to modern agriculture. For example, 1.8% of the flora of the Sonoran Desert seems to be suitable for adaptation to modern food crops which would provide agroecosystems requiring substantially reduced energy input in terms of fresh water, pesticides, and artificial fertilizers. Extrapolating these and similar data gives a conservative estimate of 1.5% of the world's flora suitable for development as major food crops, or a species base for 21st century agriculture of approximately 3,000 species for major food crops alone.

The next largest gain could be made in managed species. We can no longer save all of them and will have to concentrate on key life forms. Managing them will require maintaining their habitats which will provide incidental protection/management for countless other life forms. As we stated above, present conservation practices are failing. Continued support of the world's disappearing biota with economic feedback loops from the wealthy or resource-rapers can never accomplish the task. We propose to make the resource finance its own management/protection with pan-national underwriting. Management plans may have to be funded for 20, 40 or a hundred years before becoming self-

sufficient through optimal sustained-yield harvesting. Management is particularly significant in a cosmic sense because in this state animals and plants can survive long after we are gone. Can we prevent the premature aging of the planet? The future can be gloriously diverse or sterile.

Turning
&
gleaming
exchanging genetic gifts
in
glorious fitness
**
Diversifying
the
feast of anti-entropy.
*
Turning
&
gleaming.
***

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Pork Barrels and Snail Darters

by Sterling Bunnell

SINCE the Supreme Court decision giving the snail darter's survival priority over the TVA's Tellico Dam, there has been a flurry of commentary in the press. It mainly emphasizes that a $120 million water project was halted to save a three-inch-long species of fish. Some congressmen, concerned that their own pet projects may be blocked by obscure endangered species of wildflowers, fish, or mussels, have launched a concerted attack on the Endangered Species Act. The public, although mostly in favor of saving large and spectacular endangered birds, and probably to a lesser degree mammals, usually considers it absurd that the continued existence of reptile, amphibian, fish, invertebrate, and plant species is allowed to take precedence over large construction projects. A three-inch fish seems insignificant compared to a mighty dam. But there is more to the situation than size or economics.

The universe can be described in terms of mass, energy, and information. According to present cosmological theory, most of the mass and potential energy were created in the first few seconds of the Big Bang; information has been gradually accumulating over the course of time. Through evolution, information is stored in the genes of living organisms by the well-known processes of mutation, natural selection, and sexual recombination. The *species*, as the largest interbreeding population unit, is the level at which the meaning of the genetic code is expressed most fully. Of course, much extragenetic information, with which the genes are in interaction through living history, is present in the interactive patterns of ecosystems and environment, the learning of animals, and the memory, language, and libraries of man. This information interacts with the genes to create living history. *But the species is the great conserver of biological information,* and once lost it will never reappear in the course of time, just as Heraclitus could not step in the same river twice. Although extinction of species has always occurred as a natural process, often matched or exceeded by the formation of new species, mankind has greatly accelerated the rate of extinction by bending the earth to its purposes. Since it takes somewhere

between a few thousand and a million years to produce a new species, with the average probably closer to the longer interval, it is evident that the loss of any species reduces the biological information present in our world for the rest of human history. The extinction of a species is therefore something not to be taken lightly since it diminishes our world for keeps. It may effect us esthetically, scientifically, or in our efforts to maintain stable environments or productive biological systems. Although perhaps not realized for years, there is, from the moment of extinction, an irreversible loss of possibility.

LET us consider the snail darter controversy from this standpoint. The Tellico Dam was constructed to stimulate shoreline development on the resulting lake and to provide flatwater recreation and flood control (both amply provided by other dams on the same river system) with electrical generation only a minor sideline. It would eliminate an entire 17-mile stretch of warm, free-flowing water on the Little Tennessee River (a type of original habitat which has almost disappeared from the region due to the construction of so many TVA dams, which flood the river upstream and release cold water downstream). Whatever the economic benefits of Tellico Dam, and they look fairly marginal, from the informational standpoint it is a minus. What then is the informational value of the snail darter? Hard to estimate, since we don't know what questions future biologists will be asking. There are 115 described species of darters in the United States (and another fifteen waiting to be named). This is an extraordinary array of speciation for such a group of fishes, so the scientific interest of the snail darter is rather enhanced by the existence of so many closely related species. It has, like other forms of wildlife, considerable aesthetic appeal to those who take an interest in it and come to know it. There are certainly more unique endangered species, but the snail darter has, by circumstance of litigation, come to represent many other kinds of endangered animals and plants. Its fate may, by precedent, profoundly effect their chances for survival.

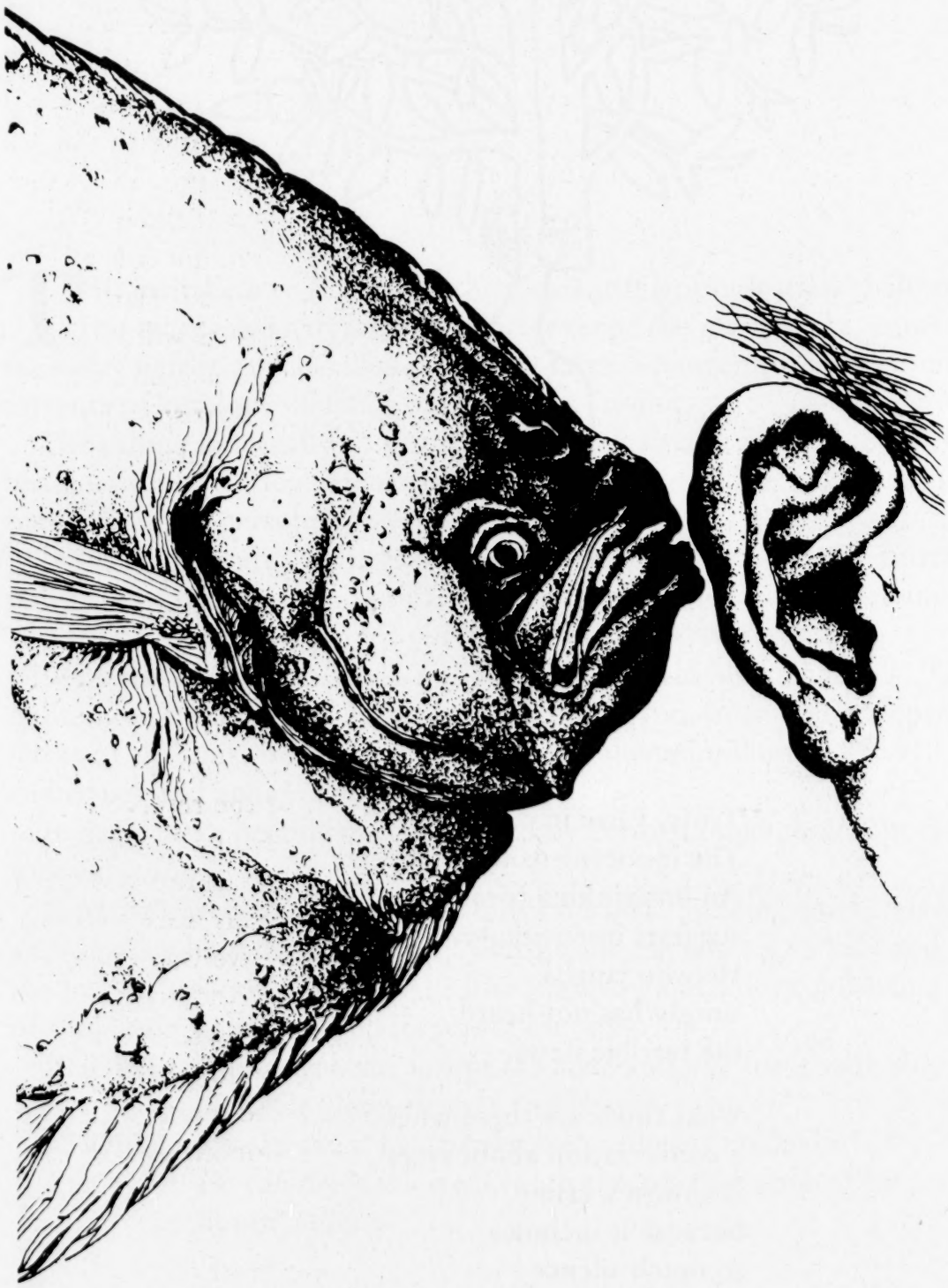
The snail darter also represents a diverse aquatic habitat and species community (including several other species of darters which occupy different niches in the same stretch of river) which will go with it if the reservoir is filled. Attempts are being made to relocate the snail darter in a nearby river, but they aren't very promising since it is part of the same drainage system and the species would probably already be there if the habitat were suitable.

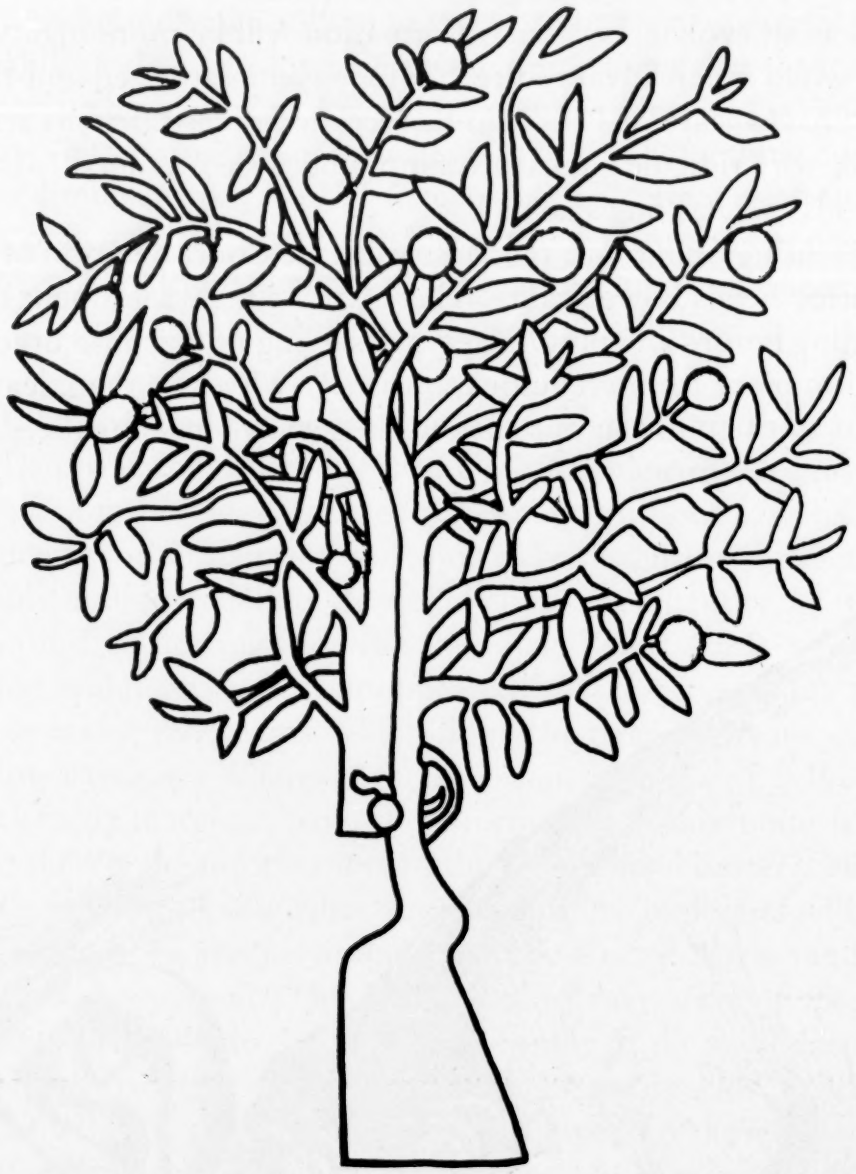
At our present state of awareness, one of the most effective ways to protect threatened natural habitats and their myriad of species and interrelationships is to establish them as reserves for some widely known and appreciated endangered species. With the grizzly bear, buffalo, and bald eagle this approach is likely to succeed. The snail darter and many other creatures similarly lacking in charisma and mythic reputation are likely to fall victim to the politics of the pork barrel.

THOSE whose thinking has been shaped by the culture of the Industrial Age tend to value massiveness and power, and to identify with huge projects regardless of their consequences. In the emerging post-industrial age, which will be concerned with appreciating and living in equilibrium with

the world as an evolving system, information will be more highly regarded. After all, when much advanced technology is miniaturized and the complete works of Shakespeare or Plato can be recorded on a wafer the size of your thumbnail, why ridicule a creature simply because it is small? Is a darter not as marvelous as a basking shark?

In a dissenting opinion to the U.S. Supreme Court decision of June 15, 1978, Justice Lewis Powell said, "There will be little sentiment to leave this dam standing before an empty reservoir, serving no purpose other than a conversation piece for incredulous tourists." Why not, then, leave it as a monument to the point in our nation's history when we realized the value of *evolutionary information?*





from To Later Generations

by Bertolt Brecht

Truly, I live in dark times!
The innocent word is suspect.
An unwrinkled forehead
suggests insensitivity.
He who laughs
simply has not heard
the terrible news.

What times are these when
a conversation about trees
is almost a crime
because it includes
so much silence
about so many outrages!

(Translated by Reinhard Lettau)

The Blind Side of the Future

by Peter Coyote

THE invitation to blue-print the dismantling of industrial civilization is too extravagant to refuse. It is a lozenge the mind sucks, comforting the heart before a road-killed doe. The taste is pungent as humus; musky as torrents of antelope coursing along weedy asphalt.

The calling is actually to dismantle the industrial mind and loose the imagination of its dependence on objects that pretend to enhance, but actually diminish personal power.

Industrial culture confuses mechanical with personal power. Current political forms reflect an industrial preoccupation with multiples and scale. This preoccupation is aggravated by the dwindling stature of human accomplishments before the tireless reproductive capacities of machines. We have obliterated the limits of human physiognomy and, in so doing, deprived ourselves of the universal standard by which we measure human effort, endurance and achievement.

It might have begun here, nourished by curiosity and choice, in the following way:

A native carver squats in the chips of his boat building work. He studies an iron adze held out to him by a European. He takes it in his hand and likes the heft. Its tooth shines and its bite is greedy and sure, condensing phases of the moon. The tool and its power are sexy.

CHOICE: The carver can accept the adze and pay for it with the requisite flesh of otter and beaver.

CHOICE: He can say, "No thanks, we've always made do."

CHOICE: He can drive the steel tooth through the pulp of his donor's brain.

WE know the scenario. Much American mythology has focused on the portentousness of this meeting from a European's point of view. Such myths eclipse the more objective field against which the meeting

should be reviewed. Here is a kind of ruler:

An aboriginal warrior from New Guinea encounters a Zippo lighter in the hand of an Allied soldier who has just parachuted from a plane. The warrior throws himself on the ground, shredding his hair and weeping, mystifying witnesses. My informant speculated that nothing in aboriginal mythology or cosmology could account for the Zippo, plane, or parachutist. An alien force had punctured the world. The warrior mourned because he knew the wound was fatal.

Only three decades separate the slash of that cultural collision from the suturing of the satellite photos of Earth. These two points in time, are like an eye at full open and closed – a blink. This is the apt metaphor for the duration of our machine age measured against the immensities of geological time, or an accurate spectrum of primitive human time.

Gary Snyder gives us a nice feeling for that primitive time in his essay "Poetry and the Primitive." Using the word "primitive" to relate to human existence during the last 40,000 years; an ancient, stable, continuity, Snyder describes:

> societies which have remained non-literate and non-political while necessarily exploring and developing in directions that civilized societies tend to ignore. Having fewer tools, no concern with history, a living oral tradition rather than an accumulated library, no overriding social goals, and considerable freedom of sexual and inner life, such people live vastly in the present. Their daily reality is a fabric of friends and family, the field of feeling and energy that one's own body is, the earth they stand on and the wind that wraps around it; and various areas of consciousness.

This description is a general one, but, for primitive people, "the earth they stand on" is never a general, but always a specific understanding. Peter Berg has named this understanding *living-in-place* and defines it thus:

> following the necessities and pleasures of life as they are uniquely presented by a given place, and evolving ways to ensure long-term inhabitation of that place.

This field of study is gaining adherents and credibility. *CoEvolution Quarterly* recently published a Watershed Issue, and watershed is being adapted as a more sensitive orientation than State or County borders. Borrowing from the natural sciences, the term "bio-region" has been introduced as a political concept. Quoting Berg again:

> Bioregion is a way to define a specific place with reference to the conditions that influence all living things within it . . . it describes both a place and ideas about living in it combined.

Planet Drum magazine has guided, identified and supported a forum for such exploration and the *Frisco Bay Mussel Group* has established itself as an ad hoc regional study group and issue-oriented political body to insure that necessities and continuities of "place" are represented in political dialogs and planning for the future.

THE specificity of "place" is pivotally important. The way the earth extrudes itself into particular plants and animals, and sweats particular varieties of weather, is being smothered by the homogenizing pressures of industry. Our cultural adaptation to this pressure has been the development of mass social structures and institutions. These adaptations throttle not only individuals, but groups of individuals as well as diverse areas of the Planet which do not accommodate the demand for uniformity necessary to mecho-operations and production. Emotions and beliefs are human weather, affected by and interpenetrating climate and bio-geography. "Mass" society has no seismographs sensitive to such wavelengths, even when they are expressed as culture, and so, ignores or buries them.

The term "spaceship earth" illuminates our ambiguous relationship to the high-tech present. On the one hand it alludes to mystery, power, and the promise of untapped frontiers. On the other hand, it connotes the module adrift in sub-zero vacuum – the puny astronaut connected to life-support systems by only a slender umbilicus. For most people, unplugging the air conditioner has become synonymous with snipping that cord. We are snared in cords.

Employment is such a cord. Its primary function: the accomplishment of socially useful tasks; and the means of participating in the flow of goods and services condoned by those who control them. There are other modes for participating, but they are negatively reinforced to disguise their true functions. Welfare for example. Under the guise of compassion, welfare secures several social necessities: it keeps the poor out of the garbage cans and hence the armories; allows them to function as conduits for the cash to support small merchants, landlords, and thus the banks; and offers a bottom line in terms of status by which others may measure their relative well-being. The true social and economic functions of welfare have not been generally revealed because the marginally employed, who trade their breath for porridge, would erupt in political fury at the inequity of social roles available simply to spend money. No leadership has admitted that our economy is a botched and haphazard affair and that government over-employs, just like it pays the poor, to keep the damn ship afloat. The recent success of the Jarvis-Gann initiative testifies to the generality of ignorance about such matters. The employed are taught to spurn welfare grifters and government bureaucrats humiliate "clients" through regulation and attitude, to maintain the illusion that they are not symbiotically related. The fact that such roles are essential to keep the economy oiled does not make up for lives in thrall. In just this way does the victimization of one group of people exact payment from the total society.

ATTEMPTS at imposing monocultural solutions to diverse problems can only be deflected by attention to detail. It is through details that we see actual differences. Economies are collective agreements for survival. Add the words "in place" to that definition, and place and economics could be married by defining useful tasks as those which support the beauty, health, diversity, and productivity of a place. The next step is the design of positive,

participatory roles to accomplish these ends. A few possibilities to stimulate dialog:

1) San Francisco Bay could be a salad bowl where men and women walk to work to harvest mussels, shrimp, sturgeon, oysters, clam, fish, duck, cordgrass, and goose down. It does not have to be a sump for industrial offal. The enhanced carrying capacity of a renewed Bay would be a fixed line item in a budget to relate salaries and expenses more objectively than labor arbitration teams. The Bay can produce only so much. Biologists or shamans might be the accountants for such a system. Government would host forums to study interfacing the rest of the economy with the biological givens. San Francisco Bay could be the basis of an opulent, labor-intensive, ecologically-harmonious, industry with sport, tourist, and scientific spin-offs from wild-food restaurants to underwater photo caravans.

2) Linn House, author of *Totem Salmon* (a seminal essay concerned with spiritual and economic possibilities of relating to Salmon) tells me that almost 50% of the California Salmon catch is due to overruns from the Fraser River in Canada. That river is systematically prepared for annual migrations of *wild* salmon. Rather than increase numbers of hatchery marshmallows in United States waters, we might emulate the Canadians and create a work-force of loggers, fishermen, rural unemployed, to clear creeks of debris and enlarge and prepare breeding pools with gravel – the ceremonious re-invitation of Salmon to the Northwest. Not only would this create a labor force with a stake in monitoring irresponsible logging operations and nuclear discharges, but it would foster an environmentally sound industry with all the appropriate social and economic leverage. Think of smoked Salmon and eggs on moist, piney mornings; Brazilian delegates lined up to trade aromatic coffee for our pink, wild meat.

3) Neighborhoods determine underused streets in alternate blocks and residents tear up the asphalt. We park near our homes and stroll through thickets of tomato and fennel; past flashbulbs of pansy and iris; past neighbors busy with herbs, flowers, vegetables, chickens, rabbits, and pigeons, preparing for the clamorous barter and sale of market day and neighborhood produce and livestock competitions. Children released from studies to harvest school luncheons, lascivious tomato plucking. Automobiles less necessary and less used. Escape unnecessary.

Regional planning groups like Association of Bay Area Governments begin to sketch in the relationships of urban centers to surrounding bio-regions. As it is now, people emigrate to cities to earn money destroying where they just left. When cities become enticing again, people will abandon the isolation and boredom of suburbs (surrender that land for agriculture) and return to the turbulent urban cores with money, ideas and energy.

As the generosity and lushness of nature becomes a major support and succor, concerns for other forms of life will cease being romantic preoccupations with aesthetics. (Sierra Club photos with all evidence of humanity scrubbed from the frame – pathological concern with "sanitation" – humanity as disease.)

The kinetic energy potential for such changes are the visions and desires of human beings. Each gradient of emotion above or below contentment is a

reservoir of energy with as much harnessable potential as thermal gradients in the ocean.

THE CANE OF THE BLIND MAN SWINGS LEFT AND RIGHT

THERE is an unseen side to all this. These speculations are just the shell of the peanut. Everything necessary to transform human society into paradise is here now and has always been here. Our present species evolution is not one bit less greedy or rapt than any other. This meaty hand and edged tooth are unrestrained, this glinty eye undimmed. Cased in rosy-hued, sienna, chocolate or sandy skin, it is a foraging, grasping force that walks.

This is no apology for the present. There is no inherent biological demand that we build the civilizations and value systems we have today. Nothing prevents it either. It is not as if we have all been stalemated, waiting for the critical byte of information to free us from conceptual bondage. The appropriate question is not *how* to dismantle industrial civilization, but *why will we?* The possibility has always existed as choice at any moment. We can turn around at the door of the appliance store; leave the trail bike home and walk; use the engine as an anchor and hoist sail. Why haven't we until now and why will we tomorrow? We won't, as long as we refuse to accept limits of form and continue to ignore limited mental constructs and the gluppy, swampy, explorations of our own inner realities.

The problem (as much as anything else) is the greedy attachment to "evolving," "bettering," "refining" the realms of matter, as if everything this side of pulse and breath were not already gravy. This is the itch that always demands a scratch, capitalist or communist finger – name the race. This is the unseen contaminant we inject into every sterile new vision of the future from Space Colonies to Bio-regional Collective government, as if the creation of mechanical or political structures could be as reliable as internal combustion engines. Reliability is a disguise for security and there are two schools of thought relating to this pursuit. Americans armor their structures (puns intentional) to protect themselves against the shocks of earthquakes. The Japanese build light, easily repairable structures to do minimal damage during their inevitable collapse.

Humans have effectively blocked or damped external restraints to growth and power. We have created machines to stretch the perimeters of the possible in the physical world and free us of the labors to feed and clothe ourselves as if the spirit was humiliated in submitting to laws established for sentient life. The flesh has triumphed and the spirit is chilled in the mouths of our parents, dead and abandoned in the antiseptic corridors where we warehouse tottering bodies. Deprived of meaningful labors and unsure whether or not we could survive outside of our mechanical bassinet, the quest for spiritual freedom and refinement has been consigned to a host of "new-age" specialists and hedonistic future mongers.

DISCUSSIONS of social rearrangements and forms that don't include individual responsibilities like self-restraint and qualities like character, are hopelessly off the mark. This is one problem with alternative energy manifestos and gismos that constantly skirt or obfuscate the real issue, which is, dirty

or clean, how much of the Planet is man's to use up for his creature comforts?

Dismantling will manifest itself through personal choice. To choose to care for an old car another 10 years obviates two new ones being built for you. Fewer clothes, more repairable, less disposable stuff is less time in thrall, less Planet transformed. Government won't do *this* for you.

The God of Life is the God of Death and if we really want to stab the beast right in the greasecups, we should not pretend that it is not the death of freedom as we know it. The "rights" we flaunt are based on mercantile allusion, energy subsidy and addiction to comfort. Our psychology, aspirations and social structures have organized themselves behind the banner of Independence for 200 years. Freedom came to mean "without limits." This banner has been shredded through the intricate mesh of the inter-relatedness of all life. It has passed from and abandoned the field to the poetic and metaphysical truths of older, wiser folk. What's before us is the construction of new value systems and societies informed by these truths and the particularities of bio-geography. Concepts floating like clouds over the horizon which we mistake as sunrise are actually mid-day for most of the Earth's ancient people. What is to come (the shadows they cast on our ground) will be the permutation of our laws, mores, psychology, social structures, and notions of the physical universe.

We usually consider primitive societies freer than our own in romantic and sentimental ways. While they are less constrained to some degree, there are other ways in which they are governed by laws with no appeals, loopholes, or permissive theories as buffers for personal indulgence. No one may tell you how to dress, but then again, you may never look at your mother-in-law, or reveal what happens in the kiva. This intimacy between freedom and discipline has been lost to us as a culture. Even many artists have forgotten that creative impetus comes from the struggle *with* form, not from violating it.

My presentiment is that until we diminish our attachment to progress, ease and newness, voluntarily assume more of the trials and labors of existence, we are whistling in the dark and fated to nurse puny spirits. Only by using the apparent advantages of machines sparingly and with ritual restraint will we regain a world that is once again scaled to human dimensions. We will replace machines with tight community and social forms that support, contain, protect, and necessarily pinch off indulgences that now pass for liberty. Using less, buying less, trusting imagination over glut; exploring boredom, anger, greed; learning to follow or lead as situations demand; understanding the distinctions between power and restraint – these are the avenues, I believe, to social and personal integrity. This is where we will gain knowledge of verifiable worth. The one objective arbiter for this venture is nature, and all we know of Her are the life and laws of our bodies and this planet.

The germ of my faith and the form of its expression collide here and sound a passing tone. Fifty years from now I would hope that printed articles for intellectual networks will have been replaced by oral stories for actual communities. The times offer this rock in a rushing stream and I've paused on it, in my crossing. If answers are to be found in place, among lovers, relatives and friends however, that is where dialog should be generated and targeted. Here's hoping that we can all get back to work and stop writing about it.

The Painted Air

by Henry Munn

I drank the goblet of the jungle's spirit. At the beginning, I saw stars, myriad points of dancing colored lights. I still didn't know what I was going to do, whether I was really going to buy a mosquito net and hammock and set out up the river looking for a tribe of Indians or go without searching any further.

Now that I had heard one medicine man sing and realized that shamans are men who, when they are transformed, chant in expression of the energy flowing through them, I wanted to hear another man sing intoxicated by yajé, an Indian of a tribal culture, whose singing, I imagined, would be wilder, more inventive than the monotonous chants of this medicine man of the river town whose tribal ancestry was lost in his mind.

All through the day, I had been looking at maps. Where was I to go? The rivers, where were they, where they said in books that the different Indian tribes lived? When last seen there were maybe fifty of them, seventy or twenty.

'So when is it,' asked Octavio, the shaman, the first medicine man I had met along the way of medicines, 'that you are going to leave to travel upstream, young student Henry?'

'This coming week,' I replied. It had become clear to me during the intoxication what I was going to do. My idea was to head for the border of Peru and Brazil to see if I could find an Indian tribe to live with for awhile.

When I stepped ashore in the Conibo village the first thing they did was take me to a mosquito net hung up in the open and pull it aside. A gaunt face with bright eyes looked at me. The man had been sick with fever for months.

'Isn't there any doctor?'

'No. Are you a doctor?' ("Mueraya," as they called him, the great spirit, the man of medicine, the freer from pain. There was a missionary in the village but he was away. Apparently he isn't a doctor.) Why hadn't he sent

for one? Huata said that many people are refused treatment even when seriously ill because they don't go to church.

Then they took me to the shaman, Jose Santos Chocano. Huata explained to him in Indian that I'd pay them if they'd feed me and give me a place to stay. I'd also pay him if he'd sing for me. I wanted to drink ayahuasca (the Quechua name for yajé used by the Peruvians). Then he took leave of me and pushed off in his boat to return to civilization, leaving me there with the Indians.

The medicine man gave me a corner of his house, a raised platform underneath a thatched roof, the walls open, facing the lake, the land of the opposite shore a thin strip between the water and the sky.

Some men were standing by the shore leaning against a platform filing things down. I thought at first that they were sharpening what had already been made, but when I walked over and looked, I found that they were filing barbs into nails to make harpoon points.

In the morning, they gave me yuccas and fish in a bowl and I drank a cup of coffee. There was nothing there to buy. There were no restaurants or stores. I depended on them to feed me in return for my gifts: flashlights, machetes, scissors, needles and thread I began to distribute. The only food I had brought with me were some cans of ham and a tin of Nescafe.

The men paddled away in their canoes, leaving me in the village with the women. They were tall and big breasted, wide-cheeked with bangs sliced off evenly above their foreheads, their black hair hanging down savagely on either side of their face like existentialists.

I wandered around the community, a cluster of twenty or more thatch-roofed houses without walls, the floors raised off the ground. Pet monkeys were tied to the houseposts, necklaces of monkey teeth and beads around their necks. Their pottery was everywhere: polychrome vessels ornamented with rectilinear geometrical designs in black and red against a cream background, the thick heavy lines complemented by thin fine lines.

The women sat on the floor of the houses, looms attached to their waists, the other end tied to posts, weaving, with silver moons hanging from their noses, children playing about them on the floor, the cheeks of the little girls painted with stars. When the babies sleeping in hammocks woke up and began to cry, the women rocked them without interrupting their work by moving their feet, a string connected with the hammock tied to their big toe.

In the late afternoon, the men returned and the women carried the fish lying in the bottoms of the canoes to the cooking house.

It was getting dark. There was no sign of anything going to happen. Were they going to drink the ayahuasca? I was finally too impatient and asked instead of waiting to see. No, he said, are you? I was surprised. I tried to conceal my anger and disappointment. Then the bottle appeared. Here it is, he said. They were going to drink after all. He'd been kidding me. A trickster. But he only gave me a small amount, not enough.

The men gathered dressed in long red robes drawn with black linear designs, dark figures sitting on a mat on the ground near the shore of the lake,

smoking their pipes, holding burning chunks of wood in their hands to light the tobacco they carried in pouches around their necks. The white metal bowl of red rotgut went the rounds invisibly without me noticing it.

Then he began to sing, it was incredible, beyond anything I had ever dreamed: eerie, thrilling, high-pitched, long, drawn-out tones complemented by the deep bass voices of other men singing out of phase with him. This was not just simple monodic chanting, but polyphonic music of an astounding beauty.

The structural similarity between their visual and vocal expression became evident at once. The polyphonic linearity of Conibo chant is the musical counterpart of the designs on their pottery and fabrics: the fine line, the high sharp tone, counterpointed by the thick line, the deep bass tone.

These are people who laugh. Laughing in the morning. Laughing contagiously at the afternoon meal. They are always breaking up into fits of laughter.

Lying around on the floor of the open house
with the breeze passing through
each occupied with his task or amusement
babies sucking at breasts
drawing out thread from cotton
playing a flute

At nightfall, birds plummeting into the lake. An Indian standing up in a canoe, shooting at them with a bow and arrow.

The men all squat around a common bowl of food eating with their fingers, the women around another.

Here visual art is the work of women; music and the word, the creations of men.

The psychedelics, which make it seem when you look at people as if their faces are tattooed, had led me to a group of Indians whose women painted their faces with linear designs as if they were looking out through the convolutions of the brain, their natural selves inscribed with the abstract schemas of their society. Even the paddles, the fish clubs, the wooden harpoon points and the pipe bowls are incised with the designs that distinguish the Conibo from all the other tribes of the Amazon.

This is a society that was originally matriarchal, one in which women are highly respected instead of regarded as inferior. The women are the mothers of the children and the artists of the tribe. Goddesses with painted faces, it is they who hold the secret of designs, matrixes of life, sources of delight. It is the women with the vases of being in their bellies who paint the white bowls with red and black lines, angles, hooks, stepped frets and lozenges. They are the ones who weave and decorate the cushmas of the men and the long strips of cloth they wrap around their waists. The high conception of women in this tribe is based not only on their role as mothers and cooks in the primitive communistic household but on their ability as artists.

Both the men and the women painted their foreheads, fingers and toes blue-black with genipa dye, dividing the articulations of the hands and feet and the brow itself from the rest of the body, marking them off, as if to

emphasize their humanity in contrast to the prehensile naturalness of the monkeys. We want to return to nature. People who live as close to nature as they, want to separate themselves from it, drawing a line between themselves and the other animals. They tied boards to babies' heads to give them broad flat foreheads and bound thongs around the girls' ankles to swell their legs to loveliness.

Waiting until after dark to drink, the men came in their long cushmas of linear designs drawn in black on red, and sat down beside the lake, dark and twinkling under the stars, facing the platform on which the women and the children sat as on a dias, the muses of creation.

Only the men drink the yajé, it's forbidden to women, but they attend the ceremonies. Their presence is indispensable. They're like an audience.

The currents of the brain begin to flow, streams of energy emanating from the body in waves of vibrations transformed into sound. There is nothing suprasensible about these experiences of heightened spirituality. It is a question of frequencies, of tones, of vibratory intensities.

He spoke of a cross, a celestial intersection in space, a point of encounter, where people met and sang, spirits gathered together to cure the ills of life.

The macaw with his painted wings sang through him, the hummingbird hummed in his reverberant voice.

Designs were strong medicine for them as they were for the Navajo, because they brought to light the structures of being, realigned man with the patterns of meaning.

Shadows in the night, people appeared, bringing their sick, and sat down in front of him for him to attend to them.

"My painted cigar/with smoke I am going to clean the one who has bad air so the body will be pretty," he sang. "In the middle of the body entered lapuna air (one of the biggest trees of the jungle)/this going to clean with hummingbird/within the water there is a devil/he carried off the soul of the baby girl/with my song I bring back once more the soul of the baby girl to heal her/in the middle of the water there is a vapor/the soul of the baby girl/so I see/I aid with my cigar/with my tobacco smoke/with this I am going to help bring back once more the soul of the baby girl that the devil has carried off/I myself am medicine/for this I sing/to heal/with my words/with my cigar/I am going to heal this baby girl/after curing her I am going to cure a man as well."

They had pouches of tobacco around their necks and smoked their pipes, wafting the white smoke over the sick as the medicine man sang his healing songs and rustled leaves to drive away the spirits of illness, shaking the branch like a rattle in time to his chant.

For me, yajé would have proved to be a medicine if I held to my resolve, made that first exhilarating night high in Pucallpa amid so much fervent magical blowing of tobacco, to stop smoking cigarettes. For the American Indians, tobacco was a sacred plant with medicinal powers, a means of communicating with the gods. Many of the myths about the origins of tobacco are myths about the origins of the shamanistic ability to cure sickness. It is ironic that what for them was holy has for us become the source of lung

cancer, the packaged death of our consumer society, like a revenge of the native spirits of this earth on those who robbed it from its original settlers.

The Conibo men smoke only at night. They aren't chain smokers like us, compulsive and habit driven, with racking coughs. I've never seen Chocano smoking during the day.

Here one was at the origins of expression, where art went under the name of medicine and the power to heal lay not only in the empirical knowledge of remedial herbs, but in the tonic transporting force of song and words reverberant with meaning.

They go out on to the lake in front of their village or into the jungle, hunt and fish, and if they don't find anything, they don't eat. The only use they have for money is as a means of exchange in Pucallpa for the white men's goods. Among themselves they don't buy or sell anything. There isn't even a market here. Out in back of the village, in the jungle, they have communal gardens, stands of yuccas and banana trees, where everyone takes what they need.

Huata who brought me said the Conibo don't work. That's the idea of the Peruvians in the waterfront towns. What they mean is that they don't work for money. Far from being lazy, they're always occupied in a non-routine, casual, diversified way. The one who shot monkeys yesterday, stayed home today playing his flute. They don't do the same thing from day to day like we do with our forty hour work weeks. One day they go hunting; the next day they stay at home, lie around talking and playing music; today they knocked down one shelter used as a kitchen and put up another.

In the middle of this village of extended family communism, where the houses had no walls, there was a house with walls and a picture window overlooking the lake like a summer home in New Hampshire, a lawn around it and posts put up for a fence, but still without the wire: the house of the American missionary.

I woke up in the morning hearing the noise of an electric generator running a washing machine. The missionary had returned. Outside the house a white albino child was riding around on a tricycle.

At dusk he came to visit me where I was sitting in a corner of the shaman's house, both of us Americans.

'Are you Enrique?' He invited me to his house.

'Tonight is not a very good night. Tomorrow.'

'Are you going to drink tonight?' I asked the medicine man, forcing him. It seemed to me he didn't really want to. We drank in his house instead of outside by the shore of the lake. He was afraid that the missionary would hear the singing. He sang in a low voice inhibited by the other's presence, dressed in a white cushma instead of the red one he wore the nights beside the lake. When the effect had passed, I asked him where the force of the yajé comes from.

'From up above,' he answered. 'The doctor is there with medicine.'

The next day I went to visit the missionary. He was mowing his lawn in a white T-shirt and khaki pants.

'Did you eat mushrooms in Mexico? You must know a lot about ayahuasca.'

(A policeman. The long arm of American puritanism reaching to the center of South America was chilling.) 'When this curandero you knew in Pucallpa sang, did his voice sound like his usual voice or did it change? Why? Because when they drink ayahuasca, see, and get possessed, then their voice, see, is supposed to become somebody else's voice. The devil is a counterfeiter. If you read the the Bible, maybe you'd find in it what you're looking for from drugs.'

They cooked up the yajé, the spirit drink of their fluvial world and its currents of song. A man beat the wooden vine – reddish, chemical saturated – with a piece of iron on an axehead to make pulp of it; then he put it into the pot to boil with dried greenish leaves. Throughout the day it boiled in the black kettle, the top thick with froth, tended by a man instead of a woman.

Chocano, the shaman, is an active, energetic, rarely idle man. In the morning, when I awoke, he had already gone fishing. He came back in the middle of the day, paddling in his canoe, the bottom filled with a fat catch.

Visitor from the State in the commune of these Indians, their Harmony, his wife brought me a bowl of fish soup with the fish mashed up inside of it, bones and all, and some hot yuccas (manioc).

After he ate, Chocano sharpened his machetes and played with his baby daughter, laughing his monkey's laugh. He always wore a woodsman's cap with a patch of red cloth sewn to the front of it. The visor was usually turned to the back or to one side. He told me he was going off to cut a path through the jungle and paddled away in his canoe again. Slight and wiry, the skin of his face somewhat drawn, he seemed to have more energy than anyone around.

In archaic communities, the shaman is the poet, musician, and artist of his people. It is not by chance that the first specialist of human society, the medicine man, should be a specialist of the symbolic function from which springs both art and science.

In no hurry to drink, they waited until well into the night to begin. I sat in my corner, looking at the fireflies lighting up in the darkness, listening to the croaking frogs, wondering whether they were going to drink at all.

Then he gestured to me to follow him. We went to another house, farther away from the missionary's ears, his suburban house lit up like a demonic jack-o-lantern.

There we sat down on the upraised floor in the dark under the shelter of the roof, the lake a lucent plain beyond the trees. Other men, whom I didn't recognize in the dark, appeared to drink too.

He sang stretched out on the floor, lengthwise, a handkerchief over his head, horizontal as his low flat land, his high-pitched voice, whose clear pure tones rang in the night, tracing an undular mellifluous melodic line unrolling endlessly in dreamlike motion, a revery in sound.

He marking time in a deep voice with his repeated phrases, a high voice in the background coming in from time to time, while he goes on until he breaks out into a statement on which they all join in in unison; then the rhythm begins again, the high-pitched voice rising in the background like an eerie

respiration above the pulse beat of his chant, its rapid regular periodic tempo followed by a discharge of energy; one carrying the rhythm, the other giving expression to the inhalation and exhalation of the breath, another man coming in to reinforce him, the other voice rising in the background, while he goes on and on before breaking the rhythm, ending in a hoopla and an expulsion of air like a return to earth, a successful landing after a flight through the sky carried on the wings of song.

I have called their music polyphony because of the presence of various voices singing simultaneously, but in the strict musicological sense of the term as the responsiveness of one voice to another, this multi-voiced music was not true polyphony, but heterophony, each voice singing independently of the other, following their own inspiration, out of phase with each other, but curiously in accord.

"So we come to cure the sick/with ladder of air/we come in formation to cure the sick/broom of the King we bring/it appears brilliant/to clean the body." "With painted air comes much medicine," sang the man with monkey teeth bracelets alternating with bead ones around his muscular arms. On the psychedelics, when one opens one's eyes, it is as if the night were imprinted with signs. That is what he must have meant by the painted air. "Black bird, his wing is a sounding saw, strong medicine," sang another voice; and Chocano chanted: "Seated in a chair/I cure you/your entire body/to heal the body it is necessary that my countrymen sing together with me/we are singers/ in the street the girls are dancing."

They sang, their high voices sounding together, in harmony with each other. Then he drops down into a deeper register and comes out with a loud statement in a sudden burst of intensity, the last note held, drawn out, sustained, when he begins again in a high-pitched voice, the others singing in unison with him, another voice entering in while they hold a tone to inscribe a sound figure in the background, the melody continuing in a low, entrancing, sliding tempo, his voice in the lead, the others harmonizing with him, until by a sudden modulation he shifts from one key to another, diving down below the others, giving the linear horizontal temporality of song a vertical dimension, and like a gust of force utters a resounding declaration, the last phrase drawn out, a tone.

Then he said he was through. Has the giddyness passed or not? he asked me. It seemed as if no time had gone by at all. I wanted them to go on and on, transported as I was outside of time into the time of music. Listening to them sing, what was I thinking of?

The high and the low govern their chants, the sky and the earth, the idea of above and below. Their land is flat. Hence the linearity of their designs and the horizontality of their chants whose verticality is given them by the pitch of the melodic line. People going along rivers carried by the current underneath them, the immense sky with its towering clouds overhead.

The high notes sung in a falsetto voice which only the principal shaman can maintain are the supernatural ones, the transcendental ethereal ones.

In his house, he cured his granddaughter, singing as he shook his branch of leaves over her in time to his chant. The baby, held in his daughter's lap, cried, a lump on her head like a tumor. It was pathetic to watch him. What

good could waving a branch of leaves over her do? I looked into the dark beautiful face of the woman holding her sick child in her arms, communicating my concern, the father stretched out on the floor singing. I could speak to the missionary and ask him if he has medicine or not. But maybe they wouldn't want him to touch the child.

'This is what we do since we have no pills,' he told me. Then the music gripped me again. It was a lilting song sung with an uplifting verve, a song that flowed along, incantatory and magical. "I intoxicated with ayahuasca/ because of that I cure the baby girl/with my strong air/I am going to save the body of the baby girl/pretty pidgeon/its beak has a cutting edge/with this I am going to clean/I am a very strong medicine man/I heal you child/I sing my strong words for the body to be well/I am a very wise doctor/medicine like light/with that I illuminate all the body in order to have good thought."

They were a people without writing, a people without money, a people of signs, who covered everything and themselves with the inscriptions of their tribe. They did not produce commodities, they produced art.

It is an art of straight lines and angles, crosses, diamonds and x's, the fine lines inside the heavy lines usually ending in stepped frets or hooks, an art as linear as their flat labyrinthine land of rivers, lakes, and inlets, but one in which the curve is almost totally absent. In their art the crosses repeated to infinity are cosmograms representing the four cardinal directions of the earth and its center. Diamonds with lines radiating out from them, terminating with double diamonds, are obviously glittering stars. Other motifs: forked lines arising from a diamond-like kernel, each one ending in a cross, look like blossoms. Anyone who has studied the Conibo has been impressed by the fact that they have no explanation for the various motifs of their beautiful, intricate patterns. The logic manifested by these patterns is one of pure relationships instead of meanings, as different from symbolic representation as algebra is from words.

It is as if their painting were a diagram of their music and their music the acoustic rendering of their painting. Designs drawn in space by the hand and sound-figures drawn in time by the voice. If the men sing and the women paint, it is because the voice is an assertion of physical force. The penis the women lack – the Conibo excise the clitoris at puberty rites – is replaced by the brush and the strip of bamboo with which they paint designs. The slit between their legs makes them the masters of lines, as the counterpart of the penis is the tongue with which the men sing. The word is masculine because of the seminal nature of its semantic power, especially when sexualized by music. Plastic activity is associated with the gestation of forms making it the domain of women. Moreover, the beauty of designs relates them to women, whose attraction surpasses words like the patterns with which they embellish things, belonging, as they do, not to the realm of intellectual signification but to the sensual one of visual pleasure.

"Bird with design/very painted/gives us happiness," he sang.

The man with fever, whom they showed me when I arrived, has died. What could I do for him or for the little girl with the tumor on her head? I'm not a doctor.

The missionary does have medicine and some medical training. 'Anybody who wants medicine can come here and buy it from me,' he told me when I asked him. 'But among themselves they don't buy or sell anything.' 'All civilized people buy and sell,' he replied.

He showed me photographs of native villages taken from the air: circles of houses in clearings, paths radiating out from them into the jungle. Intent on spreading the word of God, they had airplanes in which they flew over the forest on reconnoitering missions, looking for tribes who still hadn't heard of money or Christ. When they located them, they would send in people to teach them the virtues of thrift and hard work. He even came around this afternoon and preached to me, making me sick, a Bible Belt Fundamentalist telling me to give my heart to Jesus. I overheard him tell a little boy after a ball game, 'You're guilty for having lost.' No, he wasn't the one to touch the woman's child.

Sitting in a corner of Chocano's house after taking several swigs of the drink, the Indians sleeping around me, I saw the missionary and all of his family cut up into pieces, dismembered, arms, heads, legs and bodies churning around in my mind like in a washing machine. I could incite the Indians to throw him out and tell whoever had sent him to send a doctor instead. At gunpoint, I saw us forcing him and his wife to pack up all their belongings, abandon their suburban house, get in a boat and get out. No, I was the one who should get out. There was Chocano, the shaman, forced to look at an American suburban home in the middle of his village, with another gringo living in the corner of his house. Two Americans were too much. These friendly, cheerful people deserved to be left alone without being bothered by intruders.

Chocano had told me he was going to Pachitea in the morning. I would have liked to have stayed another week, but how could I with the missionary following me around trying to convert me. Why not go from the lake out to the Ucayali with Chocano in the morning? He was the one to take me back.

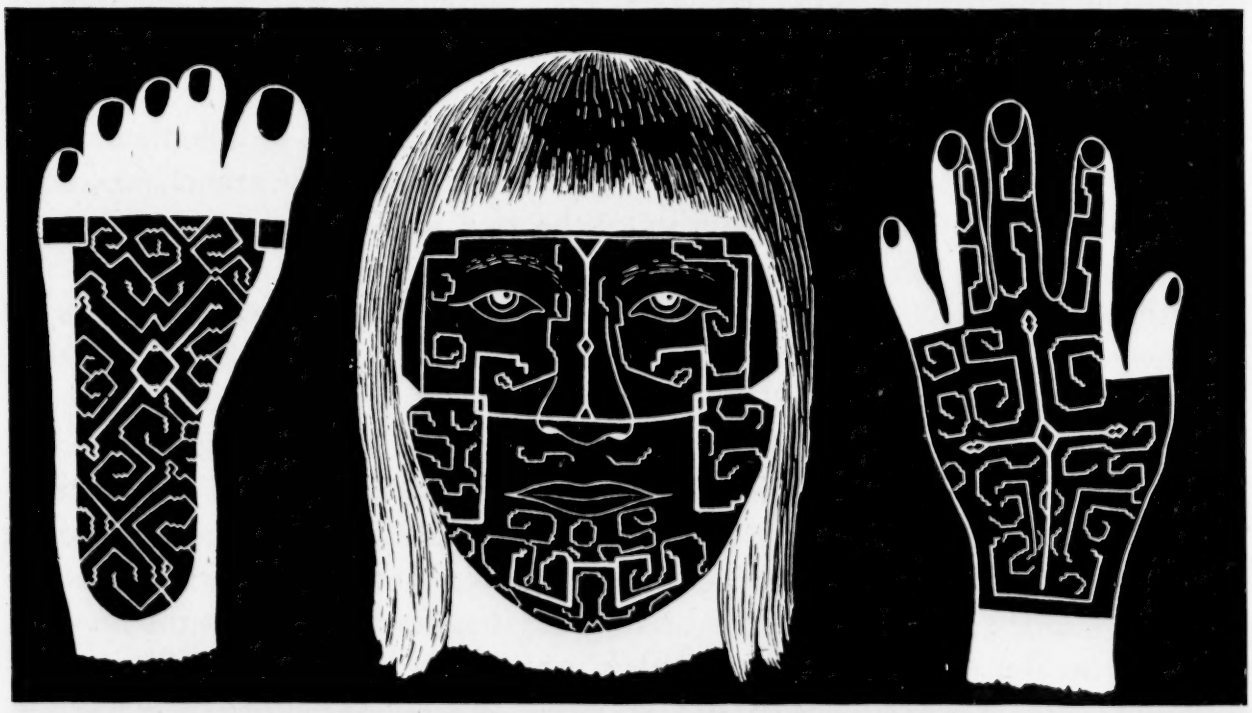
I saw them in my mind's eye, gather beside the lake to partake of the spirit, women and children grouped on the platform, men seated on the mats in their cushmas, handkerchiefs over their heads, shaking their branches of leaves like rattles. They sang. The rhythm of the yajé, whose secret came from within the river, took them down inside the currents of their earth, deep within their collective minds. They paddled as they sang, they chanted as they paddled. Boatmen with their women and children, on their way to the celestial realm across the transcendental planes of sparkling water, they went to the cross on which the jaguar sang, frightening away all evil on every hand. Ladders, as if by miracle, fell down, and they climbed into the world of the parrots, singing, waving their wands of colored feathers, their words whistling and cutting the air like hummingbird's wings, freeing spirits. In their ears they heard the clockwork of the brain, time that is not time, but the instant and miraculous time of dream. There they were, all of them, men, women, and children, gathered beside the lake, in the sky, singing above their flat horizontal land, going up their vertical ladders into the heavenly realms of their earthly music.

When we pushed off in the canoe, the women came with their tattooed

faces, their waists wrapped in designs, and gave me bracelets of monkey teeth and beads of bright colors for the lady of my heart, because I carried with me their songs, messages into the beyond, medicine bundles.

Out of their lake, through its dream frontiers, we went through the flooded tropical forest, clouds and foliage reflected in the water, and into great lagoons with tall, burnt, stricken trees, where white birds flew, honking at our passage. Out of these wastes of water that lie around the lakes of the Conibo and Shipibo, we entered the undergrowth of the forest as the sun set. He could hardly see to guide us quietly, no ground anywhere around, between the branches and the trunks of the trees, until we came out. The Ucayali, wide and immense, its currents flowing. We floated in the canoe while he lit his pipe, the moon above us in the sky, a bright star ahead. Upstream we went against the water, where it was quiet at the margins of the river. On the other side, a light, his son's house, our destination.

I waited in their house, built out over the river, canoes moored underneath, until one of the white men's boats went by, going down river, and later the next day, there was the clocktower of Pucallpa again. "On top of the clock," he sang, as if he were referring to the biological time clock, the effector mechanism behind articulation and the synergisms of movement, "the people are gathered/they are dancing/dancing well/I'm looking/the King is singing/with a hummingbird/fulfilled the word/I am going to heal the sick/man painted on the forehead/they are in formation on the window/that which has fulfilled the word/with pretty hummingbird/the day is ringing/the King is singing/I'm looking/there are markings on the boa/I'm looking/opening the sight, bringing the brilliant broom, comes the man of medicine/he has come/clock of the parrot/his wings painted with gold/has brought medicine."



Going to Learn Nez Perce

by Haruo Aoki

By 1960, when I began my field work in Nez Perce, it was evident that the language, which had continued through many centuries and possibly millennia, was to follow the path of inevitable death. Most of the young children had stopped speaking the language, and when they grew to adulthood the language would be gone. At the request of the Idaho State Historical Society, the linguistics department at Berkeley sent one of their graduate students, in this case a visiting student from Japan, to record and study the language in its own tradition, through natural conversations and through coyote stories and other folktales. I ended up following my teachers around, to camas digging grounds, to Presbyterian summer camps, and to all sorts of other places. What follows are fragmentary episodes from the several summers I spent with my Nez Perce teachers.

I met my first teacher of Nez Perce one day in June of 1960 at Stites, Idaho, on the south fork of the Clearwater River. This area of Idaho is a plateau and the river flows north and west carving long valleys. Steep yellowish cliffs rise up on the east side of the river, but the west side is a gentle slope used for farming and grazing. I was told that the farm of Harry and Ida Wheeler was on this slope. Following directions, I drove across a wooden bridge and stopped before a gate. When I had switched off the engine, the only noise was the rush of the swollen river and the song of birds in the limpid air. Beyond the gate, an unpaved road went up the hill and at its end was a wooden house.

Then, on a slight rise to the left of the gate, I noticed a middle-aged Indian woman working in a vegetable garden, wearing a dark blue bandana over her head and holding something like a hoe. The scene somehow reminded me of some of the paintings by Millet. The woman stopped working and slowly came to the gate. She had gentle dark eyes and a faint smile. She moved

her lips but her voice came a little late. "Are you from far away?" she asked. Somehow it struck me as the perfect question to ask at this time, and when I answered "Yes," I felt everything was going to be all right in the world. The United States of the twentieth century, with the yellow stench of the paper mill I had passed downriver, and the jostling crowds of rapacious gamblers that had assaulted me earlier in Reno, suddenly disappeared.

"Harry is home, go up there," she said. I wondered if she was Ida, his wife. But somehow I felt that to say something like, "I am Aoki, from the Linguistics Department of the University of California," was not the right thing to do. So I guess I was trying to find some other thing to say. "Go up there," she repeated. When I bowed, she opened the gate for me. I stopped the car near the house and knocked on the door. Someone said to come in. There were many pots and pans hanging on the outer wall.

There were two rooms in the house. The first was the kitchen and there was a big woodburning stove. There was no one there. The second was a bedroom and a white-haired man was lying in the bed. He was a distinguished looking person, with a dark copper-colored face, high cheekbones, snow-white hair, and dark eyes which were at once penetrating and kind. I introduced myself and asked if he would teach me the Nez Perce language.

The introduction to my next teacher was a bit less pastoral. I was eating lunch in a town called Kooskia when, from a corner of the restaurant, a very strong looking middle-aged Indian woman walked up to me, asked if I had found a teacher, and told me to follow her. She had evidently read in the paper that a Japanese student was looking for a Nez Perce teacher.

Having obtained my first driver's license only a few weeks earlier, I was a bit taken aback by the breakneck speed at which she negotiated the winding river road, barrelled straight through the town of Kamiah, and raised storms of dust. Finally she crossed a small bridge and went into a gate made of two poles. Inside, except for two tire tracks, tall grass covered the ground. Suddenly I heard brakes and saw a puff of dust. Her car was stopped by a house painted red.

Probably in response to the car's announcement, a tall woman came out and said hello. She was Mrs. Elizabeth P. Wilson, seventy-eight years old at that time, and the woman who had brought me there was her niece. Mrs. Wilson told me to call her Aunt Liz, as that was the way everybody called her.

When her niece told her what I was there for, she asked me to say *khah-khahts*.* The *kh* in the word was pronounced like *ch* in Bach in German. I tried to imitate it as closely as possible. In the process I thought an ordinary native speaker of English would substitute an *h*, which would constitute "speaking Nez Perce with whiteman's accent." Apparently I passed this test. Aunt Liz turned to her niece and said, "He has good ears. I want to teach him." This test word turned out to be the word for grizzly bear.

However, I had to postpone studying with Aunt Liz. Until my knowledge of Nez Perce was good enough for me to take reliable phonetic notations, I had to rely on my tape recorders, which were not battery operated, and Aunt

*Note: This Nez Perce spelling is only approximate.

Liz was going to spend several weeks digging for camas. She was going to pitch a teepee in a meadow near a place called Musselshell and dig for the small onion-like roots, the traditional Nez Perce delicacy. So for the first summer I studied the fundamentals of the language with Harry and Ida Wheeler of Stites.

Since there was no electricity in Harry's house, I decided to work in my motel room in Kooskia, which was closest to his home. Every morning I brought Harry and Ida from their home, and we worked for four hours. After I drove them home, I transcribed my notes and listened to the tapes, learning the basics of grammar and phonetics.

This routine was interrupted for two weeks when Harry went to Talmaks, a kind of Presbyterian summer camp for Indians. I was invited to go along, and it was there that I had my first *wistitáṁo*, or sweathouse experience.

The sweathouse, a semispheric lodge made with bent branches and canvas, was built by a cold mountain stream. It was large enough to hold four or five crouching adults. The procedure was for everyone to crawl in, and for the leader to splash water on the heated rocks inside. As each participant got too hot, he shouted, and people outside opened the flap door for him. However, those who asked to be let out early were considered weaklings, and Harry appeared a bit worried about the impression his student might make.

Luckily for my honor, though, Japanese love hot baths, and in my family I am known for liking the hottest bath. In fact I don't feel clean unless I come out looking like a lobster, so I was able to stay in the *wistitáṁo* without feeling uncomfortable. Everybody else signaled someone on the outside and went out. I was the last to leave. The fact that I was not only not bothered by the heat, but even showed signs of apparent enjoyment caused some expressions of surprise. I was lucky to be considered a promising young man simply because I just love a hot bath.

After leaving the sweathouse, I saw some of my fellow bathers in the stream and jumped in. The water was ice cold but as I sat in it up to my neck, my whole body soon became numb and I could stay there without discomfort. Then we repeated the process of steaming and cold bath. The bath, I was told, was for spiritual as well as bodily purification and the spirit of the *wistitáṁo*, called *keewn* (old man) was to give special power, and Nez Perce men of the past took a sweatbath before going into battle. For me the effect was one of complete relaxation, and I became an enthusiastic habitue of the *wistitáṁo* while at Talmaks.

When the camp was over, we returned to Stites and resumed our old routine of language study.

Once I had learned the basics of the language from Harry and Ida Wheeler, I studied with Aunt Liz. After the second summer, she asked me to call her *Kahtsah*, which means maternal grandmother, and treated me as a member of the family. She also gave me a Nez Perce name, *takasayohote* (lightning).

One of the pleasant memories I have is studying Nez Perce while on a camping trip we made to dig camas. We drove from Kahtsah's home in Kamiah up along the Lolo Trail, which is famous as the route of exodus taken by the Nez Perce people in the war of 1877. There were five of us: Kahtsah, her oldest daughter Chris, Chris' two sons Yalma and Gunnie, and myself. In a

couple of hours we were in a beautiful meadow distantly surrounded by evergreens. It was cool as a day in autumn, though it was hot in the Kamiah valley. There was not a soul around except us five. Yalma cut wood and Gunnie and I carried it and built a fire for the dinner. When the roaring fire had changed to a pile of smokeless hot charcoal, Kahtsah pierced a stick through a huge steak and planted the stick leaning against the fire. The suet along the top melted and basted the meat. The dinner consisted of beans and a piece of this steak. The taste was fit for an emperor. Then Kahtsah said, "It tastes even better if it is deer meat." I suddenly realized that we were approximating the prehistoric venison feast by using a substitute from a modern supermarket. After dinner we moved into the teepee and built a fire in the center. A torrential rain started. Once we ran out of wood and I went out into the pitch black outside to get some. When I turned around to run back, suddenly I saw a huge orange lantern in the shape of a cone. The flickering fire inside the teepee made the lantern change its brightness every second, and it was standing in complete darkness like something out of a dream. Listening to the soothing lullaby of the distant calls of owls, the snapping of the burning fire, and the sound of rain on the teepee, I thought of the generations of Nez Perce children who must have fallen asleep to the same sounds.

After returning from the camas digging, we spent the summer days studying at Kahtsah's house, but there were occasional breaks in this routine when Kahtsah had other work to take care of.

One day Yalma brought in a quartered deer. Kahtsah became very excited and said, "Takasayohote, can we stop studying for a while?" I said we most certainly could. Yalma's mother Chris came also, and four of us started working on a huge hunk. Kahtsah suddenly changed from a language teacher to a field commander of a thousand successful campaigns. She gave lightning fast commands to us three. But not only did she coordinate others to work, she herself worked with incredible speed. For one full hour I don't think there was a single motion wasted. With a forward swing she would cut the meat using the cutting edge and with a return motion she would knock apart a joint using the backside of the knife. Soon the hunk was converted into three neat piles of meat, bones, and internal organs. The next step was to cut the meat into strips approximately one inch wide for smoking in the teepee, which had been set up in Kahtsah's front yard. Yalma tied sticks to the teepee poles and made a rack about five feet above the ground. We hung the strips on the rack and built a fire which would burn for two days and two nights, converting the strips into smoked meat.

Quiet rain was falling outside as the fire burned softly within. Drawn by the fire, people in the wooden house moved out into the teepee in the front yard and sat around the fire under the drying meat. Kahtsah told us many coyote stories. One of them was about coyote breaking a dam.

Long ago five mean sisters made a dam at Celilo and stopped salmon from coming up the river. Coyote, disguised as a baby, floated down to them on a raft, was adopted by them, and seizing an unobserved moment, destroyed the dam, bringing salmon to all the Nez Perce people and others upriver.

Harry later told me that salmon hardly ever come up the river these days

because the white men built a hydroelectric dam downriver. The location of this dam at The Dalles, Oregon is no other than the site of the old intertribal fishing ground called Celilo, which now is at the bottom of a man-made lake. It is interesting that the whites repeated exactly the anti-ecological act perpetrated against the people by the five mean sisters in the age of myths.

After three summers of field work, and after converting my field notes to thousands of slips of paper, I spent two years in Tokyo, where the slips gradually developed into a grammar and a collection of texts.

When I returned to the States in 1964, Harry was gone. I learned that he had had another stroke. I went to his grave with Ida. It was on a small hill, facing west and overlooking the Indian settlement of Ahsaka, where he was born. I climbed up the steep path in tall grass, with a bouquet of flowers in one hand and the 300-page typescript of Nez Perce Grammar. This was the burial ground for the Nez Perce people of Ahsaka, and one natural stone was the marker for my first teacher's final resting place. I undid the bouquet, placed the flowers around the stone, put the typescript in front of it, and prayed. In silence I thanked him for his kindness, reported to him that, though not well done, at least there was something that came out of our joint efforts, and prayed for his happiness on the other side.

After 1964, I continued my studies of the language, especially folktales in the original with Mrs. Wilson. In the process I met all of her children and grandchildren.

On January 25, 1973, I received a phone call from her daughter-in-law in Sacramento. Her quivering voice said that Mrs. Wilson had died the day before, and I was asked to be a pallbearer. I heard the words but not their meaning. I said I would call back. I was trying to understand something for a long time, it seemed, but if someone timed it, it may have been a very short time. Even if I left immediately, it was not possible to drive from Berkeley to Kamiah in time for the funeral two days later. I stayed up two nights to keep my work on schedule, and took an evening flight to Lewiston, where I was met by her third son, Eugene.

On the following morning Eugene and I drove up the river. Unlike the high swollen river of the summer I am used to, the Clearwater in winter was low, full of floating ice, and had thick edges of snow. We arrived at a small building in front of a Presbyterian church, known among the Nez Perce people as the *first church*. In the building, relatives and friends of Mrs. Wilson were having lunch. I was invited to eat with her sons, Angus, Alex, and Eugene. Then I crossed the highway and stood in front of the church. The cold winter sky was gray, the leafless trees were silhouetted in black, and the small church was white. The stark scenery in black and white matched the sadness of the occasion. The number of cars gradually increased, filling the open space around the church. People said words of consolation to the three sons and went into the church. Before long a white hearse came from Koos Kooskia. Following the minister, six of us pallbearers carried the coffin into the church.

During the service, eulogies and hymns were in Nez Perce and in English. After the service, we carried the coffin to the churchyard, stepping on frozen ground. As the chill of the wind and the weight of what I was carrying sank

into my body, I began to feel that Kahtsah was not alive any more. The last rite at the gravesite was short but impressive. That the young Nez Perce people were singing the words "till we meet again" while the older people sang *"pea-waw-koo-nyoo hah-neh-keh"* vividly showed the break in linguistic history, and the break with traditional burial customs also came to mind.

But more striking than the gap was the uniform sadness apparent in the young and the old alike. Half of the people were non-Indians. This was probably due to Kahtsah's unusual personality, at home in two traditions. Her house was full of modern conveniences and she was an accomplished pianist. Yet she not only knew the old Nez Perce ways but still practised many of them. She was one of the dwindling number of those who still dug camas, and baked them in an earth oven. She was a fluent speaker of the old language and her telling of folktales was lively and entertaining. To top it all, she did not discriminate against anyone. Regardless of his background she did not refuse a serious student and shared her invaluable store of knowledge. She died a few days past her ninety-first birthday. It was a long full life. I was told that she did not lose her usual alertness of mind until the last day, and passed away in sleep. Therefore there were many elements for consolation. For this reason, I felt something pure in the sorrow among the people present, over the passage of a good person.

Two years after the death of Kahtsah, Penney, one of her grandchildren, came to Berkeley to study Public Health. One day she came to my office and asked me to teach her Nez Perce, explaining that though she had heard Nez Perce spoken when Kahtsah stayed with her family in winter, she could not say much beyond a few greetings. I felt honored that she had come to me, since she could have learned from her father Eugene, who is a native speaker and knows much more about the language. I asked Penney to wait for a few weeks until I put together a simple textbook. In the first lesson I included several set expressions, so that she could do rote memorization and say them automatically. Then I wrote an imaginary conversation between a daughter away in college and her father at home. The subsequent lessons treated new grammatical features. Then I sent the text to her father in Arizona to be taperecorded. My plan was for her father and me to teach as a team even though he was away from Berkeley. Just as many foreign language courses involve lecture sessions and sessions in the language laboratory, Penney was to listen to her father's tapes and receive grammatical explanations from me. So in the spring of 1975, a ten-week course in Nez Perce with one student in it started. There were two auditors from the linguistics department.

The class began with the playing of the cassette which had just been received from Arizona. The voice said, "Hello, Penney Wilson, the Nez Perce student." After her father's greeting followed the first lesson. Then I talked about the sound system and the grammatical points in the lesson. Next I asked her to repeat the sentences and corrected her pronounciation, just as her grandmother had corrected mine fourteen years earlier. I wondered if she was smiling about what was taking place from somewhere high up.

Desultory Days

by Robert Creeley

Desultory days,
time's wandering
impermanences –

like, *what's for lunch,*
Mabel? Hunks
of unwilling

meat got chopped
from recalcitrant
beasts? "No tears

for this vision" –
nor huge strawberries
zapped from forlorn Texas,

too soon, too soon . . .
We will meet again
one day, we will

gather at the river
(Paterson perchance)
so turgidly oozes by,

etc. Nothing new in the world
but us, the human
parasite eats up

that self-defined reality
we talked about in
ages past. Now prophecy declares,

got to get on with it,
back to the farm, else die
in streets inhuman

'spite we made them every one.
Ah friends, before I die,
I want to sit awhile

upon this old world's knee,
yon charming hill, you see,
and dig the ambient breezes,

make of life
such gentle passing pleasure!
Were it then wrong

to avoid, as might be said,
the heaped-up canyons of the dead –
L.A.'s drear smut, and N.Y.C.'s

crunched millions? I don't know.
It seems to me
what can salvation be

for less than 1%
of so-called population
is somehow latent fascism

of the soul. What leaves behind
those other people,
like they say,

reneges on Walter Whitman's
19th century Mr. Goodheart's
Lazy Days and Ways In Which

we might still *save the world*..
I loved it but
I never could believe it –

rather, the existential
terror of New England
countrywoman, Ms.

Dickenson: "The Brain, within its Groove
Runs evenly – and true –
But let a Splinter swerve –

" 'Twere easier for You – //
To put a Current back –
When Floods have slit the Hills –

"And scooped a Turnpike for Themselves –
And Trodden out the Mills –"
moves me. My mind

to me a nightmare is –
that thought of days,
years, went its apparent way

without itself, with
no other company than thought.
So – *born to die* – why

take everything with us?
Why the meagerness
of life deliberately,

why the patience
when of no use,
and the anger when it is?

I am no longer
one man –
but an old one

who is human again
after a long time,
feels the meat contract,

or stretch, upon bones,
hates to be alone
but can't stand interruption.

Funny
how it all works out,
and Asia is

after all *how much money*
it costs –
either to buy or to sell it.

Didn't they have a
world too? But then
they don't look like us,

do they? But they'll get us,
someone will – they'll find us,
they won't leave us here

just to die
by ourselves
all alone?

– Placitas, N.M.
May 28, 1978 –

Puffins and Peregrines

Excerpts from My Farallones Journal

by Peter Warshall

May 14 to 24, 1977

Each year, in spring and fall, millions of birds travel thousands of miles to either escape the winter or find a nesting place. Each year, some birds wander far from their usual travel patterns. These birds, called vagrants, may misnavigate (take a right on the North Star, instead of a left), may be blown off course by storms, may just be the explorers looking for new nesting locales or may be fucked up from human chemicals and habitat destruction. Whatever the reasons, Rich Stallcup, my dear friend with avian eyes, and myself make the yearly voyage to the Farallones Islands – off the San Francisco coast – to census the vagrants (and everything else). This is part of the happenings during the spring of 1977.

Peter - International Bird Rescue is to bring a Black-footed Albatross to the boat. It is to be released near the Farallones by you and Rich! However, if you see that it is getting very seasick (I'm serious - David says this may happen!), you might feel it wiser to let it go sooner.

- Jane

My life succumbed into dry heaves. First there was chyme, the odor of orange drink. Then just foam. Then nothing at all but contractions deep in my intestines. I think of Darwin for hope. I look up and each borderline of swell has duplicated itself making multiple flashes of twenty-thirty swells. Out of the trough, the Farallones appear as white and gray monuments: solid relief. Then back in the trough I keep my eyes closed, forget the salt on my eye-glasses, say positively this is the purging of confused blues. Wind and water. Water and wind. 30 knots. Wind the healer. Ocean juggling the

tight pieces of my land-tied life. Shake it up. Clean it out. This trip on a boat: 40% sailboat, 60% Swedish cutter, 45-feet long with no deck space called the *Leaping Warrior*.

Leaving the San Francisco Yacht Club in Tiburon was easy enough. The manors stashed among the shoreline cliffs. The wealth of cove people facing the metropolis. Stewart's fire-engine red, converted boat house is the only personal connection. Gay and I thinking last night of Jamaica, of these huge homes for one family, of how the lumber could have built five smaller homes for five families. Tiburon: the urban shark.

A beautiful Harbor Seal (all washed in blue-gray skin) turns on its belly. Under the Golden Gate a Stellar's Sea Lion looks sideways at the boat. The birds become pelagic: all grays and blacks and browns. Oily, glistening cormorants fly so easily past us toward the Farallones. Charcoal gray Surf Scoters bob easily in the tidal currents. Richie sees a Parasitic jaeger chase a gull as I become queasy. I open my eyes to see a living chalky black sail plane glide and bank. The black-tailed albatross. I return to my internal dialog of Mind and Stomach.

> Into this Universe, and why not knowing
> Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing;
> And out of it, as wind along the waste,
> I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.
> —*Edward Fitzgerald*

Daily list: 15 May, 1977

3 Harbor Seals
1 Grey Whale*
5 Arctic Loon*
3 Eared Grebe*
Shearwater
Surf Scoter
Peregrine Falcon
Tattlers*
Willet
N. Phalarope
3 Rock Dove
2 Starling
Townsend Warbler
Wilson Warbler*
Yellow-Rump Warbler*
Cowbird

Events
First puffin egg of year.

800 Cassin's Auklet feeding offshore

Winds high (25-35 knots)
Sea Surface temperature dropping. Hazy: the shoreline a shadow.

Just the ease
no telephone no car
no sexual banter no money to spend
no distances to travel
Just the wind
the nightly exchange of what was seen
or not seen
Just the birds

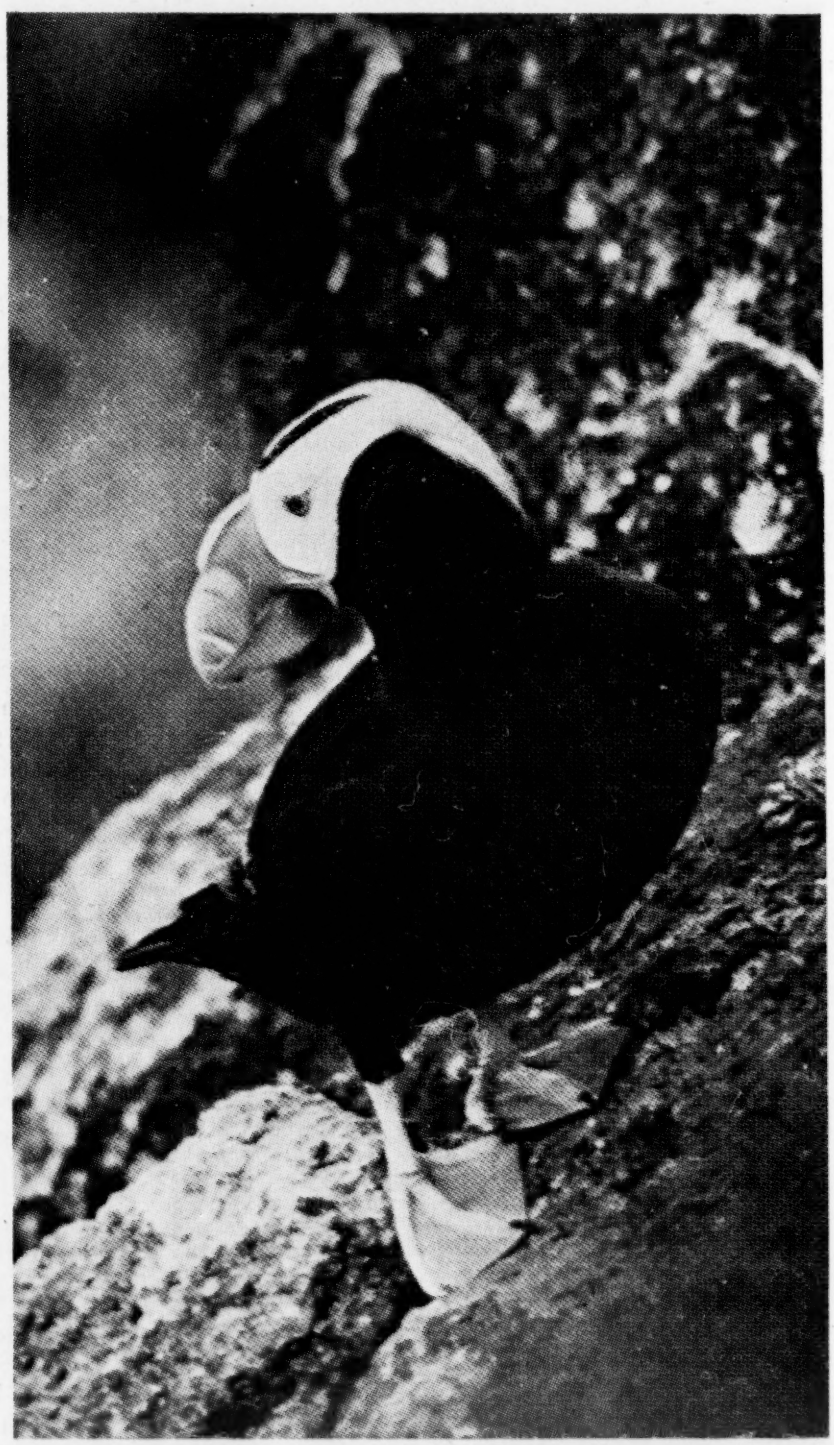
OYSTERCATCHERS

He jumped on her back and put his two pink feet on her shoulders. She straightened her body bringing her head back. She looked up at him over her shoulders. Together they cast a shadow of a single bird – bigger than either. Then she lowered her wings down her sides and lowered her tail. He shimmied his white tail over her back, down her back, down her tail. Shimmied it to the side of her tail feathers and underneath. One moment frozen. Walk a little on her back, shimmy some more and jump off when she walked away.

I used to write this way: A mts B. A h-t's while B m-l-i-p. A t-dips, w-lowers. B t-ways. A-B cop. A moves. B jumps off. That is: A (male) mounts B (female). A head-tosses while B moves legs in place. A tail-dips and lowers wings. B tail wags. They copulate. A moves. B jumps off.

Puffins are good to eat

There is a story, an Eskimo story, about puffins and little auks that were stored in melted blubber inside a seal skin sack. A grandmother turned out to die (as was the custom for old people when winter's food was scarce) found one of these seal sacks and ate puffin and little auk all winter. When winter was over, her family visited the camp site where she was living and found her alive. She was able to live a full extra year with them.



Puffins are good to wear

Dawson tells the story of shooting and skinning puffins to make coats. The puffins are skinned and the feathers turned inward. It takes 50 to 55 puffin skins to make one coat. There is supposedly nothing warmer to wear.

The wind has kept the flashy vagrants away. We mark time: checking cormorant nests for eggs; reading tags of sea elephants; taking water samples; checking the nests of ashy petrel and cassin's auklets; surveying the nearby ocean especially for albatross, shearwaters and whales; doing the weather report. It is very scholarly here at the Farallones.

16 May, 1977

*Arctic Loon – 7
*Eared Grebe – 15
Black-footed Albatross
Sooty Shearwater
*Surf Scoter (male & female)
*Wandering Tattler
Starling
*Wilson's Warbler
Townsend's Warbler
Brown-headed Cowbird

I dream Richie talks to Audubon. So, this morning I asked him what he'd talk to Audubon about. It's a great evening. Rich asks about the Carbonated Warbler – which John J. had painted but was never seen again. John J. describes flocks of passenger pigeons, of course. But, Rich wants to hear about Ivory-billed Woodpeckers.

Out on East Landing, we spot a floating duck-like bird asleep. It is a round blob with a red-brown top and white breast. The edge is like a water-line on a boat. I think sleeping merganser. Rich says a golden-eye duck. Makes sense: merganser head-top would be different. But, we watch. The circle of the telescope following the brown and white blob as it drifts and bobs. The circle, after a while, is like a microscope. Murres fly in and out like paramecia.

Three tufted-puffins float into the light like euglaena – amazing colors among the grays. The brown-white golden eye is still sleeping. Even a whale has passed through the lens. We pack up and walk to the cistern.

There is nothing but wonder to be felt for the Tufted Puffin. Take its bill. The front end is a deep orange-red – almost shocking like orange plastic jack-o-lanterns. It is bordered by a beautiful sickle-line whose curve faces outward – making an hourglass with the inward turned sickle of the head/bill interface. This headward section of the bill is the color of olive serpentine. Parts are translucent. Parts have the luster of soapstone. Below, on the lower bill, the olive is clouded by a dark brown underlining. And, where the upper and lower bill parts meet the head, a beautiful rose rectangle with raised white crenelations extending as Gaudi structural supports onto the bill. The "horn" on the upper bill appears polished in top views: an off-white like ivory leading into the long feathery eyebrows. These eyebrows, starting white, and turning to wisps of straw-gold by the time they lightly flutter off the back of the Puffin's neck. And now, the eye! Ringed in the same soft rose-red with the clearest light-blue iris . . . fading into (not a color) but an elegant crease behind the eye, subtly flashing shadows.

18 May, 1977

3-5	Gray Whales*
1	Common Loon
2	Arctic Loon*
11	Eared-Grebes
5-20	Albatross*
3	Pink-footed Shearwater*
200	Sooty-Shearwaters*
	Brown Pelican (1mm)
1	Surf Scoter (female)
	Goldeneye Duck sp.* (female)
3	Whimbrels
15	Tattlers
3	Sabine's Gull
	California Gull (2nd year)*
	Bonaparte's Gull
	Olive-sided Flycatcher*
1	Barn Swallow*
2	Starlings
	Hermit (female)
	Townsends (female and male)
	Willy*
	Cowbird singing
1	Housefinch* (female)
	White-crowned Sparrow*

Events

Black oystercatcher egg. The first.

"Marsupial Murre" with egg in brood pouch/patch.

Rhino auklet near Sea Lion Cove.

Rich speculated that cowbird will parasitize starling on Farallones.

Ano Nuevo weaner sea elephant seen at East Landing. Real small but beautiful new fur.

0.13" rain in real fine drops.

Four-egg Western Gull nest.

Although the wind died and the mist and fog came in, there are no vagrant migrants. We had to cancel the Harbor Seal census from the Lighthouse since visibility is zero/zero. Thinking too much as the gray closed in. Concentrating on plumages as diversion. Sh-boom.

"As I hear the mockingbird
I remember your words
That you never would leave me . . ."

KFAT in the bird blind. Also, brandy and oatmeal crunch cookies.

A WALK IN THE AFTERNOON WITH RICH

A peregrine falcon perched on the radio antenna. Rich has had it stoop 10 feet to his face. It is the American-race which has not bred on the Farallones since the 1930s. It is *not* the Alaskan-race usually seen here. The Alaskans have returned to mate in the Arctic. This is a great return. We seem blase compared to this great hope manifesting itself as Real-on-Earth. After DDT, after the Endangered Species List, after all – it is this bird we prayed to have live. And, because of people, it has returned to the Farallones. One female of the perhaps 200 remaining people of the Peregrine Tribe *Falco peregrinus anatum*.

Then, we went to East Landing and lifted an old cabinet door. Underneath was the Farallones salamander. Like the continent's, but smaller and with floaty, small blotches (some even pinpoints) of yellow in brown glassy flesh. This is the only native resident reptile, amphibian or mammal on the Farallones.

Then we walked around to Sea Pigeon Gulch where among the rocks was a Western Gull clutch of 4 eggs.

PEREGRINE RUNAGES

Artic peregrine

Small size
pale general tone
light crown
Narrow blk broken malar

American peregrine

Medium size
Contrastingly marked
Dark crown
Blk malar stripe
Rufous overwash

19 May, 1977

*Phoca: 14
*Gray Whales: 4
*Arctic Loon: 5
*Eared Grebe: 8
*Blk-fted Albatross: 8
*Surf Scoter (female)
*American Peregrine Falcon
*Wandering Tattlers: 15
Whimbrel: 4
*Starling: 3
Willy: 1
*Brown-headed Cowbirds: 3
*Spizella

Events
Looks like the youngest Harbor Seal pup ever on Farallones. Probably a weaner or Sea Pigeon Gulch. Cute. Beautiful pelt. Old man face.

THE PEREGRINE.

"Peregrine Falcon. Rare winter resident. At least two have been present every winter from Sept. thru April (latest: 21 April 1973). They have remained later into the spring each year: 7 Jan '69, 16 Jan '70, 30 Mar '71, 19 April '72, 21 April '73, and 13 April '74. A third and sometimes a fourth have been present during the last few years. The trio included individuals of both sexes. Believed to be same individuals because of plumage. Smith (1934) reported 3 on island in Aug. 1933, and the lighthouse keeper said a pair nested in cliffs below lighthouse and raised two young. Also, seen (1) in 14 Oct '56."

Last Peale's Peregrine noted 25 April 1977. There were, at least, 3 during the winter. 13 May 1977 (Friday before we arrived) I think the American was seen.

The cold egg. Something I wouldn't want to be.

Ron finds a cold egg in the nest of a Cassin's Auklet. He has fed the Auklet Bunker C oil – in a gelatin capsule. This is the karma of the 1971 oil spill. A refinement of the knowledge of death. Does Bunker C affect the viability of eggs? If yes, then humans will know that birds die of getting gucked up with Bunker C *and* ingesting it. If no, Cassins dies only of getting gucked. The premise, of course, is that oil transport and spills must continue. How will anyone help a Cassins stuffed with Bunker C?

I have blown 2 cold eggs (one Auklet, one Western gull). My old Western Gull egg went to Karmapa.

"From Raven to Grebe is a far cry, and we have run the gamut of interest in the Living Bird: but who shall say whether is greater, Grebe or Raven, in the Father's sight? Or who shall resolve for us these mysteries which we have here but dimly outlined? Who shall tell whether these be indeed our brethren, to whom we owe some sort of fealty, or only clods a little more animated? For ourselves we dare to believe that we are a part of diety, the Creative Infinite made flesh and become self-conscious – ageless, timeless, imperishable, on-going. But who are you, O Birds? toys for our idle hour? toys which may be cast aside, broken perhaps, with none to chide us? Or are you – are *you*, perchance, fellow gods? Perhaps – oh, just perhaps – we shall meet again in that realm which is beyond appraisal – the Realm of Understanding."

– Dawson

20 May, 1977

*Common Loon – 1
*Arctic Loon – 5
*Red-throated Loon – 1
*Eared Grebe – 6
*Blk-ftd Albatross – 2-3
Pink-footed Shearwater
*Sooty Shitty Sewerwater
*Surf Scoter (Female & Male)
*Peregrine (Female anatum)
Whimbrel – 3
Wandering Tattlers – 15
Willet – 1
*Mourning Dove – 1
*Barn Swallow – 1
*Sage Thrushes – 1
Starling
Common Yellowthroat (Male/Female*)
Wilson's – 1 (female)
*B.H.Cowbird
*Western Tanager – 1 (Male)
*Black-headed Grosbeak – 1 (Female)
*Savannah Sparrow
*Blk-throated Sparrow
*Junco (Or x Slate) – 1
*Tree sparrow
*Chipping Sparrow – 1
*Lincoln's Sparrow – 1

EVENTS

Three egg oyster-catcher clutch

Sitting watching the Peregrine eat an auklet on the Radio Tower. Little web feet silhouetted among the crossweb of steel. Next to me, a *cheep* on the guide wire. I think looking "tree sparrow" but I have just read all about Tree vs. Chipping differences. This is a Chipping: white below russet crown, no russet on shoulders, no yellow on lower bill, no breast marking. Yes, the first Chipping of day. For sure. It is rather common in spring anyway.

Yesterday a little banquet
from the Great Basin
Sage Thrasher and
Black-Throated Sparrow.

21 May, 1977

Red-throated Loon
*Arctic Loon – 4
*Albatross – 4
*Scoter (Male/Female)
*Peregrine Falcon
*Wandering Tattler – 14
*Marbled Godwit
Starling
*Brown-Headed Cowbird – 3
Black-Throated Sparrow
*Junco

Marbled Godwit:
First May siting
Second spring siting

Breeding Birds

40,000 Murres
100,000 Cassin's Auklets (Max: 300,000)
20,000 Brandts
2,500 Pelagics
20,000 Western Gulls
250 Puffins (100 pairs) Are they loosely colonial?
2,500 Pigeon Guillemots
80 Rhino auklets
8,000 Ashy petrels
10 & 22 prs Oystercatchers
1,600 Leaches petrels
180 Double-crests

2,289 Pinnipeds, 29 April, 1977. This is blessedly up from 1969.

	29 April '77	20 April '69
California	1,543	179
Stellar	207	22
Harbor	7	
Elephant Seals	482	31

It is hard to absorb the total life of this island. 85,000 birds live, nest, mate, sun and sleep on its surface. And, 110,000 birds are out-of-site, underground, in rock caverns, beneath piles of debris. At night, this invisible life sings in the dark, flies about, crashes into this house, scrambles over the ground.

22 May, 1977

*Grey Whale – 4
*Phoca 11 on MF
*Arctic Loon – 6
Eared Grebe – 7
Sooty Shearwater
Pink-fted Shearwater – 2
Surf Scoter (Female/Male)
Whimbrel
*Tattlers – 15 (8 in flock flying)
Western Kingbird
*Dusky Flycatcher – 1
*Hammond flycatcher – 1
*Gray (?) flycatcher – 1
Sage Thrusher – 1 (same bird?)
*Swainson's Thrush – 1
*Ruby-Crowned Kinglets (1 banded) – 3
*Starling – 4 (three nests)
*Townsends Warbler – 2
*Wilson's – 3
*Cowbird – 2
*HEPATIC TANAGER
*Grass-hopper Sparrow
*Vesper Sparrow
*Black-Throated Sparrow
*Oregon Junco – 1
*Tree Sparrow w. band – 1

FIRST ISLAND RECORD
HEPATIC TANAGER

One Northern Water Thrush

Still, still morning. New sounds: the Brant's wings hum in cadence; the gulls speak more in their low guttural . . .

Last night's talk of cash and falcons. Peregrine chicks going for $2,000 to $3,000 each. To the Shah of Iran and the elite falconers – those who justify possession either by claiming there are lots of peregrines or simply by saying they work with falcons and know best. Ron tells of 24-hour watch set up by Audubon on Morro peregrine nest. Falconers scaled rock from behind and lowered themselves down and stole chicks. Returned after "please, pretty please" begging of Audubon, only to be stolen again. Second time, they were not returned.

You see, the Tufted Puffin appears extremely intelligent. His or her face is white, black and red like a beautiful Kabuki. The eyes have a grandiose Mandarin flare. And, most of all, there is a pensive, thoughtful way of crossing the wings behind the back, like Chasidim pacing in black coats, hands crossed behind.

Sailors used to call Tufted Puffins "Jew Ducks" perhaps because they had big, beautiful noses.

1852-55 Lighthouse
1858 Foghorn is locomotive whistle
19.. Radio beacon
19.. Radar
.... Weather station
By 1892: Rabbits established.

So little of the human inhabitation of these islands is recorded. Foundations, long abandoned, cannot bring up stories. Old inhabitants of existing buildings can't be found.

23 May 1977

Phoca: 11
*Grey Whales: 4 (include Pinkie)
Arctic Loon: 10
Red-throated Loon: 1
Eared Grebe: 1
Sooty Shearwater: 1
Surf Scoter
*Whimbrel: 2
*Tattlers: 10
*N. phalarope: 18
Barn swallow & *Cliff
Western Wood Peewee
*Ruby Crowned Kinglet: 2
*Starling: 3
*Willy's Warbler: 2
*Cowbird (Male)
*Black-throated Sparrow
*Tree Sparrow
*Dk-eyed Junco

Otolith Expedition

to collect Western Gull Club pellets. Types: fish, garbage, bird, mouse, bettles, otoliths, barnacle shells . . .

Rhino Auklet Census

8:15 to 8:45 P.M.
65 Rhino's seen. Largest Flock is 6. These are birds on water. Great circle flights make flying count confusing.

Wind near Zero all day. So calm with mackerel sky sunset rose.

The Peregrine Has Gone

Good-bye dear friend.
Remember the route.
Bring back a mate.
The eatin's good
on the Farallones.

Another calm calm day. The flux of birds from the Rio Grande Basin across the southwest keeps happening. The hepatic tanager and today the lark bunting.

They have overshot their northward flight. The lark bunting went west around the Rockies instead of east.

24 May Farallones

THE RIGHT WAY TO LAND

Half-moon in the sky. Glass seas. Rich sits like Buddha in the bow. A huge white "Y" spreads from the "Deborah Sue" – our abalone boat to mainland. On the horizon, the Farallones sink quietly. A pink-footed Shearwater floats by. Dall porpoises show their mottled dorsal fins. Terns criss-cross over the wake. In two hours, we glide past the breakwaters into Half Moon Bay listening to fishermen exchange news of the day's catch.

from Song of the Redwood

by Walt Whitman

The flashing and golden pageant of California,
The sudden and gorgeous drama, the sunny and ample
lands,
The long and varied stretch from Puget sound to Colorado
south,
Lands bathed in sweeter, rarer, healthier air, valleys and
mountain cliffs,
The fields of Nature long prepared and fallow, the silent,
cyclic chemistry,
The slow and steady ages plodding, the unoccupied surface
ripening, the rich ores forming beneath;
At last the New arriving, assuming, taking possession,
A swarming and busy race settling and organizing
everywhere,
Ships coming in from the whole round world, and going
out to the whole world,
To India and China and Australia and the thousand island
paradises of the Pacific,
Populous cities, the latest inventions, the steamers on the
rivers, the railroads, with many a thrifty farm, with
machinery,
And wool and wheat and the grape, and diggings of yellow
gold.

But more in you than these, lands of the Western shore,
(These but the means, the implements, the
standing-ground,)
I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of
years, till now deferr'd,
Promis'd to be fulfill'd, our common kind, the race.

The new society at last, proportionate to Nature,
In man of you, more than your mountain peaks or stalwart
trees imperial,
In woman more, far more, than all your gold or vines, or
even vital air.

Fresh come, to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,
I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America,
heir of the past so grand,
To build a grander future.

Salmon Brook

by Henry David Thoreau

Salmon Brook,
Penichook,
Ye sweet waters of my brain,
When shall I look,
Or cast the hook,
In your waves again?

Silver eels,
Wooden creels,
These the baits that still allure,
And dragon-fly
That floated by,
May they still endure?

War is Kind

by Stephen Crane (1899)

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight,
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above them,
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom –
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

Swift blazing flag of the regiment,
Eagle with crest of red and gold,

These men were born to drill and die.
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,
Do not weep.
War is kind.

from The Gospel of Beauty

by Vachel Lindsay

THE THINGS MOST WORTH WHILE ARE ONE'S OWN HEARTH AND NEIGHBORHOOD. WE SHOULD MAKE OUR OWN HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD THE MOST DEMOCRATIC, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND THE HOLIEST IN THE WORLD. THE CHILDREN NOW GROWING UP SHOULD BECOME DEVOUT GARDENERS OR ARCHITECTS OR PARK ARCHITECTS OR TEACHERS OF DANCING IN THE GREEK SPIRIT OR MUSICIANS OR NOVELISTS OR POETS OR STORY-WRITERS OR CRAFTSMEN OR WOOD-CARVERS OR DRAMATISTS OR ACTORS OR SINGERS. THEY SHOULD FIND THEIR TALENT AND NURSE IT INDUSTRIOUSLY. THEY SHOULD BELIEVE IN EVERY POSSIBLE APPLICATION TO ART-THEORY OF THE THOUGHTS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS. THEY SHOULD, IF LED BY THE SPIRIT, WANDER OVER THE WHOLE NATION IN SEARCH OF THE SECRET OF DEMOCRATIC BEAUTY WITH THEIR HEARTS AT THE SAME TIME FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD. THEN THEY SHOULD COME BACK TO THEIR OWN HEARTH AND NEIGHBORHOOD AND GATHER A LITTLE CIRCLE OF THEIR OWN SORT OF WORKERS ABOUT THEM AND STRIVE TO MAKE THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND HOME MORE BEAUTIFUL AND DEMOCRATIC AND HOLY WITH THEIR SPECIAL ART. * * * THEY SHOULD LABOR IN THEIR LITTLE CIRCLE EXPECTING NEITHER REWARD NOR HONORS. * * * IN THEIR DARKEST HOURS THEY SHOULD BE MADE STRONG BY THE VISION OF A COMPLETELY BEAUTIFUL NEIGHBORHOOD AND THE PASSION FOR A COMPLETELY DEMOCRATIC ART. THEIR REASON FOR LIVING SHOULD BE THAT JOY IN BEAUTY WHICH NO WOUNDS CAN TAKE AWAY, AND THAT JOY IN THE LOVE OF GOD WHICH NO CRUCIFIXION CAN END.

from Last Texts

by Antonin Artaud

Who am I
where do I come from
I am Antonin Artaud
and I say it
as only I know how to
and you will see my real body
bursting into sparks
collected
under 10,000 notorious looks
as a new body
which you'll never be able to forget;
for it's *me*
the Man
who will be the judge
in the final reckoning,
it's to me
that all the elements
of body and things
will come to be referred,
it's the *state* of my body
that will shape
the Last Judgment.

(Translated by Jack Hirschman)

"DESTRUAM ET AEDIFICABO"
(I destroy and build up)
—Proudhon

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THESE THING, I MIGHT HAVE LIVE OUT MY LIFE TALKING AT STREET CORNERS TO SCORNING MEN. I MIGHT HAVE DIE, UNMARKED, UNKNOWN A FAILURE. NOW WE ARE NOT A FAILURE. THIS IS OUR CAREER AND OUR TRIUMPH. NEVER IN OUR FULL LIFE COULD WE HOPE TO DO SUCH WORK FOR TOLERANCE, FOR JUSTICE, FOR MAN'S UNDERSTANDING OF MAN AS NOW WE DO BY ACCIDENT. OUR WORDS - OUR LIVES - OUR PAINS NOTHING! THE TAKING OF OUR LIVES- LIVES OF A GOOD SHOEMAKER AND A POOR FISH PEDDLER-ALL! THAT LAST MOMENT BELONGS TO US- THAT AGONY IS OUR TRIUMPH.

"The Passion of Sacco & Vanzetti," by Ben Shahn

DOCUMENTS

ENDANGERED SPECIES

The following writers were victims of assassination/murder unless otherwise indicated. The majority were journalists killed in the past two years:

ARGENTINA

Cristina Bettanin (journalist), 1977
Guillermo Bettanin (journalist), 1977
Leonardo Bettanin (journalist), 1977
Alberto Burnichon (journalist, poet, editor)
Miguel Angel Bustos (journalist, poet, critic)
Dardo Cabo (journalist), 1977
Haroldo Conti (novelist), 1976
Hugo Coulin Novilla, 1977
Jector Ernesto Demarchi (journalist), 1977
Hector Ferreiros (journalist, Catholic priest), 1977
Guillermo Einrich (journalist)
Dr. Silvio Frondizi (editor), 1974
Raymundo Gleyzer (film maker), 1977
Jugo Goldsman (reporter), 1977
Mario Goldeberg (journalist)
Mario Hernandez (editor, lawyer, historian), 1977
Mario Herrera (journalist), 1976-1977
Luciano Jaime (journalist)
Miguel Lizaso (editor), 1977
Miguel Angel Loyola
Francisco Marin (reporter), 1977
Marta Mastro Giacomo (journalist)
Zelmar Michelini (editor), 1976
Alfredo Monaco
Jorge Money (journalist), 1975
Daniel Open
Pablo Outes
Carlos Perez (editor), 1976
Alicia Perler
Enrique Raab (journalist), 1977
Edgardo Sajon (editor), 1977
Roberto Sinigagli (journalist), 1976
Eduardo Suarez (journalist), 1976
Francisco Vrondo (poet)
Patricia Villa (journalist, wife of Eduardo Suarez), 1976
William Allen Whitelaw (editor), 1976
Miguel Zavala Rodriguez, 1977

BRAZIL

Elson Costo Gomes (journalist)
Vladimir Herzog (journalist), 1975

CHILE

Many of the following were killed during the coup.
Hernando Augusto Carmona (journalist)
Fernando Alverez (journalist), 1976
Jugo Araya (journalist), 1973
Jaime Barrios (wrote for economist magazine), 1973
Dewet Bascunan (editor)
Carlos Benger Guralnik (radio director), 1974
Carmen Bueno (script writer, died under torture), 1976
Sergio Contreras (editor), 1973
Maximo Gedda Ortiz (journalist), 1974
Enrique Moreno (journalist, priest), 1976
Jorge Muller (script writer)
Augusto Olivarez Becerra (editor), 1973
Jose Toha Gonzales, 1974

CYPRUS

Youseff el Sebai (editor)

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Jan Alda (poet, suicide), 1970
Jan Patacka, 1977
Jiri Pistora (poet, suicide), 1970

EGYPT

David Holden (foreign correspondent; abducted, murdered), 1977
Ali Amin (co-director of Al Akhbar), 1976

ITALY

Carlos Casalegno (editor)

LEBANON

Ghassan Kanatani (editor)

MEXICO

Robert Falcon (reporter)
Jose Guadaloupe Mendivil (reporter)
Robert Martinez Montenegro (reporter)

NICARAGUA

Pedro Joaquin Chamorro Gardena (editor/publisher), 1978

PANAMA

Leopoldo Aragon (journalist), Suicide in protest of Canal treaties, 1977

PHILIPPINES

Abraham Sarmiento (editor)
Tortured to death
Emmanuel Lacaba (poet)
Murdered, 1976

SOUTH KOREA
Chang Jun-Ha, Natural death, 1974

SPAIN
Paulino Martin Garcia (reporter)
Shot and killed, 1977

TAIWAN
Tung Chang (literary editor)
Executed, 1971

THAILAND
Iam Sangkaku (reporter), Found decapitated, 1977
Chukiert Poonchei (editor), Shot and killed with year-old son, 1977
Phuan Kaew Samlee (journalist), Shot to death, 1975

TRINIDAD
Michael Abdul Malik (poet), Executed, 1975

TURKEY
Selahattin Eyuboglu, 1976

UGANDA
Father Clement Kiqgundu (editor)
Jim Lyuima (journalist), 1976
Samuel Mwebe(editor)
John Servaniku (editor), 1976

URUGUAY
Julio Castro (editor), Died under torture, 1977

U.S.S.R.
Bidya Dandaron (writer), Died in prison, 1974
Yurii Timoteyevich Galanskov, (editor), 1972

U.S.S.R. LITHUANIA
Mindaugas Tamonis (poet), 1976

U.S.S.R. UKRAINE
Volodymyr Dyak (poet)

SELECTED ENDANGERED SPECIES

The Endangered Species List reads like a *Who's Who* of the animal world. The list stands as an awesome indictment of homo erectus and the cataclysmic course of our civilization. It should be printed on the front pages of newspapers, posted in public places, distributed, circulated, televised, and read aloud in schools and churches. This is a Holocaust. Mass murder. Biocide. The experts now estimate that we lose one species of life to extinction every single year. Sound the alarm. Start a movement to save the species of your choice. Stand up for the right to arm bears. Become a Gorilla. It is time to remove the blinders of our human chauvinism and look at what we are doing to the life of this planet. Following are just a few of the hundreds of species of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes currently on the Endangered Species List. Ask not for whom the bell tolls.

MAMMALS

The giant sable antelope
The giant armadillo
The brown bear
The grizzly bear
The Mongolian beaver
The Mexican bobcat
The Leopard cat
The cheetah
The chimpanzee
The Eastern cougar
The Colombian White-tailed deer
The Pampas deer
The Swamp deer (10 other species of deer)
The Northern Kit Fox
Gazelles (7 different species)
Central and West African gorilla
The jaguar
Kangaroos (3 species)
The leopard (5 species)
The Asiatic lion
The spider monkey (13 other monkey species)
The ocelot
The Orangutan
Otters (7 species)
The thin-spined porcupine
The rhinoceros (4 species)
Whales (8 species)
The Eastern timber wolf (5 other species of wolf)

BIRDS

The masked bobwhite
The California condor
Cranes (8 species)
Doves (3 species)
Ducks (5 species)
The Southern Bald Eagle
The Chinese egret
The Peregrine falcon
Canadian goose
Hawks (3 species)
The West African ostrich
Owls (4 species)
Parakeets (9 species)

Parrots (12 species)
The brown pelican
The Galapagos penguin
Pheasants (20 species)
Pigeons (4 species)
Santa Barbara song sparrow
The White oriental stork
Warblers (7 species)
The red-cockaded woodpecker

REPTILES AND FISH

The American alligator
The Chinese alligator
The Jamaican boa
The Nile crocodile (11 other crocodile species)
The Barrington land iguana
The Indian python
The San Francisco garter snake
The Galapagos tortoise
The three-keeled Asian turtle (15 other species of turtles)
The giant catfish
The Alabama watercress darter (5 other species of darter including the famous Snail darter)
The American blue pike
The Arizona trout

This is only a small selection of favorites from the complete Endangered Species List which runs to 21 pages in tiny type, single-spaced. You can get a copy by writing to the Department of the Interior, Fish & Wildlife Service.

—Scoop Nisker, KSAN, San Francisco.

THE EQUID NICHE IN THE GRAND CANYON

by Paul S. Martin

Mr. Jim Walters of Grand Canyon National Park invited me to submit three pages on my view of the fossil record regarding wild burros in Grand Canyon National Park. Present policy is based on elimination, where possible, of all alien animals and plants in a National Park. I will address that issue, indicating why I find that the implementation of the policy may be less desirable in the case of feral burros than it appears at first.

Equid (horse) evolution began in North America in the Eocene, roughly 60 million years ago. A variety of lineages developed. In the Pliocene horses spread into Asia, and Africa and South America (Simpson, 1961). Around 3.5 million years ago the modern genus, *Equus*, appeared in the Glens Ferry Formation in Idaho. Various species of horses, large and small, occupied the Americas during the ice ages.

Burro-sized equids (genus *Equus,* subgenus *Asinus*) roamed through the arid southwest from Texas to southern California. In the Grand Canyon horse bones and a fossil hoof, indistinguishable from modern burro hoof, was found in Rampart Cave at the western edge of the Park. The hoof was dated at the University of Arizona Radiocarbon Laboratory (sample No. A-1791); it yielded an age of 26,000 years before present. Burro-sized equids were definitely native to the Grand Canyon.

Around 11,000 years ago all equids, large and small, disappeared from North America, along with two-thirds of all other large mammals living here at the time (Martin and Wright, 1967). Until the reintroduction of horses *(Equus caballus)* and burros *(Equus asinus)* in historic time, there is no reliable fossil record of the genus *Equus* in North America throughout the last 10,000 years.

While probably not of the same species as the extinct American equids, the reintroduced equids are anatomically indistinguishable from them in their skeletal morphology. Most other alien animals and plants in Grand Canyon Park-such as the English sparrow *(Passer domesticus),* carp *(Cyprinius carpio),* salt cedar *(Tamarix pentandra),* and Russian thistle *(Salsola kali)* have no immediate fossil ancestors in the New World. Thus the wild burros are not as alien to the New World natural environment as most introduced species. Intriguingly, there is preliminary data to show that wild burros may prefer certain of the alien plants in their diets, such as the salt cedar and red brome (*Bromus* sp.) (Hansen and Martin, 1973). Eradication of burros would increase park biomass of alien plants.

The idea that native desert vegetation must be highly vulnerable to the impact of recently introduced equids should be re-examined in the perspective of the fossil record. For millions of years the vegetation of arid America coevolved with many species of large herbivores. The native plants developed a variety of strategies to resist excessive browsing and grazing, such as oily foliage, spiny or thorny branches, silica stems, and toxic alkaloids. Some strategies indicate mutual dependence. For example, the sweet pods of mesquite, which burros relish, aid in dissemination of the mesquite. Any other plant/large-animal adaptations that exist in Grand Canyon National Park are likely to be adaptations toward coevolution with equids, which were present in the region for millions of years, rather than with the desert bighorn

(Ovis canadensis). The sheep spread into the New World less than 100,000 years ago. Viewed from their fossil records, burros are more native than the bighorn (Martin, 1970, pp. 219-220).

Besides the equids, the native large mammals of the Grand Canyon National Park at the time bighorn sheep first entered this part of the Southwest included ground sloths, Harrington's goat, and native camels. Remains of these animals, including remarkable deposits of their ancient dung, are known from a variety of dry caves in the inner gorge. Dry dung of ground sloths is found at Rampart Cave, and from Muav Cave. My research on these unusual deposits covers 15 years (Martin, et al., 1969; Long and Martin, 1974; Long, Hansen and Martin, 1974; Martin, 1975). Unpublished dietary studies on extinct mountain goat dung has been carried out at Stanton's Cave and is in progress at Rampart Cave by Richard M. Hansen and his students of Colorado State University. To interpret these fossil records, and to begin to understand the ways in which desert plants coevolved with large mammals, it is helpful to have a living fauna of free-ranging large herbivores near the fossil study sites. Excluding occasional visits by deer, only two large herbivores presently roam the inner gorge near the caves, bighorn and wild burros. Burro and bighorn dung proved of research value in a detailed and largely unpublished study of ground sloth diet by R. M. Hansen. Future needs can be anticipated.

In conclusion, I urge managers to view carefully the claim that burros have no positive values in the Park's ecosystem. I urge that they consider the value of maintaining a small number of scattered burro populations as one possible management goal.

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L E T T E R S

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GANGSTERS OF "THE NEW FREEDOM"

About the suggestion that I should write on "clean jokes" for your new magazine, *CoDevolution,* I am very sorry to have to tell you that I do not want to deal with jokes any further (as I have already written two large volumes on the subject), but mainly *I do not want to appear in the same magazine with your announced editors and contributors.* Item: I am opposed to "recent bio-alchemical perception of the Universe" (which also ain't recent: drug-addiction is an ancient emotional disease – only a lunatic or a Mafia stooge would consider furthering it, as *you* bods have done these last dozen years). Item: I am opposed to the "dismantling of Industrial Civilization" except that I would be willing for Ferlinghetti's bookshop to be dismantled, along with a sweeping-out of the degrading tit-bars and other leftover Barbary Coast schmutz in the area. Item: I do not agree that Buddhism provides a "clear or useful inroad into Poetics," and would observe that all the best old Chinese poets were obvious freethinkers and surely *not* Buddhists . . . Final Item: I am opposed to the "*finale* of spiritual traditions and practices," especially when it is proferred as an "and/or" to continuity. Who do you think you anti-intellectual nihilists are kidding, anyway? Maybe you should publish your magazine in German: you might get a bigger, more sympathetic audience that way. Heil! You are the unconscious (?) frontmen for the genocides to come.

One last word: as I have a nervous stomach, please ask your gang to stop using phrases like *"beings," "love,"* and so forth, as the come-on banners of your activity, because I throw up easy. Please replace these by terms like *"suckers," "Achtung!"* etc., etc., which are at least frank and clear, and may even make you yourselves understand what phoney bullshit you are peddling and have been for several decades now: this includes every single person on the masthead of your "Journal" with the possible (only the possible) exception of Bertrand Russell. I know you will appreciate this letter and the statement it makes, and will draw it to the attention of your co-editors, as you ask me to offer my best, to make a definitive statement, and to make my pitch for diversity. The main intellectual diversity I am after is *not* to be included in your neo-fascist movement of the

mock-surrealist type, with its ineffable double-think Hitler salute of – L-A-H-V!! Or you can reprint my pamphlet, "The Fake Revolt" as my contribution. !No piss-around!

– *G. Legman*

Ludlow Global Library Systems
San Francisco Branch
Federation of California Communes

April 17, 1993

Editors:

We had a time last night at the gala celebration commemorating the 50th anniversary of the discovery of LSD. It was held at Visionary Stadium and many of the fifty thousand people who attended were dressed in the psychedelic style of the late Sixties (just like those pictures of us in the family album). Bill Graham and Chet Helms organized a spectacular concert which featured many of the surviving musicians from the old San Francisco Acid Rock bands. There was a holographic light show too, and people danced the old folk boogies all night long. Doses of a primitive type of LSD manufactured in the early days of the Suppression were freely distributed. The mental effects seemed rather crude compared to the products available to us today, but most did get a buzz and no one complained. There were even a few "freakouts" which delighted the celebrants. However, medics from Nervous Systems were on hand to administer the antidote Moksha-62 and raise the trippers to their normal neurological condition.

It was wonderful to see Albert Hofmann and Timothy Leary at the table of "honor," which was modelled like a three-dimensional LSD molecule. Dr. Hofmann, in splendid shape for a man of 87, was given a silver bicycle replica of the one he rode along Basel streets on the first LSD trip. When he said it meant more to him than his Nobel Prize for Chemistry there were cheers of "Rite On" from those standing beside the punch table. The entire audience was sitting on the edge of their seats while he recounted ("for at least the thousandth time") his accidental discovery of the prototype psychedelic in the midst of the Second World War.

Timothy, who at 73 looks much as he did as a Harvard psychology professor, had flown in from Base L5 on a space shuttle for the event. He was presented with a key to his archives, which the FBI had recently finished sorting and studying after two decades. Tim talked about the Second Civil War of the Sixties, and compared himself to Homer reciting the *Iliad*. He brushed off reports that he had been fired from his command post on L5 for turning on some teenage space colonists to a new, highly classified time travel pill. "The past may be even more interesting than the future," he not so enigmatically concluded, "as this party tonight proves."

Michael Aldrich, Chairman of the Board of Ludlow Global, spoke next. He recalled the days when the Ludlow Library was just a few hundred volumes housed in a tiny room on Ferlinghetti Avenue, and how he had worked for reefers and cocaine when there was no money to pay his curator's salary. The stadium was hushed as he recapitulated the legendary World Flip Out spring of 1984, when the one hundred million doses of Sandoz pharmaceutical LSD secretly purchased by the CIA in the early Fifties and stockpiled at different locations around the planet for future use as pharmacological weapons began to leak into the atmosphere during the UFO visitations. You could hear a pill drop as he described how the delegates of the U.N. General Assembly tripped out during an emergency meeting in New York, declared all living things on planet Earth to be henceforth designated "endangered species," and agreed unanimously to disarm and stop pollution.

That was followed by some psychedelic vaudeville, performed by two surprise guests flown in for the occasion. The 100-year-old Mazatec shamaness Maria Sabina chanted the ancient magic mushroom *veladas*, during which Yaqui sorceror Don Juan caused the entire audience to hallucinate a symposium on the subject of mind control given by himself, Hassan i Sabbah, and William S. Burroughs.

After the applause died down it was back to the presentations. Sir Humphrey Osmond received an award for his pioneering research with mescaline, for turning on Aldous Huxley, and for coining the term "psychedelic." The period of silence to the memory of Aldous was very appropriate and extremely moving. Laura Huxley came on stage afterwards to accept his award for creating in his last novel *Island* the most compelling blueprint for the lifestyles of the tribes and communes that quietly flourished during the Suppression. She herself was honored for giving her husband LSD and reading to him from *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* while he lay on his deathbed, allowing him to die with painless, anxiety-free dignity in the manner we are accustomed to nowadays.

Dr. Stan Grof received a plaque for his epochal categorization of the stages of the psychedelic experience: ancestral, racial, evo-

lutionary, past incarnation, precognition and telepathy, planetary and extra-planetary and time and space travel. R. Gordon Wasson received a standing ovation when he came on stage. It was fascinating to hear him summarize his life's work, which traced the use of natural psychedelic substances at the inception of each of the grand old religions of the East and West.

The culmination of the awards ceremonies was the unveiling of a larger-than-life statue of The Hippie: symbol of the legions of young people who risked their minds and their freedom to experiment with the metaprogramming tools provided by the alchemists and travellers among them, preserving the psychedelic vision until the General Re-Birth of 1984.

After brushing away a 'tear' or two, we descended upon the dance floor and rocked out with our brothers and sisters until dawn.

Lots of love, and Ecstatic
Evolution all ways,

–Michael Horowitz

Dear Tina & David (& Adam),

I've enclosed some native Canadian material out of which the Cree Indians & the eskimos have historically made organic diapers. It's a birthday present for Adam and for you, and is a moss, of course.

I collected it between Edmonton and the Rockies, just west of here. In that area, in the low sitting basins & valleys are peat bogs in various degrees of infancy, maturity & senility. The baby bogs are open, wet and almost lake-like, except that a turf of peatmoss begins to grow inward along the water's surface all around the circumference. A bog in its physical prime & peak of maturity is called a 'quaking bog' because one can jump up and down on the peat turf which has grown completely across and watch it quake & ripple under foot. Trees then begin to sprout along the outer edge of the turf where the peat is so thick & true that it can nurture the saplings. In an old senile bog, the young trees have grown, spread inward on the peat turf and filled in the open air above the surface. Then the peat grows only in the wet depressions between spruce trees & shrubs; that's where I found this peat moss. When I say the word "bog" it brings to mind several other mosses, characteristic trees (bog spruce), endemic herbs and even a characteristic avian & insect fauna. It's like a family; a unit in which the members feed each other, need each other, & grow up together. Peat moss is like the parental spark that gets the whole thing rolling & directs its later course. The ultimate luxury is to walk barefoot thru a peat bog on a warm summer day when you're willing to get your pantlegs wet as you sink into the soft oozing carpet of moss. It seems no wonder to me that peat would be useful as a diaper. In the 16th century, when botany was experiencing its herbal phase, the scene was dominated by something called the Doctrine of Signatures. Paracelsus, its main enthusiast, said that the cosmos had endowed each herb with a physical resemblance to that human organ or disease for which it was suited, medicinally. For example, Nodding Trillium was thought to be a sedative. That doctrine has kind of gone out of style these days, but I see its validity in a slightly altered form. It seems to me that plants *are* endowed with a signature, but it's not their physical resemblance that tells the story. Rather it is their "gig" in life, their theme; we scientists call it their niche. Peat moss is a mother from leaf to stem, from birth to death. Mosses in general seem to fill that niche in the forest. Especially up here, the spruce forests are covered & protected by an almost womblike envelope of moist mosses over everything; logs, rocks, roots & trees. It's no wonder that I also feel a sense of security & warmth when I walk into a silent boreal forest.

Take a look at a piece of peat moss; it's rather unmistakable with anything else. What do you see? First, it's not green, and some is even red. It was redder still when wet and not any more green (maybe you'll get to see it in its wet condition if you use it for a diaper). There are no roots attached; I didn't rip it from the ground, it grew that way. It seems to consist of a long bushy stem & a somewhat bushier head. Look closer. The head is a group of short branches all bunched up at the top without stem space between them like down lower. If it's red, it's reddest at the top. Looking lower, you might see that the branches are arranged in fascicles along the stem with three branches arising at each spot. Look a little closer. In each fascicle, one branch goes straight down the stem & the other two extend outward. The pendant one can conduct water along the stem like a lamp wick. Look just a little closer still. Do you see the leaves? They are tiny "scales" along the branches. If you were to look even closer, you'd see that the leaves have a real "leafy" shape to them, & not only that, they vary characteristically in form from peat moss to peat moss among the seventy-

five or so different kinds. And they're so little and simple!

Peat moss (called Sphagnum to a mossologist) is one of the few mosses not considered "worthless" in man's utilitarian view of the plant kingdom. Directly or indirectly sphagnum has been used for bedding, food & litter for livestock, medicinal baths, the production of gunpowder, fireworks, paint, paper, insulation, fabrics, charcoal, fertilizer, sugar, alcohol and dyes and for socks and diapers by northern native people. In Lappland, it is mixed with the downy hairs of reindeer to make a soft baby's cradle. Ahh, what I wouldn't do for a reindeer/peat bed. Native Indians of northern Michigan put dried moss between the legs of their babies to keep them clean. Sphagnum apparently has considerable antibiotic capacity and has been used to prevent *and* heal diaper rash. Supposedly, 18 out of 50 mosses tested have had mild antibiotic attributes. But as a diaper, sphagnum just can't be beat! It can absorb a full sixteen to twenty-two times its weight in water, as compared to five or six times for cotton. In the north & in mountains, peat actually controls whole drainage systems & prevents huge floods by acting as a buffer during heavy rains. It can become really pregnant with moisture before slowly releasing its loads into streams & rivers below. The doctrine of signatures at its clearest!

– Jonathan Shaw

A SALUTE TO ARMS DEALERS

1. If we didn't kill 'em someone else would only do it anyway.

2. Guns not margarine.

3. When I hear the word gun, I reach for my culture.

4. The best defense is no offense.

5. Everybody does something about the weather, but nobody talks about it.

6. Guns don't kill. Schmucks who say "Guns don't kill" kill.

7. Never say "die"; say "liquidated" or "terminated with extreme prejudice."

8. What's good for *General Coffins* is good for the U.S.A.

9. Die and let die.

10. A soldier is only a stick used by some men to strike other men. *Elbert Hubbard, 1910.*

11. I understand death by atomic radiation is quite pleasant. *Gen. Groves, Director of Los Alamos.*

12. *Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee? – WWI song.*

13. Arms for the love of Allah. *King Khalid Saud.*

14. Gather ye rose bombs while ye may.
    a) One group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose unfolding as the bomb fell in their midst and blew them up. *Vittorio Mussolini, Ethiopia, 1934.*
    b) In our land
    Bullets are beginning to flower.
    –Frelimo Minister of Information

15. Tis better to have killed and lost
    Than never to have killed at all.

16. A bigger bang for the buck. [Referring to the atom bomb] *Adlai Stevenson, 1956.*

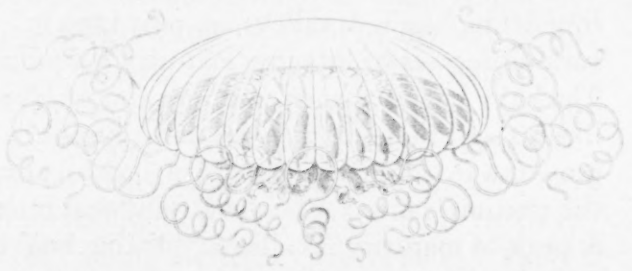
17. What if they gave a war and no one paid?

18. "Who wants yesterday's sabers?" Latin America, North Africa, other third-rate powers.

19. The business of America is giving them the business.

20. If everyone was a pacifist like you – we'd be defenseless!

– Tuli Kupferberg



I WORK WITH THE SHAPE

of spirit
moving the matter
in my hands;
I
mold
it from
the inner matrix.
Even a crow or fox
understands.

– Michael McClure

CITY LIGHTS PUBLICATIONS

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And if you're writing in with a problem, it's really important to include the label too & as much info as possible. And please, PRINT OR TYPE - it makes our life easier.

Thank you

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CoEvolution Quarterly — Fall '78 Financial Report

EXPENSES	May,Jun.,Jul. (Prediction)	May,Jun.,Jul. (Actual)	Aug.,Sept.,Oct. (Prediction)
Salaries and fees			
Office	$ 20,000	$ 15,371.12	$ 16,500
Production	9,000	7,106.64	6,000
Editors	9,500	8,682.00	11,000
Contributors	7,000	5,700.34	4,000
Office rental, materials, etc.	13,500	9,488.33	9,000
Phone	1,800	1,330.42	1,300
Promotion	1,400	1,007.36	4,000
Printing	25,500 (55,000 copies)	28,468.29 (55,000 copies)	28,500 (60,000 copies)*
Subscription process and mail	14,000	10,348.29	14,000
Shipping	1,700	1,519.82	1,600
Business reply	1,000	1,300.00	1,300
Refunds	200	250.00	200
Total	$104,600	$ 90,572.61	$ 97,400
INCOME			
Subscriptions, gifts and renewals	$ 53,000	$ 54,082.25	$ 72,500
Retaining and Sustaining	3,000	3,055.00	3,000
Back issues	4,000	4,903.58	5,500
Distribution	19,000	19,337.61	19,000
Total	$ 79,000	$ 81,378.44	$ 100,000
NET PROFIT OR (LOSS)	($ 25,600)	($ 9,194.17)	$ 2,600

*City Lights is buying an additional 3,000 copies of this issue at $ .70 each to distribute themselves.

POINT Financial Report

	PAST QUARTER May, June, July 1978	PAST YEAR (12 Month Period) 8/1/77–7/31/78
CQ (detail above)		
INCOME	$81,378.44	$452,970.34
EXPENSE	90,572.61	472,845.38
CQ Books		
INCOME		
Penguin-Viking	16,666.67	78,333.32
Direct Mail-Order	3,790.95	10,133.78
EXPENSE		
Production & Mail-Order Supplies	26,969.82	71,760.76
Catalog & Epilog		
INCOME		
Penguin-Viking	—	24,198.31
Direct Mail-Order	1,585.90	9,291.54
EXPENSE		
Production & Mail-Order Supplies	—	16,340.96
Maps, Posters, II Cybernetic Frontiers		
INCOME	3,678.55	10,817.93
EXPENSE	4,213.04	7,825.44
Miscellaneous		
INCOME		
Point, Miscellaneous	1,000.00	1,675.00
Anonymous Gift	—	9,000.00
Jamboree	1,781.00	1,781.00
EXPENSE		
Point, Miscellaneous	3,765.00	10,086.18
Jamboree	3,319.92	3,319.92
TOTALS		
INCOME	$109,881.51	$598,201.22
EXPENSE	$128,840.39	$582,178.64

POINT Balance Statement 31 July 1978

ASSETS	
Cash in bank	$73,616.28
Investments	25,327.00
Accounts receivable Distributors	40,640.25
INVENTORY	
Back issues, CQ	89,173.90
Maps, posters, II Cybernetic	2,384.50
Mail-order LWEC & WEE	1,884.00
Mail-order CQ Books	3,725.00
Penguin inventory	
CATALOG ($1.73)	22,621.48
EPILOG ($1.01)	51,540.30
LIABILITIES	
Accounts payable	—
Deferred SB salary	27,750.00
Subscription liability	192,421.00

News from 'Or Whole Earth'

The San Francisco Zen Center has recently acquired the **Whole Earth Truck Store** *of Menlo Park and is planning to relocate the store in the waterfront neighborhood of Sausalito, near the* **CoEvolution Quarterly** *office. The new store, which should open this fall, will continue to feature the selection of books reviewed in the* **Whole Earth Catalog, Whole Earth Epilog,** *and* **CoEvolution Quarterly** *as well as an expanded inventory of tools — hand, garden, wood working, household, etc.*

Until completely settled in the new location, all **Whole Earth Truck Store** *mail orders will be processed through the Zen Center in San Francisco. Please address all correspondence and orders to:*

Whole Earth Truck Store (WETS)
c/o Zen Center
300 Page Street
San Francisco, CA 94102

Dan Welch, Manager
Whole Earth Truck Store

Stewart Brand Talks about the Guest Editors

The first **Journal for the Protection of All Beings** *was published in 1961. It had a small circulation and enormous impact – it was one of the beginnings of environmental consciousness and conscience.*

That issue was edited by Michael McClure, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and David Meltzer, all beat poets. This issue is edited by the original three plus Gary Snyder, another poet of that generation. I was talking to Stewart Brand, the **CQ** *editor, about these men and their work, and he said something that sounded like what's below.* —*Anne Herbert*

"1961. It's hard to remember how much that was still the fifities. Politics was civil rights, only. The big villain was House UnAmerican Activities Committee, Vietnam was in the future, not even any advisers there yet. Ecology was an obscure technical word.

"The beat poets had the public image of beards, sandals, and bongo drums. They were supposed to be hedonists, or worse. And they published a **Journal** *that gave us a whole new idea of what responsibility might be.*

"The significance of the **Journal** *shows up even more in retrospect than it did at the time. There were only 1500 copies, but it started a new way of thinking for many people, including me. The editors were pioneers who knew they were pioneers. They knew exactly what they were doing.*

"The beat poets were a generation of friends who gave each other permission to be excellent. The astonishing thing is that they have continued to be friends and have expanded their excellence. They have produced a superb body of work, and they have kept doing what they set out to do, which is try to help.

"Recently, someone who was writing a book about the beat poets asked me what I thought of them and the answer came from somewhere around my kneecaps – 'I owe them everything.' I came to North Beach in San Francisco as a Stanford undergraduate about to be a graduate, and it was the most wonderful place in the world because they made it the most wonderful place in the world. Everything about me – who I am and what I think and how I live – started in that place and in their work. I'm an aging beatnik.

"I think that coevolution is first of all a conservative idea. It's about the continuity of good things. Once that's covered, you can go on to experiment. It's appropriate that in the tenth anniversary year of the **Catalog**, *we go back to our roots, acknowledge some debts, and give these men their own issue."*

Gossip

Well, let's see. Larry Lee, who coedited the anti-television Winter '77-'78 **CQ**, *has a new job. He's quit working for KSAN radio and started working for KPIX-TV (both in San Francisco). He seems embarrassed but happy.*

The R. Crumb benefit announced in the last **CQ** *didn't happen because it wasn't necessary. Robert was able to work out his problems with the IRS partly because a number of people sent him money. Many of those people were* **CQ** *readers. Thank you.*

The **CQ** *staff, in faithful imitation of its readers, has been moving around a lot. Susan Goodrick moved to Haight-Ashbury. (Kathy O'Neill, Rosanne Kramer, Carol Kramer and David Burnor already live there.) Ben Campbell moved to a tree-surrounded cottage in Mill Valley, and Patty Phelan is housesitting for a house on a hill with a great view in Sausalito. Rosanne went to Massachusetts to see family and Seabrook and Martha's Vineyard. Stewart went to Nova Scotia and New York and bought a boat he's going to sail from New York to Nova Scotia this fall. (J. Baldwin, who was there, says the boat looks funny, like a submarine with a sail.) Isabella Kirkland, an artist for herself and a subscription person for* **CQ**, *went to Europe and checked out discos, food and art. (But she didn't visit a single subscription department – uncharacteristic lack of dedication.) Andrea Sharp got back from Europe and showed her slides, very fast, at a party at which some people thought I was very drunk. Dick Fugett went to Lama Foundation in New Mexico for a two-week retreat with Ram Dass. He came back looking positively ethereal – until he started working on subscription complaints again, and then he got positively earthly, and earthy. Carol Van Strum, who started out as the mysterious contributor C. Scott Van Strum, ("The Most Unusual Letter We've Ever Received," and "On Storytelling"), came down from her farm in Oregon for a week to start editing a potential* **CQ** *tree book. She turns out to be a wonderful human being and great baker. The morning she brought in blueberry muffins and raisin bread the entire staff started plotting to make her a full-time* **CQ** *staff worker. Everyone went down to Palo Alto for Evelyn Eldridge's wedding to Rafael Diaz and the great party that followed. Former* **CQ** *employee Don Ryan returned from Los Angeles for the wedding and we women all flirted outrageously with him, just like the old days. (Come back, Don!) Isabella made a three-tier cake decorated with real flowers, Rafael's mother made wonderful tamales, everyone brought, and ate, lots of food, and a splendid time was had by all.*

(Meanwhile, Stewart Brand, Patty Phelan, Rosanne Kramer, Pam Cokeley, and a cast of dozens work and work to make the Whole Earth Jamboree [the **Catalog***'s tenth birthday party] happen. That's a week in the future my time and at least a month in the past your time. Tune in next issue and find out what will have happened.)* —*Anne Herbert*

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We've enclosed an envelope, overleaf

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- [10] WATERSHEDS Book — $5 (for delivery December 1978)
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On Observing Natural Systems *Francisco Varela in conversation with Donna Johnson*
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A Carl Sauer Checklist *Robert Callahan*
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Get Down Tonight *Deborah Haynes*
Sex Notes *Kay Weiss*
The Space Crone *Ursula LeGuin*
Memory One: Getting Started in Orygun *David Sh*
Winning *Ron Jones*
The Education of Joni Mitchell
It's our very effort to make reality repeatable whic
Buddhism calls suffering *Zentatsu Baker-roshi*

11 Fall 1976

From Present to Future *Herman Kahn with William Brown and Leon Martel*
The Shift from a Market Economy to a Household Economy *Scott Burns*
Future Primitive *Raymond Dasmann*
Biogeographical Provinces *Raymond Dasmann*
Controversy is Rife on Mars *interviewing Carl Sagan and Lynn Margulis*
Odd Bodkins *Dan O'Neill*
Community Gardening *Rosemary Menninger*
The Foredads *Gary Rurkun*
Mind/Body Dualism Conference Position Papers
Invitational Paper *Gregory Bateson*
Inside & Outside *Richard Baker-roshi*
Position Paper *Ramon Margalef*
Not One, Not Two *Francisco Varela*
Underground Architecture *Malcolm Wells*
Cross-Generation Marriage *Theodora Kroeber-Quir*
Earthshoes & Other Remarks *Ken Kesey*
Animal Stories *J.D. Smith*
Lucy's Blueprints *Lucy Burrows Morley and Christopher Thompson*

14 Summer 1977

Voluntary Simplicity (3) *Duane Elgin and Arnold Mitchell*
Voluntary Simplicity (1) *Richard Gregg*
The Poverty of Power Reviewed *Kenneth Boulding*
Remarks on Recombinant DNA *James Watson*
There Ain't No Graceful Way *Astronaut Russell Schweickart talking to Peter Warshall*
Mushroom Hunting in Oregon *Andrew Weil*
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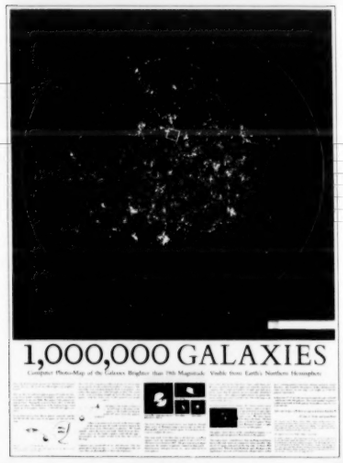

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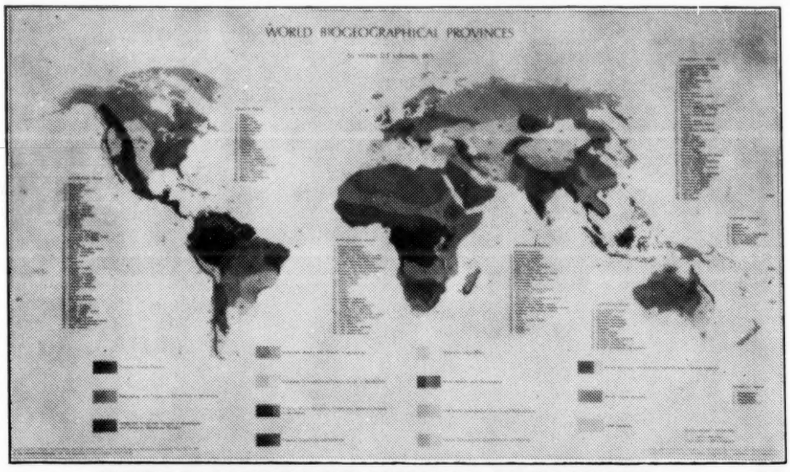

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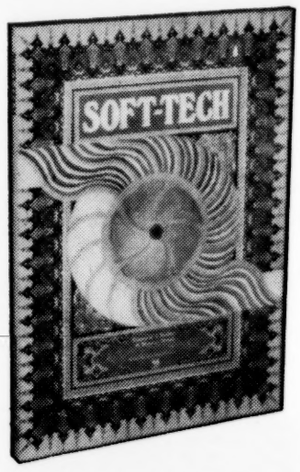

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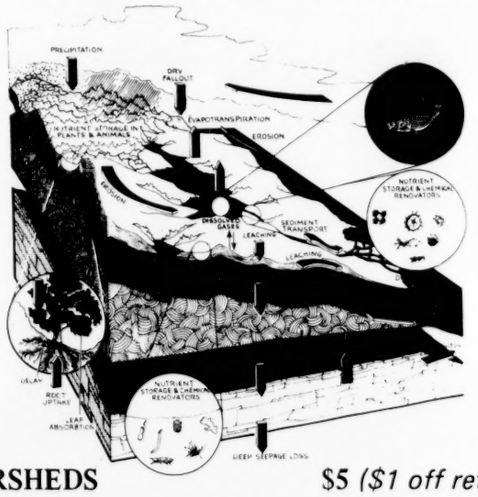

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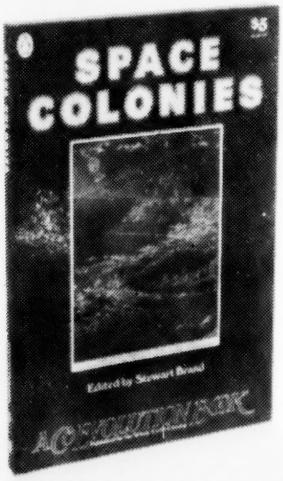

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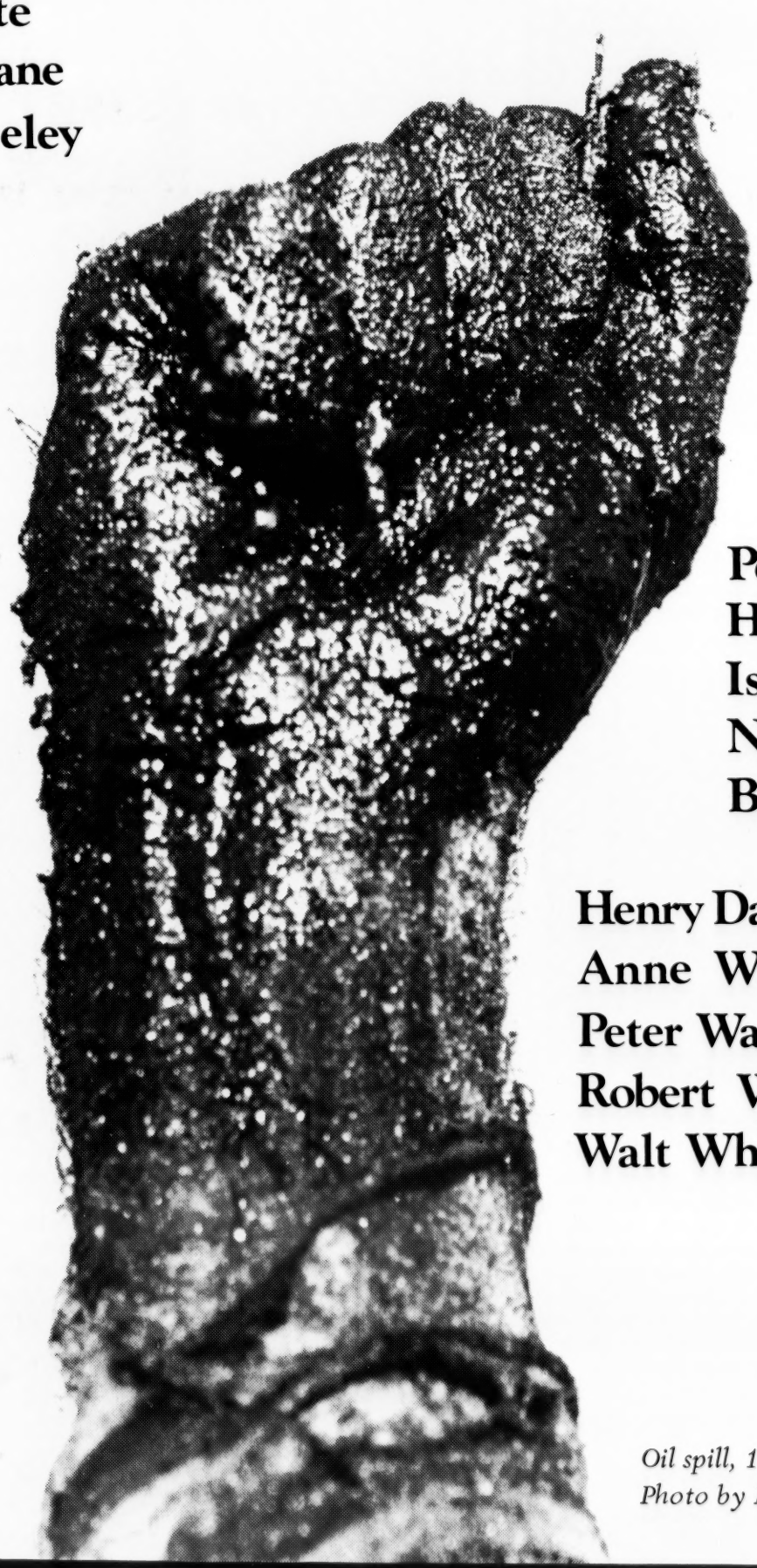

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